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DISCOVERED AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

London, Richard Bentley, 1850.

A

# PILGRIMAGE

TO

# THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

BY

THE REV. MOSES MARGOLIOUTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE JEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN," "EXPOSITION OF ISAIAH LIII.," "THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF MODERN JUDAISM INVESTIGATED,"

&c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1850.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

JOHN,

LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,

AS A SMALL TOKEN

OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND HEARTFELT ESTEEM,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S DUTIFUL AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

# TO THE READER.

I do not feel called upon to make any apology for submitting the following Volumes to the public, feeling conscious that I am bringing before the British literati a considerable amount of valuable information which they did not hitherto possess; but I do feel called upon to offer an apology for the manner in which the Work is brought out.

English is not my vernacular tongue; it is an acquired language with me; and therefore some idiomatic errors, which are incident to foreigners, may be met with now and then in the following pages. However, I have this confidence in the generosity of Englishmen, that I am sure they will kindly put the proper construction on such passages.

The frequent occurrence of the first personal pronoun will doubtless grate on the ears of my readers, and, truth to speak, it grates on my own also; but the Work being published in letters, with scarcely any alteration, as they

were addressed to my respective correspondents, the little word *I* was a necessary evil.

I feel great pleasure in acknowledging the kindness of the MISSES BAGNOLD and MILLER, in copying the sketches which illustrate the Work.

TRANMERE LODGE, TRANMERE,
SEPTEMBER, 1850.

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# A PILGRIMAGE

TO

# THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

---

## LETTER I.

### TO DR. EYSSENHARDT, OF BERLIN.

Paris, August, 1847.

My dear Dr. Eyssenhardt,

I AM almost sorry that I have met with our mutual friend, Dr. Kläden; I would otherwise have escaped writing to you. Now, do not mistake me. I feel the greatest possible pleasure in resuming our correspondence, but your questions are embarrassing to me at the present moment. You ask me to give you a description of Paris, and to tell you the impressions which my intercourse with the French produced upon my mind "respecting the education of the various classes of this immensely great city." You also wish to know what "I think of the Libraries, Museums, Monuments, &c., &c., existing" here. All these queries might have been more efficiently answered by yourself. You spent a whole summer here,

and you are the most fit person to give an opinion on such subjects as you ask mine. I have no predilection for exposing myself to the severe rubs of *hard iron.** Poor *pearl*† will stand a bad chance when brought into collision with such metal as you are made of, and surnamed after. Who knows what sage remarks and criticism will be made by you after reading through my epistle. Perhaps some such as these, "poor Margoliouth has taken leave of his senses," (a favourite phrase of yours). "What will the babbler say next?" "What new-fangled theories!" Besides, Paris and all that is within it have been so often described; and you know full well, how thoroughly I dislike writing about things that are already generally known. So, that putting all things together, I might, with great justice, have declined complying with the terms of your letter; but since you put a *veto* upon my leaving Paris before I dispatched a letter to you, I submit. Nevertheless, the *veto* is most arbitrary. The English have a proverb, "One good turn deserves another;" as soon, therefore, as I get to know of your visiting Dresden or Venice, I shall put a *veto* upon your leaving either the one or the other, before your dispatching a long epistle to me, containing full particulars about all things belonging to them.

Well then, if I must needs write, I tell you candidly, I have examined everything of interest in this great place, and I own that the impressions made upon my mind are of an antagonistic nature. As long as my eyes rest exclusively upon the majestic and august buildings and

* The literal translation of Eyssenhardt.
† The literal translation of Margoliouth.

monuments; as long as I am in the Libraries, Colleges, Museums, or any other institution—either of art or science; I feel extremely charmed with the French nation, and am ready to exclaim, "France, thou art indeed great and glorious." What encouragement does she not afford to those who evince any thirst for knowledge! Which is the department of learning for which she has not an *école gratuite?* I have listened to a lecture in almost every one of them. The one which elicited my greatest admiration, is l'Ecole des Chartes, at the Palais des Archives.* Almost equally so l'Ecole des Langues Orientales vivantes.† I heard lectures in both the above institutions, which may be of the greatest service to me during my peregrinations in the East. Of the monuments, the one which obtained my greatest attention, is the Obelisk of Luxor. I honour it by a daily visit. You know that it once stood in front of the great temple at Thebes, but now, in the centre of the square called Place de la Concorde. This magnificent

* This institution was founded by Louis XVIII. for encouraging the study of the ancient MSS. contained in the different libraries, and the dépôts of the archives of the kingdom. It has been lately considerably increased. Three professors and four assistant-professors give lectures daily on palæography, and the art of deciphering ancient documents. The students who distinguish themselves, receive from the Minister of Public Instruction an allowance of 600 francs yearly, till they obtain a place.

† Ten professors are attached to this establishment, and lectures given publicly and *gratuitously* on the following languages: pure and vulgar Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Armenian, modern Greek and Greek palæography, Hindoostanee, Thibetani, vulgar Chinese, Malay, and Javanese. Till similar institutions are established in the city of London, I would certainly recommend to all those who contemplate a pilgrimage to the East, to go first for a couple of months to Paris, and attend the lectures in the above institutions. They will be found of invaluable service.

monument was erected by Ramses III., alias, the great Sesostris of the 18th Egyptian dynasty, 1550 B.C. I have no time at present to attempt even a description of that venerable relic of Mizraim, and must content myself by saying my say in a few words. I have carefully examined the inscriptions on all its sides, and am convinced that the Hebrews—whose lives the Egyptians made bitter, "with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour" (Exod. I. 14)—were its workmen. I do not think that I am far wrong in opining that the following expressions may have reference to Thebes and her monuments, and therefore throw light on the manufacture of the Obelisk, which is now in the French capital: "And they built for Pharoah treasure cities, Pithom and Ramses." (Exod. I. 11). My evening notes are replete with particulars about this Obelisk, but are too many to be copied herein.

I visited no less than thirty libraries, and was much pleased with the order and regularity which characterized some of those store-houses of literature; but also exceedingly chagrined and annoyed at the Babel-condition of others. Give me the Library of the British Museum, and the Bodleian of Oxford, and you are welcome to all the libraries France possesses. I wish I could say that the above were the only impressions my mind received, but it is not so; as I told you at the outset, the impressions made upon my mind are of an antagonistic nature. As soon as I leave the abodes of learning and knowledge, and begin to mix amongst the people, the charming spell, which enraptured me, is broken, and my first feeling is, "O, France, thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels." The same feeling which animated the Prophet

Isaiah with reference to Babylon.* The cause in both cases is the same. "The beginning of wisdom" does not form a part of their learning, and hence the inhabitants of this city turned this otherwise magnificent place into a most disgusting habitation. Sin and wickedness abound in it to a most awful degree. It is a nursery of impiety, immorality and vice. It vies, in vice, old Pagan Corinth. The Bible is not nationally honoured nor taught! I know you do not want my moralizing, but I do not mind your sneers. I shall always write as I feel and think. "Beggars are not choosers." England is the country I like best after all.

As regards the archæological curiosities of Paris, about which you are so curious, and respecting which you "expect a long, full, minute and critical disquisition from me," you must be content to be disappointed for once. I have so many new crotchets in my head about that part of the French capital, that I fear, were I now to put them on paper, many would pronounce the production rather inharmonious music, at least very much discordant from those who played at Paris antiquities before me. I shall, therefore, muse a little longer over my conceptions and theories, before I astonish the German *savans* with them. I am sometimes annoyed at my queer disposition. I cannot find it in my heart to take any theory for granted, without fully examining all the *pros* and *cons;* and not very seldom do I incur, for that inquisitiveness, the vehement displeasure of speculating theorists, for preferring my own speculation to theirs.

The French connexion with Algiers has produced in this country a legion of Oriental scholars. I was anxious

* Isaiah, XLVII, 13.

to obtain an interview with Abbé J. J. L. Bargès, who, I understand, is the greatest Orientalist in this country; but I regret to say he is not in Paris just now.

Yours, &c.

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## LETTER II.

### TO HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Paris, August, 1847.

My Lord Archbishop,

Though far away from Ireland, I have not thrown off the allegiance I owe to my diocesan; and feel, therefore, called upon to acquaint your Grace occasionally with my movements. From what I have the honour to know of your Lordship, I venture to hope that your Grace will feel interested in my intended work in that part of the East I am about to visit. Besides investigating the present state of Christians, Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics, I am also anxious to make an attempt at deciphering the famous inscriptions in the deserts of Arabia, which are found on the rocks surrounding the valley, now known by the name of Wady Mokatteb. Those inscriptions have hitherto defied the ingenuity and learning of all archæological travellers.

I am disposed to opine that those inscriptions were the handy works of the Israelites, who may have written them soon after they had received the law; and, therefore, when properly deciphered, they may prove to be transcripts of the Decalogue, as well as some fragments of the early history of the natural seed of Abraham. Should I be spared to visit those deserts, I shall certainly en-

deavour to penetrate into the meaning of those remarkable chronicles. The inscriptions were first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, in the sixth century. In that author's time, the knowledge of the Alphabet, in which the inscriptions were made, was lost. Indicopleustes, therefore, ascribed them to the ancient Hebrews. This circumstance alone is sufficient, to my mind, to upset the theories conceived by Professor Beer, brought forth by Dr. Lepsius, adopted and fostered by Dr. Wilson—that the ancient Nabatheans were the scribes of those records, subsequently to their embracing Christianity.

It is rather singular that so intelligent a writer as Indicopleustes should not have hit on the idea of the Nabatheans, since he flourished, comparatively, but a short time after the Nabatheans are conjectured to have scribbled. Did those travellers, philologists, and archæologists make a Hebrew Bible their guide book, they probably might have found mention made of those inscriptions in the book of Numbers xi. 26. The passage, as it occurs in the English version, runs thus: "But there remained two of the men in the camp, the name of the one was Eldad, and the name of the other was Medad; and the Spirit rested upon them, and they were of them that were written." The original words of the last clause are but the two following: וְהֵמָּה בַּכְּתֻבִים *W'haymah Baccthoobeem*, which signify literally, "And they were among the Cthoobeem, or inscriptions."

On examining what different travellers have written about the locality of those inscriptions, I am convinced that Eldad and Medad were then in that famous region. By a reference to the chapter alluded to, it will be found that the children of Israel were then at that awfully memorable place, called Kibroth Hattavah, and no one

who has a slight knowledge of ancient geography, will be at a loss to see that it is the very spot where the mysterious inscriptions are found. Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches,"* speaks thus: "The Sinaite inscriptions are found on all the routes which lead from the West towards Sinai, above the convent El-Arbain, but are found neither on Gebel Mûsa, nor on the present Horeb, nor on St. Catherine, nor in the valley of the convent; while on Serbal they are seen on its very summit."

Lord Lindsay, in his first letter from "Edom and the Holy Land," introduces the same district in the following words: "We now entered Wady Mokatteb, a spacious valley, bounded on the east by a most picturesque range of black mountains, but chiefly famous for the inscriptions on the rocks that line it, and from which it derives its name. There are thousands of them, inscriptions too, and here is the mystery in a character which no one has yet deciphered." Now, let the ancient and modern maps be compared, and it will be discovered that the same place which is called, in Num. xi. 26, בְּתוּבֵם Cthoobeem, on account, as I maintain, of its inscriptions, is for the same reason, called by the Arabian وادى المكتّب Wady el Mokatteb. Here I must leave this important question, till I shall have an opportunity of personally inspecting that valley and its surrounding rocks. I trust my little acquaintance with the most ancient and rude characters of the Hebrews and Phœnicians, and other Shemitic nations, may enable me to give an opinion as decidedly as those who have not studied the Oriental languages from their infancy.

Your Grace may probably think that I might have

* Vol. i, p. 138.

waited with my views until I had an ocular view first of the spot and its records. I own that there is a great deal in such a thought, but I am at present full of the subject.

A couple of days before I left London, I met with a great Orientalist, and the principal topic of our conversation was Wady Mokatteb. The day before yesterday, I had a long interview with Lord Lindsay, a nobleman who has been correctly described as seeing things "with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian," who is at present staying at St. Germain's. I propounded my theory to him. His Lordship greatly encouraged me in the enterprize, and strongly advised me to devote a couple of months to that valley, as the deciphering of its inscriptions might tend to throw a great deal of light on the early history of the Bible, and, consequently, on that of the world. I may never be permitted to visit that neighbourhood, but I should not like my theory to perish; so that, if I be not allowed to prove to a demonstration, that the theory I espouse is a sound one, perhaps some one hearing of the idea may go to the trouble and expense to illustrate and prove its correctness.

The library which attracted my attention most whilst here, was the Bibliothèque Royale. The collection of MSS. monopolized my interest. I was much pleased with the Chinese and Syriac MS. discovered at Canton in 1628. I lay no claims to Chinese scholarship, but I waded through the Syriac, and found it to be a very valuable historic record, furnishing a comprehensive digest of the history of the arrival of Syrian missionaries at the celestial empire, in the seventh century, and their subsequent progress in promulgating the Gospel, and the success

which attended their labours during a great part of the eighth century. Of course, I bestowed a day on the zodiac of Denderah, which is kept in a room on the ground floor, in that magnificent Bibliothèque, called Salle du Zodiaque. I may be permitted to say that a critical analysis of that interesting and ancient relic proves, that it is more likely to have been an Assyrian zodiac than an Egyptian. Its being found in Egypt is by no means any decisive proof of its Egyptian parentage. I may some day be allowed to give my reasons for arriving at this conclusion.*

A visit to the Louvre is more likely to annoy one than either to instruct or to please. The majority of the collections of antiquities there are uncatalogued. I was very anxious to spend a day in the Musée Grec et Romain, but I found myself as in a dark labyrinth, not knowing where to begin, or where to end. I spent about an hour in the Musée des Antiques, speculating over the effigy of the Gallic deity, called by the extraordinary name Hesus, sculptured on one of the nine stones which have been discovered in 1711, on the spot where the beautiful church of Notre Dame now stands. My fleeting cogitations on the subject were somewhat to the following effect: What may the meaning of Hesus be? What may be the reason for Hesus being the Gallic deity? The strange coincidence that Hesus should be said to be the son of Jupiter, &c., &c. I trust your Grace will kindly excuse the purport of this epistle. I have some vague notion

* I find a very interesting Essay has been written on that very Zodiac of Denderah, by Landseer, in his learned volume, entitled "Sabæan Researches," which I never met with before my return to this country.

that you take a great interest in archæology sacred, as well as profane, in which investigations I myself also delight.

I am, my Lord Archbishop,

Your humble and obedient servant.

&c. &c.

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I forwarded a copy of this letter to the Right Rev. Dr. Stanley, late Bishop of Norwich; and, in order not to divide this interesting question into different volumes and places, I subjoin here an extract from a letter I addressed to the same prelate on the subject, at a subsequent period, in answer to some queries, which furnishes my mature views on the very absorbing theme, Wady Mokatteb.

## LETTER III.

### TO THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

Alexandria, June, 1848.

My dear Lord,

Permit me to thank you most sincerely for your very kind epistle with which you have been pleased to honour me; I received it the day before I left Jerusalem. I would have acknowledged your Lordship's kindness ere this, had I not waited for an opportunity to be able, at the same time, to comply with your request. I cannot conceal the fact that I feel highly gratified at your Lordship's approbation of my view of the Wady Mokatteb inscriptions, as well as of my criticism on Num. xi. 26. Your Lordship was pleased to express a great desire to

know my mature opinion of the Sinaite inscriptions, which have occupied much of your thoughts since you read the copy of my letter to the Archbishop of Dublin. Also, how I account for the Greek and Latin inscriptions which occur in some places; as well as for the appearance of the cross in various forms in different places in the celebrated Wady, &c. I venture to submit to your Lordship, that the inscriptions bear self-evidence that they have been executed at various dates. It is true, that by far the greater number of them display indubitable marks of remote antiquity; but there are some which must be pronounced juvenile, when compared with the *great majority*. The latter resemble, in the execution, the inscriptions on the ancient Obelisks; the former are rude and superficially cut. I take, therefore, the Greek and Latin, and indeed some of the yet unknown, inscriptions, to have been engraved at comparatively a modern date. Who knows whether Cosmas Indecopleustes and his contemporaries did not try their hands at a few?

Why should it be thought improbable that the different Monks on Mount Sinai, who occupied the convent there at different ages, should have done their quota to puzzle the modern palæographist and traveller? Is it absolutely impossible that the prefect of the Franciscan missionaries of Egypt, who visited the Wady in 1722, and his companions—who were well instructed in the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German and Bohemian languages—should have chisled a few in the characters they were most expert? In the same manner might the occurrence of the cross be accounted for, without precipitating oneself to the conclusion that "the occurrence, in connexion with the inscriptions of the cross in various forms, indicates that

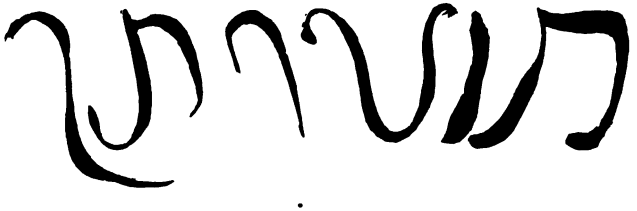
their *origin* should be attributed to the early Christians." Besides, is it possible that such antiquarians as Drs. Beer, Lepsius and Wilson should be ignorant, or affect to be ignorant, that the cross was an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic, long before the Christian era, and signified, among the Egyptians, " life to come."

I am not prepared to say that the Hebrews did not adopt that hieroglyphic, or that it is unlikely that the former borrowed it from the latter. On the contrary, there is presumptive evidence that something of the kind took place; for, when we take into consideration the fact that the letter ת *Tau*, in the Hebrew-mint-character, is in the shape of St. Andrew's cross ×; we shall be led to conclude that the form of the cross was not unknown to the Hebrews, and therefore the arguments of the above palæographists be pronounced *non sequitur*. I trust your Lordship will consider this brief explanation sufficient to remove the apparent difficulties to my views expressed in my letter to the Archbishop of Dublin.

I leave Egypt most reluctantly, because of my being obliged to return to England without deciphering those astounding chronicles; but the task would require no less a period than six months. The copying them alone would consume two months of unremitted labour. Unless I had the means to do it, that is, a couple of like-minded colleagues, who would have no objection to spend that period in a tent, to submit to great privations —always concomitant in such undertakings — and last, though by no means least, the wherewithal, to be able to defray the many expenses which an enterprise of this kind entails; I say, unless I had all these means to do it, I could not even attempt the undertaking. Had I those means, your Lordship may depend upon it, that

England would not see my face until I could offer to her National Museum—the finest in the world—transcripts of *all* the inscriptions which embellish Wady Mokatteb. I have often wished that the Right Rev. Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, were now alive. That prelate was very solicitous that proper persons, equal to the task, should be sent to copy all the inscriptions, and nobly and generously offered to contribute largely towards the undertaking. But alas, he is no more.

All the specimens that have been hitherto given of the inscriptions, are no more in comparison with the vast numbers, which literally cover the highest mountains, than a drop out of a bucket, including even those given in the "Philosophical Transactions" of 1766, and in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature" of 1832. Professor Beer's deciphering must be considered as very arbitrary; and I protest against travellers speaking positively about the intent and purport of those records, who have had but a very short and inadequate period of time allotted to view a sufficient number of them. I omitted to mention that the celebrated Eastern traveller of the last century, Dr. Thomas Shaw, gives the following extract from Fra Tomaso de Novara, respecting those inscriptions. "INSCRIPTIO ANTIQUA RUPIBUS INSCULPTA PROPE DESERTUM DE SIN.



*i. e.*

מן Pluvia Mannæ ממר

". Queste lettere trovai intagliate in una pietra grande nel deserto de *Sin*, dove Dio mandò la Manna alli figlioli d'*Israel;* sotto lequali pareva anco intagliata la figura del Gomor, misura della Manna, che si doveva raccoglere, come appare nel Essodo al c. 16. e di sotto a detta figura vi sono molte altre lettere, mà per l'antichità quasi per se e guaste, ne si possono interamente; mà vicino a detta pietra ve ne sono delle altre pur scritte in diversi lati, quali pietre si trovano alla parte Orientale del deserto de *Sin* nella bocca propria della Valle, per dove si passa da *Sin* per andar in *Rafidim*."

I have thus given your Lordship, very candidly, my "matured opinion of the Sinaite inscriptions." I trust you will kindly excuse my off-hand style. I cannot get rid of it. Whatever the efforts I make to write in a different strain, I imperceptibly fall back into my natural tone. Having made this confession, I crave indulgence.

&c. &c.

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## LETTER IV.

### TO LADY MARY LINDSAY.

Paris, August, 1847.

My dear Lady Mary,

You expressed, in your last letter to me, a kind "wish to hear from me now and then; and you said that my communications would be hailed, in Glasnevin House, as tokens that in my case, at least, the old English adage—'out of sight out of mind'—does not hold true. Your wish, dear Lady Mary, I at once comply with; and, if the whole truth must be told, partly from selfish motives. It always affords me great pleasure to commune with my flock. I

felt rather hurt that a token should be needed to disprove, in my case, the applicability of the above axiom. I once for all affirm that that maxim, if applied to me, would be an unjustifiable libel upon my retentive faculty. No, no, my Glasnevin friends will not be so easily obliterated from the tablet of my heart; and let this epistle—if proof is absolutely needed—brief though it must be, serve as evidence that hitherto the engraving is as deep as ever.

I spent some time in this great city, and upon the whole I consider the time well spent. I am *bold* to say —for I fear your brother, the Earl of Arran, will pronounce me thus for speaking so freely, nevertheless I will say— that, taking all in all I have seen in Paris, I was more pleased with the inanimate lions than with the animate ones; by the latter, I mean of course, those in human shape. I have learned a great deal in scanning and studying the former, but I could not learn much worth learning from my general intercourse with the latter. Of course, I except the Professors of the different *écoles*. To them I am indebted for a considerable amount of attention and information.

I was very much gratified at my meeting with your noble relative, Lord Lindsay. I consider his Lordship one of the most amiable of men, a nobleman in word, thought and in deed. We spent a good deal of time in conversing about those places I am about to visit; we discussed several controversial subjects with reference to sacred geography, especially about the real locality of Mount Sinai. His Lordship encouraged me very much about a theory which is at present exercising my mind to a considerable degree. It is with regard to those inscriptions on the black mountains which surround the valley, called in the Arabic language, Wady el Mokatteb. You will find mention made of that spot in his Lordship's first Letter from

"Edom and the Holy Land." My theory about it, you will find in the accompanying document; being a copy of a letter I addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin on the subject.

Syria and Palestine seem to hold Lord Lindsay's heart. When interrupted by any of the ladies, he exclaimed: "We are now deep in Syria, and must not be interrupted." His Lordship presented me with a copy of his "Letters on the Holy Land," and I him with a copy of my "Lectures on Isaiah LIII." He also gave me two letters of introduction to his friends at Cairo; one to a Dr. Walne, and another to the Rev. Theophilus Lieder, which I have no doubt will be very serviceable to me. He also favoured me with a recipe for preventing the heat of the sun to affect my head, whilst travelling either in the deserts of Africa or Arabia. The recipe is very simple, and may serve the same purpose in England when the heat is very intense, namely, to put some fruit-tree leaves into the hat. However, my private opinion is, that for the East, the turban is the thing which is impervious either to cold or heat.

I was not a little amused, whilst at St. Germains, Lord Lindsay's present residence, at the inquiries of one of the ladies—her name I did not catch, but I think it was a Miss Lindsay—whether I spoke the same language that Abraham spoke? On my saying, that when I speak Hebrew, I speak the very identical language that that patriarch conversed in, she energetically remarked: "How very much I envy you!" I fancy that she will, ere long, begin to plant Hebrew roots in her well-cultivated mind, and I have every reason to augur that they will thrive well, and that she will reap a rich harvest from that field of literature. Excuse my enthusiasm on the subject. Your

Ladyship must remember that I am Honorary Secretary to the Philo-Hebraic Society.* Two other ladies made particular inquiries after Miss Georgina; whether she made any attempt at Hebrew? and in the same breath, "how long it would take any one to become a fair Hebrew scholar?" I regret that I was obliged to answer in the negative to the former query; and as to the latter, I said it depended on circumstances, whether the learner be a lady or a gentleman. They all, of course, laughed heartily at the young lady who sent a servant to purchase all the Hebrew roots for her, in order to expedite her progress in the sacred tongue, and how astonished that young lady was, when her servant returned with a cart-load—for all that was in market was monopolized—of Jerusalem artichoke.

Many are the strange and curious things one sees and hears of, when travelling in a new country; and one of these I witnessed the other day, and which deserves to be noticed in a modern traveller's note-book. Paris has been so amply, minutely and correctly described in Galignani's "New Paris Guide," that scarcely any opportunity is left for giving a scrap of original information. Your Ladyship is very well aware of my intense antipathy to dealing in stale commodities of any sort. I am, therefore, right glad to be able to furnish you with a fresh morsel of information, though a very curious one. I have not met it noticed by any one as yet.

One of the lions of Paris is the Cimetière du Père la Chaise, which of course I went to see. I am no great admirer of cemeteries; there seems a tedious monotony in

* Lack of encouragement renders the committee inactive, but *no other cause.*

the various monuments; however, in this instance I was rather pleased. Besides its charming situation, tasteful arrangement, commanding and lovely "view over a picturesque and glowing landscape," surrounded as it is by valleys and slopes, whilst it is laid out on the declivity of a hill, and its undying verdure;* besides all these natural embellishments, it is adorned by a host of magnificent monuments of art, which elicited a large share of my admiration. But I must come to the point. My attention was particularly attracted, whilst there, by a humble enclosure or hut over an unpretending grave. The tomb was that of a poor man, who had been dead and buried these seventeen years. The widow of the deceased—who was only married three weeks before her husband was taken from her—seems to have experienced a very severe shock on her nerves at the melancholy bereavement, which resulted in incurable mental derangement. She conceived the insane idea that her husband was not dead, but affected by enchantment.

It is pretty well established that insane persons reason very correctly on the deranged premises they lay down for themselves; this unfortunate woman, therefore, argued that her husband could read her letters. She built a small shed over her husband's grave, and for sixteen years visited it twice a week, and at each visit brought with her a letter to her *cher époux*, and left it in the little room. During the last year she took up her abode in it almost altogether, and scarcely does anything else but write letters to the invisible dust and ashes of her long-lost,

* "A subterranean canal, which conveyed water to the Maison de Mont Louis, still exists, and furnishes a sufficient supply to keep the plants and herbage in constant verdure."—*Galignani.*

beloved husband. I asked permission to enter into the small apartment over the much-cherished grave, which the poor woman politely and readily granted. I observed a basket full of letters. I asked whether I might be permitted to peruse one of the communications, to which the emaciated and worn-out scribe replied in the negative, saying that they were altogether of a private and domestic character. I dare say when the poor woman is no more—and her skeleton figure indicates that the time is not distant—many will be amused at her profound family secrets.

I remember having heard, several times, the Honourable Mrs. Lindsay say that she was once a listener of Mr. Louis Way, at Paris. She may be interested to hear that I preached on Sunday last in the Episcopal Chapel, which that pious and benevolent divine founded in this city, to a very large congregation. Several of the English nobility were present, amongst whom I observed the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord Mandeville and Lady Olivia Montague. The present minister of the chapel is a pious Irish clergyman, Robert Lovett by name, whom the Earl of Roden sent hither.

The principal churches of this great city I have visited: there cannot be two opinions that they are great triumphs of art, and deserve to be studied in all their details, for which I have neither time nor inclination at present. Poor Napoleon's coronation robes I have seen, and examined, as well as those vestments he presented to the Bishops and Chapters on the occasion. They are very gorgeous indeed. The ornamental part is not identically the same which decorated the famous apparel on that memorable coronation. The mob broke into that church, in 1831, and amongst other depredations that destroying legion perpetrated, they tore those majestic garments for the sake of

the gold embroidery. They were, however, repaired, and bear exactly the same appearance as when that remarkable man, and those extraordinary ecclesiastics first wore them.*

I am, dear Lady Mary,

Yours, &c.

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## LETTER V.

### TO SIR THOMAS BARING, BART.

Paris, August, 1847.

My dear Sir Thomas,

To begin with your first query, I think the idea conceived by some divines that Paris is "the street of the great city," mentioned in the Book of the Revelation, is a most fanciful one. You know that I am a determined literalist, and it is not likely that I should be partial to such a view. Here is the passage:—"And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified."† Does not the passage explain itself? I am more disposed to look upon *via dolorosa*—the street through which Jesus was led to Golgotha—as the street of St. John. I am sorry that I was obliged to commence with a negative answer; and I moreover regret that I cannot continue negativing your second question; which is, whether Romanism is as bad on the continent as it is represented? Respecting which I can only say that what I have seen of it—which is by no means little, for I have been in all the Roman Catholic churches here, during

* See Galignani's "New Paris Guide."

† Revelation, xi, 8.

public worship, and witnessed all sorts of ceremonies—Romanism struck me to be very bad indeed. To witness a vast congregation kneeling in devout prayer before an image, is a sight which produces, at first, on the beholder the blended effect of respect and pity. But a short stay in the church changes the first feeling into unfeigned disgust for the whole system. At least this was my experience in every Romish church I visited.

Many a church did I see filled with poor worshippers, on their bended knees, before some graven or molten image, and with beads in their hands, muttering some prayer with apparent solemnity of soul and manner; and whilst those poor devotees were engaged in pouring out their hearts in importunate supplication—whether to angel, virgin, saint or Christ I did not think it my place to inquire—the verger comes to inform them, by means of a poke with a long wand or mace, that the collecting bag is approaching; when a most unbecoming rummaging takes place in the pockets, which produces a sort of rustle or rattle throughout the congregation, whilst their lips are in full motion, all the time. I dare not trust myself to put upon paper all the reflections which such sights stirred up in my breast. Some might be disposed to brand me as a bigot, others again stigmatize me as a cant. Yet no one can deny, if he sits in impartial judgment, that the Prophet's exclamation respecting Israel is applicable, *in toto*, to the religious system of the Church of Rome, and give it as his matured verdict that Romanism is a wonderful and horrible thing. The Popes usurp the prerogatives of God, and the priests bear rule by their means, and the people love to have it so.*

* Compare Jer. v. 30, 31.

Paris, in a religious point of view, appears as a great anomaly to an impartial observer. The extremes of infidelity, bigotry and superstition are constantly to be met with, and not unfrequently in the same individual. But we know who is the subtle and cunning contriver and artificer of all this. Yes, in a religious point of view, Paris is a disgusting place; sin and wickedness abound in it to a fearful degree. To those who are taught to hallow the Sabbath-day, Paris presents a harrowing spectacle, especially after leaving England, where it is generally honoured. The Scotch deputation, which you quote, are perfectly correct, when they say, "The streets present" [on the Lord's day] "an endless scene of gaiety and show. There is scarcely a shop shut, and the people literally thronged every street, all in their best holiday dress, each determined to find their Elysium in every form of pleasure. . . . Even in our way from the church we saw some of the horrors of a Parisian Sabbath; gambling and other scenes of profligacy being plainly visible from the street."

There is one feature in the mixed society of this city, which must be very humiliating to a patriotic Englishman, as well as to those who love England and the English; amongst the latter, I am one from the bottom of my heart. It is this—many are the Englishmen, especially those in the bloom of life, in this city, who seem entirely to have forgotten that they were born and bred in a moral country, and nominally a religious country. The generality of them seem more earnest in rioting and revelling even than the natives themselves, of this nursery of vice.

However, I am happy to inform you, in reply to your query, "Whether the godly has altogether ceased, and the faithful altogether failed from this city?" that there is "a small remnant" of consistent Christians, both amongst

the English and French Protestants. I cannot call them by any other appellation than "a small remnant," when I recollect, that out of a population of upwards of 800,000, scarcely 3000 attend Protestant places of worship.

I had the honour of a call from his Grace the Duke of Manchester, but I regret to say that I was at the Bibliothèque Royale when he called. He kindly left his card and a note, asking me to spend an evening with him and his family; which invitation I accepted with much pleasure, and a very pleasant evening I spent. I shall always think of it with grateful remembrance. I met there—besides his Grace's son and daughter, Lord Mandeville and Lady Olivia Montague, amiable and pious young persons—Monsieur Adolphe Monod, professor of Montauben, the most distinguished of the Protestant French divines, the most determined opponent of neology and rationalism, and the most accomplished of French scholars; all which qualities procured for him the most inveterate jealousy and the most relentless persecution of the Neologian clergy of Lyons, which resulted in his being obliged to quit that city. I heard a most eloquent and faithful sermon from him, on Sunday evening last, from John xviii. 4.

But to return to my evening at l'Hotel de Bristol, his Grace's temporary abode, the following were the themes of our conversation. The Duke first complained of the rough treatment his last work—"The Times of Daniel, Chronological and Prophetical, examined with relation to the point of contact between Sacred and Profane Chronology"—experienced from the reviewers in the "Quarterly." His Grace promises to make good his data, by the most palpable evidence, in the second edition. With all due deference to the assumed sagacity of the critic in

the "Quarterly Review," his Grace's last work, with the exception of a few oversights in Persian antiquity, is one of considerable merit. The Duke ended his very interesting conversation on the subject by presenting me with a copy of the work, with which I was already well conversant.

The next topic that came on the *tapis* was Prophecy, its principle of interpretation, fulfilled and unfulfilled. The Duchess took a very active part in the question, and evinced, in a most unmistakeable manner, that she bestowed much attentive study on the important subject. Syria and Palestine came, therefore, prominently before us: its present state, and its future destiny, were viewed in the light reflected from the mirror of revelation.

The Duchess, being a Hebrew student, favoured us now and then with some trite Biblical criticism, bearing, nevertheless, very forcibly upon the subject under consideration. Her Grace's Hebrew quotations produced a conversation on Hebrew literature, which immediately absorbed all my loquacious powers. I entered into a long disquisition on its beauties, its authors, ancient and modern; among the works of the latter school, I mentioned the שִׁירֵי תִּפְאֶרֶת, *Shiray Tiphereth*, or "Songs of Glory," an epic poem, in eighteen cantos, by Rabbi Naphtali Hertz Weizel, or Wessely;* a copy of which I had in my pocket, having

* "It embodies the History of the Exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt, until the giving of the law at Sinai. It is indeed a most unique production. An English Christian, who justly esteems Milton as the most successful epic poet, may perhaps not like to hear Wessely compared to that venerable British bard. I have read them both, and have no hesitation in saying that they are equal to each other, with the only difference, that Wessely is not so profuse in mythological terms as Milton. Wessely, like Milton, did not think rhyme a necessary adjunct, or true ornament of a poem of

picked it up in a second-hand book-stall, whilst on my way to l'Hotel de Bristol. Her Grace having made a few inquiries as to where the work might be obtained, &c., which convinced me that she proposed to possess herself of a copy of the poem; with great pleasure, therefore, I offered to present her with the copy I had with me. Her Grace protested that she would on no account deprive me of it, but relented after a few importunities on my part.

The Duchess kindly furnished me with a few letters of introduction to her friends in those parts of the world I am about to visit—amongst which was one to the Bishop of Gibraltar—as well as with her address for the ensuing winter, that I might have no excuse for not writing to her whilst in the East.

Monsieur A. Monod then proceeded to favour us with a very graphic and accurate account of the present state of Protestantism in France, which proved to be of a very encouraging nature. He kindly favoured me with a letter of introduction to his brother, a Christian minister at Marseilles.

Lady Olivia Montague gave us a very interesting account of her adventures amongst the Pyrenees; how her Ladyship was nearly lost; the state her papa and mamma were in, by reason of her non-appearance, &c.: altogether, she had a very narrow escape, and a romantic time of it. But it requires the potent pen of a Sterne to describe her

good verse, and therefore rejected it, which makes the poetry of the "*Shiray Tiphereth*" exceedingly sublime, inasmuch as its author felt himself at liberty to express his noble ideas more fully than he would have done under the bondage of the modern trammels of rhyming."—*The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated*, p. 247.

Ladyship's sentimental journey amongst those mountains. Lord Mandeville gave his organs of speech a thorough good rest; his Lordship was provokingly quiet the whole of the evening; he seemed, however, deeply interested in the different conversations all through, &c.

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## LETTER VI.

The following document is a literal translation of a Hebrew letter, which I addressed to my brother, confined almost exclusively to the state of the Paris Jews, both Christian and unchristian. I forwarded a translation of the same to my kind friend, the Bishop of Cork:

Paris, August 1847.

My dear Joshua,

You will doubtless be looking out for a letter from me about the present state of the Jews in the French capital. I have a particular objection to disappoint any one, and I should not like, for the world, to disappoint you. Here, then, is a letter entirely devoted to the Hebrew congregation of Paris.

There are here no less than 13,000 Jewish souls. From all I could gather, by the constant inquiries I made about them, they may be distinguished by first, second, and third class. First, very rich; second, comfortable in circumstances; third, very poor. The first and the third are the smallest in point of numbers. As the Jews are exceedingly charitable, you do not see a Jewish pauper begging in the street. Religion, amongst all classes, is on a very low ebb. The few who cherish a regard for

religion, seem to be very much affected by the treatment spiritual things receive at the hands of the mass of Paris Jews. Though France was known to the Jews at a very early period — for we find that Rabbi Akibha, who flourished in the second century, visited it, and held intercourse with his brethren here, which fact is recorded in the Talmud—yet by far the great majority of modern Jews in France are the descendants of either Polish or Spanish Jews; more of the former than of the latter. I find that the Polish Jews, or their descendants, exercise an important influence in the whole of the West.

The few Jewish teachers that are to be found in this city, are either Polish Jews themselves, or sons of Polish Jews. The majority of the officials in the synagogue come from Poland. Their principal literary men are the offspring of Hebrew roots, transplanted from Polish soil to that of French. A Polish Jew is at present engaged in preparing for the press an English and French Dictionary, which, it is generally supposed, will prove the best ever published.* I might name many instances which would abundantly illustrate the statement I made respecting the influence of Polish Jews; but I have many letters to write to my numerous friends, so that I must adopt in my correspondence a compendious principle. The higher classes, almost all of them, send their children to be educated in Christian or more properly, Gentile schools, which proves a prolific source of complaint, on the part of the zealous Jews. One Jew said to me: "All, all have altogether broken the yoke, and burst the bonds of their

* This work is now before the English and French public, and the critics of both countries are very profuse in their compliments upon their performances. The following is the title of the work:— Dictionnaire Général Français-Anglais, &c., &c. Par A. Spiers.

religion. Go even to M. Cahen, 'Traducteur de la Bible, et Rédacteur du Journal des Archives Israélites,' and you will find him and his family acting as if they were altogether no Jews at all. Just go to him on a Saturday, in order to buy some books, and then test his religion for yourself." I did so, and called upon M. Cahen on Saturday. He was out; I asked whether I could see any Hebrew books, as I wished to purchase some. His wife and two sons made their appearance, who conducted me to a room full of all sorts of books, kept in the most disorderly manner. After rummaging for a couple of hours in that Babel library, I picked out a few books, and began to bargain for them. Mother and sons took an active part in the sale. I bought the books, paid for them, and one of the sons accompanied me to my hotel with them. Such is the veneration for the Jewish Sabbath, by a Jewish stickler for orthodoxy, in Paris.

The Jews of Paris have two principal synagogues, one according to the German ritual, and the other after the Spanish; and about twenty conventicles, called by them מִנְיָנִים *Minyaneem.** The same form of prayer which is used in the former is also used in the latter. The large synagogues are humble structures. On the outside of the German is inscribed, in large characters, זֶה הַשַּׁעַר לַיי,† taken from Psalm CXVIII. 20. The interior is very simple, I might almost say shabby. Over the

* מִנְיָנִים *Minyaneem*, signifies literally numbers, the plural of מִנְיָן *Minyan*. The latter is a Jewish technical term for a sufficient number for public prayers, which must not be less than ten individuals. Ten, according to the Jewish law, may engage in public worship wherever they please.

† "This is the gate of the Lord."

ark, or rather the press where the Pentateuch rolls are kept, is written,

דַּע לִפְנֵי מִי אַתָּה עוֹמֵד

"Consider in whose presence thou art standing." A passage taken from the ethics of the Jewish fathers. There are thirty copies of the rolls of the law in that press. The members of the Jewish congregation of Paris are now obliged to join in the performance of the synagogue service; to facilitate which, the reader has just published a goodly number of the traditional chaunts. I consider the introduction to be a great improvement. I like the congregation to join in the prayers with their minister, and not talking or staring whilst he is praying. I purchased a copy of the music. I transcribe here the title-page of the book: זְמִירוֹת יִשְׂרָאֵל "Chants Religieux des Israélites, contenant la Liturgie complète de la Synagogue, des temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours. Publiés par S. Naumbourg, Ministre Officiant du Temple consistorial de Paris, dédiés au Consistoire Israélite de la Circonscription de Paris," &c.

Christian Jews are here comparatively a considerable number; but it is to be regretted that they strive to conceal that they ever were Jews. I became accidentally acquainted with a highly respectable Judæo-Christian family, whilst examining a Hebrew MS. in the Bibliothèque Royale. I was copying a few lines into my notebook from an unfolded volume. A patriarchal-looking gentleman, leader of a large party of both sexes—whom I took as a visitor—passed by me several times; the old man, I observed, cast a bewitching eye, at each of his rounds, on the books before me. He at last mustered courage, and came up to me, saying:—"You must be

desperately fond of Hebrew lore, since you take so much trouble in wading through so voluminous a book, so that peradventure you might find something to copy which is worth having." My reply was: "It is natural for a Hebrew to indulge in a predilection for his national tongue, and to be zealous in sifting out even a solitary pearl from a mountain of sand." I followed it up by quoting Jarchi's simile in commenting on Gen. xxxvii. 1. By the time I finished my reply, my friend's large family encircled us. The aged gentleman observed: "Pardon me, Sir, I was not aware that you are a Hebrew; I took you, from your dress, for an English clergyman." "You are not mistaken in your surmise," was my rejoinder, "I am not the only Hebrew that am privileged to be a clergyman of the Church of England." The old man looked at an old lady, who clung to him, during our conversation, and who, as I subsequently learned, was his *cara sposa*, and then in rapid succession gave his quick eye a race over all the faces which formed our circular entrenchment. There was a degree of confusion, and an air of satisfaction in evident struggle, legible in all their countenances. I then overheard a whisper, emanating from the lips of the old lady, "Ask him to honour us with his charming company home." The whisper was caught up by the bystanders, and all the ruby lips of the fair portion of our circle echoed the request, and their sparkling eyes seemed to re-echo the same. All this seems to have determined the eldest son to waive all ceremony, and putting his hand in my arm, said: "I trust you have neither any engagement nor any objection to prevent you accompanying us home; my venerable father, my aged mother, my dear sisters and young brothers, are all suppliants for the

pleasure of your company." There was a mysterious delight in each visage, and an eager impatience for my affirmative reply.

I fancy that I am not very inquisitive, but I confess that my curiosity, by this adventure, was raised beyond control, though I strove very hard to conceal it. I replied in measured accents—at least I endeavoured to do so—"Your kindness is so unexpected, and yet so genuine, that it would ill become me not to own my great appreciation of the unmerited favours which you are pleased to confer upon me, a perfect stranger to all of you. With many thanks, therefore, do I accept your generous invitation."

During this, my laconic harangue, I contrived to stare every one of my audience right in the face, hoping thereby to find out what was the matter. But I was still in the dark, though by the time I finished my last sentence, all the faces became lit up with sincere pleasure, to which they gave vent by a simultaneous chorus of "Thank you for your kind condescension." The venerable patriarch here interfered, saying: "But, Sir, let us not interrupt you in your transcribings, we will take a walk through the library, whilst you finish your work." I observed that I had only five lines more to transcribe, which would not take me more than five minutes. "Then," exclaimed the whole party, "we need not leave you, if you have no objection at our looking at your work, whilst you execute it." "No objection whatever," was my reply. I went on copying in a most rapid manner, and consequently made many mistakes, whilst my spectators averred that they never beheld better specimens of penmanship, done in so expeditious a manner. I endeavoured to make some modest remark, but nothing

I could say could dissipate the delusion which seemed to have spell-bound them, namely, that I was *très habile*. I hurried over the writing business, omitted two lines out of the five, and intimated that I was ready to accompany them whithersoever they were disposed to lead me. The gentleman, who first addressed me with the kind invitation, now came forward, and asked me to take charge of his eldest sister. I made an effort to be polite, offered the young lady my arm, which I flatter myself she accepted *con amore*. We began to move.

My temporary companion was so engaging and communicative, that she succeeded to extort from me an outline of my past history, and my future plans. There was no reserve on her part, she satisfied all my inquisitiveness to the utmost. She told me the adventures of her ancestors, since 1492; how they feigned to have become Christians; how sedulously they adhered to Judaism; how they escaped, in the year 1502, from Spain, and settled at Leghorn, as avowed Jews. The death of her great ancestor. How her great-grandfather was attached to Spain, who after the death of his father determined to return thither, and resume his hypocritical garb, and thus lived in constant fear of being cast into the Inquisition-dungeons. How he ended his days; his dying behest not to neglect the study of the sacred tongue, in which Jehovah spoke to our great law-giver Moses; how he enjoined his death-bed audience to detest and abominate all idol worship, and in order to impress this detestation indelibly upon his children's minds, he commanded them, that whenever they saw either image, crucifix, or any other object of worship, to repeat to themselves the latter part of Deut. VII. 6, "Thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a

cursed thing." He added—which was very mysterious then, "Would to God that those idolaters, who call themselves Christians, studied the New Testament, and acted in accordance with its divine injunctions; they would as much detest idols as we do." He then asked for a copy of the sacred volume, which he had hitherto held under lock and key, concealed from every one of his children; he unfolded the MS. volume, solemnly and reverently, and with a faltering, yet impressive voice, thus spoke: "Hear the words of the celebrated Rabbi Saul, which were spoken by him when 'called to be an Apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God:' 'Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry.'* Hear him once more: 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?' Now, give heed to the teaching of Jesus himself, &c." Here the dying Jew read Mark XII. 28—34. The passage is rather long for a quotation in a letter. Look for it, and you will at once perceive the aptness of the quotation. "Mark these passages in this precious volume," whispered that child of Israel, and gave up the ghost.

The passages, according to the dying injunction, were marked, and to make a long story short, they were the cause of the survivor's children being cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition. I wish I could contrive to put upon paper the whole of my fair companion's narrative in her own charming and elegant style; but I must be content with an abridgement.

In the year 1755, her grandfather and grandmother took advantage of the fearful earthquake which shattered Lisbon into a thousand fragments, and escaped to Amsterdam, where they publicly avowed themselves Jews. By an

* 1 Cor. x. 14.

inscrutable dispensation of Providence, her father—who walked all the way behind us—came again in possession of the MS. New Testament, of which he heard so much; looked out for the marked places, and, having observed many marginal notes in the handwriting of his great-grandfather, began to study the volume, became convinced of the truth of Christianity, and determined, therefore, without any publicity, to be baptized into the Church of Christ by a Protestant minister; and having convinced his youthful spouse, now the aged and venerable mother, of the necessity of accepting Jesus as the true Messiah, they were both baptized privately by a Dutch Protestant minister: after which they quitted Amsterdam quietly, and ultimately settled here as Protestant Christians; and but very few indeed knew anything as to who they were, or what they are.

This is a very imperfect account of our conversation whilst returning from the Bibliothèque Royale to the house of Monsieur M—— do not mention the name in full to any one—a walk of an hour and a-half. I was extremely chagrined that we arrived at the terminus of our walk. I was in the greatest state of inquisitiveness about many particulars relative to the interesting narrative, but I struggled very hard to conceal my excited curiosity, and therefore simply said: "What a short distance you live from the library!"—I really thought so. To which Miss M—— replied, with the most genuine *laisser aller insouciance:* "The pleasure seems to have been mutual. I never recollect a time, when the walk appeared more brief to me than to-day. We are five miles from the Bibliothèque Royale. Your instructive conversation annihilated the distance most effectually." I returned the compliment—nay, it was no compliment, but sober truth—and said: "It

was your melodious voice, and transcendently instructive and peculiarly interesting narrative that beguiled this distance. I earnestly regret that the space is not multiplied tenfold, so that I might have been privileged to hang a little longer on lips which drop words 'sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.'" I know not what more I might have said, most probably much more than I would have relished to remember or think of. I am almost ashamed of my uncontrollable enthusiasm; as it was, my tongue became unprecedently voluble, and wondrously eloquent.

I look back with sincere satisfaction to the unexpected opening of the portals of a splendid mansion in Rue ——. There were so many things curious and unique to my eyes in the hall, that my attention became suddenly wooed by a thousand objects. I was not permitted, however, to indulge then in the cultivation of an acquaintance with any of those dumb suitors. I was obliged to follow the aged and venerable governor of the house, who took hold of my hand to welcome me to his mansion. He led me by a flight of magnificent steps to an upper apartment. When I reached the last step, I was surprised by an oblong and spacious gallery of paintings. My eyes began to run to and fro, and in all directions. My kind host, being totally ignorant of the many surprises and bewilderments to which I was exposed, as well as of my unfortunate propensity to examine everything new, hurried, and ushered me into a gorgeous saloon. I had no alternative but to follow, anticipating at the same time an opportunity of satisfying my craving curiosity hereafter.

After a variety of complimentary remarks on the part of Monsieur M—— respecting my condescension—a phrase which grated terribly on my ears, and set my teeth almost on edge—of honouring the family with my company; the

patriarch observed, that he overheard his daughter and myself in deep conversation, during which he caught a few fragments of my past history and future plans. He also heard a few sentences of his beloved daughter's narrative, as touching the history of her forefathers.

He proposed, therefore, that we should have a second edition of both narratives, *pro bono publico:* and I should begin with mine, and he would follow with his. However anxious I was to hear a full account of the eventful history of my host, I was by no means pleased with the task Monsieur M—— entailed upon me. I said, I had a particular antipathy to speaking about myself. His daughter's exquisite amiableness elicited more of my personal history than all my English friends did in a period of ten years; and begged, therefore, to be excused. But my plea proved unavailable. My host insisted that it was good for Christians—especially of the House of Israel—to recur often to their past history, and adduced several instances, as recorded in Holy Writ, that, as long as God's people bore in mind their past history, it was well with them; but no sooner did they forget it, than they went astray from the paths of righteousness.

He adduced several instances where prophets were sent to expostulate with rebels, and recal to wanderers' minds their past history. Israel as a nation, Saul, David, &c., &c., were appealed to in illustration. Monsieur M——'s arguments, and my great desire to hear the whole of his story, at last prevailed, and I was about to begin the burden of my tedious life, by observing, "I may adopt the words of our ancestor Jacob, that few and evil have the days of the years of my life been;" when the ladies begged of me to wait till they put their bonnets off; which, of course, I did with great pleasure. During the

absence of the ladies, I took the liberty of looking round me; and my host, seeing my eyes resting on the portraits which decorated the already-ornamented walls, told me that they were correct paintings of his ancestors since A.D. 1400.

He began to tell me the history of the first, when the ladies reappeared, and I was obliged to proceed with my unpalatable task. I endeavoured to be as laconic about it as possible. When I came to the circumstance of the 8th verse of the 24th Psalm,* all joined in a simultaneous chorus; "My God, how wonderful are thy ways, and how unfathomable thy dispensations of Providence," whilst tears bedewed all their cheeks. My first coming in contact with the New Testament had the same effect upon my affectionate auditors. My meeting with the same book in Whadyslawova, made the old man remark: "God how good! man how vile!" By the time I reached to my baptism, all the faces before me were suffused with tears of joy, which made my task, of which I was thoroughly tired, doubly difficult. I was delighted, therefore, when I heard the bell ring, announcing that it was time to prepare for dinner.

I was conducted into a beautiful dressing-room, provided with all the utensils such a room requires, and was left to myself for a short space of time to wash my hands, and ascertain whether I was dreaming, or wide awake. I convinced myself, though not without severe effort, that I was really and truly in a splendid Parisian palace, and that I was very hungry—for I would not partake of the refreshments offered me at first—and that I was likely to have my craving appetite satisfied by a very good

* See Memoir prefixed to "The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism investigated."

dinner, and enjoy a most interesting narrative about the history of my very kind host. I soon finished my toilette, and managed to find my way back into the saloon, where I found the whole family assembled to welcome me for the third time.

After a few desultory remarks, two leaved portals opened in one of the walls—by some exquisite contrivance, made to escape the closest scrutiny, of detecting—and two servants gaily clad entered, one standing on the right and another on the left of the door-way, and the senior announced "Le dîner est servi." I do not conceal the fact, that I was truly glad of the proclamation. Madame M—— was allotted to my arm, M. M—— escorted his aged mother, between ninety and one hundred years old, wonderfully in the enjoyment of all her faculties; the sons and daughters followed in succession. We passed first through an extensive and richly-studded library, rather curiously arranged. The next room we entered was equally extensive, if not more so than the library, and seemed to contain an invaluable museum.

You will laugh when I tell you that the passage through the regions of literature, and nature, deprived me of my appetite. Earnestly did I long to linger a few moments in each apartment. Reluctantly did I proceed from one to the other; but proceed I was obliged. However, a view of the tastefully-furnished dinner table restored to me the consciousness, that I was sadly in want of some refreshment. We sat down, twelve in number, to dinner, M. M—— requested me to ask a blessing; and I felt considerably refreshed after partaking of a plate of very good soup; for I really felt almost famished, not having tasted anything since half-past eight that morning, and dinner did not commence before half-past five P.M. I

then asked for the pleasure of taking wine with Madame M——, which was granted. This done, I was again teazed by various queries respecting my college days, when preparing for the sacred ministry. In fact, they extorted my whole history, since my arrival at England, and seemed greatly interested in all the trials and crosses I had to encounter, and often did I observe a dew-drop stealing down the interesting faces of my fair auditors. When I came to the circumstances of twice losing my all, just before my college fees were due, namely, once by having my pocket picked of my pocket-book, containing two ten pound Bank of England notes; and another time, dropping my purse, with twenty-three sovereigns in it, in a book-seller's shop; the whole party seemed so much affected, that all faces were palpably beclouded, and their sparkling eyes were just on the point of sealing their sadness with a shower of tears; for, looking round the table, I imagined that I was encircled by a host of miniature rainbows, which puzzled and dazzled me so much—and the prohibitory injunction of our school-boy days, not to gaze on such phenomena,* came into my mind—that I dropped my eyes upon my plate of dates and grapes. I have not the remotest recollection of what I ate or drank till then. I only remember that I could neither eat nor drink any more, and hastened my narrative to an untimely conclusion. The ladies then withdrew, and five of us gentlemen remained in the dining-hall. Whilst we were thus sitting, and chatting all manner of small talk, a servant came in and said, that Monsieur Benedict, the eldest son, was

* According to a Rabbinical prohibitory precept, the Jews are forbidden to look at the rainbow, because it has the appearance of the *Sh'chinah*. So much for the notion the Talmudical Rabbies had of the science of optics.

wanted by the ladies in the drawing-room. Monsieur B—— asked permission of his venerable parent, which was granted, and he also withdrew.

I own that I burned with impatience to hear my hospitable host's narrative; I was, therefore, by no means pleased when Monsieur B—— returned with a written resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the board of ladies, that I "should be respectfully solicited to iterate again the whole of my story, and that Benedict should write it down out of my mouth."

"Capital!" exclaimed the venerable father; "it will not be the first time that Baruch" (Benedict, by interpretation) "wrote out of the mouth of the man of God; with the only difference that our Baruch's task will be more grateful to us than that of Baruch of yore was to our ancestors."

The speaker alluded to Jer. xxxvi. I felt, for the first time, in an embarrassing dilemma. I did not like to disoblige my newly-acquired kind friends, who have gained a decided hold of my respect and esteem; nor did I wish to comply with their resolution: and the undisguised truth is, that I felt conscious that my narrative was not worth the trouble of reiteration, nor of Monsieur B——'s writing it down. I told Monsieur B—— so; but added, that I was obliged once, through the importunity of friends, to publish my biography, in an abridged form, which is prefixed to a work I published during my college days, and if his fair sisters—who were pleased to express such an interest in the history of such an insignificant individual as his humble servant—were also pleased to accept of a copy of that work, I should feel myself highly honoured.

The father thanked me in behalf of his daughters, and declared it would be considered one of the most estimable

works in their library, whilst Monsieur B—— posted off to communicate my offer to his lovely sisters, and I felt exceedingly thankful that I had a copy of my "Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism investigated" with me, which saved me much irksome work.

The attentive, unaffected, and affectionate brother returned with beaming eyes, bearing a thousand thanks for my valued offer. I tried to cut him short in his gratuitous grateful harangue, by telling him that he must have over-rated my small gift to his beloved sisters, and that I had every reason to fear, consequently, that they would be sadly disappointed, adding, in the same breath: "I can wait no longer; I must now listen to your interesting story relative to your ancestors, yourself and family, which I was promised. I am writhing under the agony of impatience these two hours. Remember, dear friend, the words of our wisest king: 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

The old man got up, took me by the hand, and said he was sorry that he should have caused me the least chagrin, and that he would forthwith fulfil his promise, and thus give me the advantage of the second clause of Solomon's inspired maxim: "But when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life," "We must not," he added, "cause my dear family heart-ache by staying away too long from them. Let us go to them." "With all my heart," I replied. We returned to the saloon by a different route to the one by which we came from it to the dining-hall. I was led through a beautiful octagon room which looked fitted up like a chapel. "This is my little sanctuary, which Jehovah promised us during our exile; and I trust we realize His promise: 'And I will dwell in the midst of you.' You shall see and hear of it more by-and-bye." On our entering the saloon, all the ladies exclaimed: "What a time you absented yourself! Did you forget the saying of the

inspired and royal philosopher: 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick?'" The aged mother here interposed: "You should have welcomed our dear friend by the concluding portion of that inspired verse: 'When the desire cometh it is a tree of life.'" "Just so," replied M. M——. "We have thus treated the same sayings but a few moments before."

To get rid of the multitudinous questions as to where I would sit, I sat down at once on a velvet chair, which stood close to me. Coffee was soon introduced, which I considered as an intrusion. I was glad that business was soon over. I then claimed again the promise, and the old man began at once the most interesting narrative to which I have ever listened, or have ever read in all my life. Just fancy a continuous narrative of one family, extending over a period of four centuries and a-half.

He began with the first appearance of Columbus; how the theory of that renowned navigator interested the principal Jews of Spain; how the Spanish Hebrews held private meetings for the purpose of employing Columbus themselves, as mention was made of the Antipodes in the writings of the ancient Jewish sages, and thus secure the new world as their national inheritance, in lieu of the land of promise, until the time of restitution should come. How that about that time the Jewish people in Spain were troubled with many presentiments, that the days of their sojourn there were numbered. The various plans that were suggested in order to avert the approaching catastrophe. The awful consternation which the memorable edict of Ferdinand and Isabel, issued against the Jews A.D. 1492, produced in the different congregations then resident in Spain and Portugal. The extraordinary and multifarious suicides which that fatal decree caused. The great number

of Jews who feigned to become Christians. The manner by which those *Nuovos Christianos*, as theywere called, continued to escape in all directions, in spite of the most vigilant and secret watchings on the part of the Inquisitorial Tribunal. The way in which those professing Christians built their houses, so as to evade the search of the most penetrating eye for their private houses of prayer.

On this subject he confined himself to his ancestors' plan of halting between two creeds. How he brought up his children in the Jewish religion, whilst professing to be a faithful worshipper of the Virgin Mary. How his ancestor contrived, by degrees, to remove his property from Spain and Portugal, and secure it in more safe countries, where the monarchs were not so impoverished, and where the Governments had not so many irons in the fire.

Having accomplished the whole transfer of his wealth, he then removed to Leghorn, where he avowed Judaism, at a most advanced age, and spent the remainder of his days in constant tears for the hypocrisy which he practised, whilst professing "the religion invented by the Popes of Rome." How the poor penitent exhorted his children never to countenance a religion which taught that idol-worship was no crime, but rather a duty. His affecting address shortly before his death. How he raved about Spain the last two hours of his life, and expired with the word Spain on his lips. "Would to God," exclaimed here Monsieur M——, "that the heavenly Canaan were his dying wish." How the son of the deceased determined to return to Spain, where he resumed his father's hypocritical practices, and began once more to bow the knee to all sorts of blocks of wood and stone. His rigid attention to Judaism whilst at home, and his pretended strict Popery whilst abroad. His mental torture at the constant appre-

hension of being detected in his false profession, and be cast into the pit the Inquisition have digged for such characters. This sort of life shortened his days so much, that he quitted this world before he reached the age of fifty.

When my narrator came thus far, he seemed very much affected. He could not help perceiving that I observed that his breast was the scene of a severe struggle, by contending emotions. He paused for a few moments, and then resumed his narration, by explaining the cause of his uncontrollable feelings. He stated that he traced his belief in the doctrines of the New Testament to the dying speech of this, his ancestor; who, when on his death-bed, assembled all his children around him, and enjoined upon them the diligent study of the Old Testament Scriptures, in their original tongue, so that as not to depend upon the arguments adduced from translations, none of which he maintained can lay claim to inspiration. He maintained that the only language which can lay claim to Divine inspiration was that by which Jehovah spoke to the great legislator Moses, and to the Holy Prophets. Furthermore he commanded his listeners to detest and abominate all sorts of idol worship, and made them all repeat after him the second commandment. "Whenever your eyes are defiled by the sight of any image, crucifix or any other object of worship, repeat the following passage from Deut. VII. 26:—*: שַׁקֵּץ תְּשַׁקְּצֶנּוּ וְתַעֵב תְּתַעֲבֶנּוּ כִּי־חֵרֶם הוּא.

"Now," proceeded my aged host, with a double portion of animation, "what I am about to tell you is the principal part of my story, in which I and my children, which the Lord has given me, are peculiarly interested, and which is the cause of the strong feelings which you must doubtless

* Compare page 33.

have observed in my face since I arrived at the biography of this my ancestor. Would to God," exclaimed the dying man, "that those idolaters who call themselves Christians studied their New Testament, and acted in accordance with its divine injunctions, they would as much detest idols as we do." He then ordered a small cabinet, into which no one was ever allowed to pry, to be brought to his bed-side. He handed a key to his eldest son, which unlocked the sacred depôt, and which discovered a small, but beautiful Latin MS. written on vellum, which proved to be a copy of the New Testament. He sat up, and in a most solemn and reverential attitude, he unfolded the sacred volume, and with a faltering yet impressive voice he thus spoke, "Hear the words of the renowned Rabbi Saul, which were written by him when 'called to be an Apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God.' 'Wherefore my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry.'* Hear him once more, 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols.'† Listen now to the teaching of Jesus himself, &c. &c.," which I have already stated when I gave an epitome of Mademoiselle M.'s conversation. His last words were these, "Mark these passages in this precious volume," pointing to the beautiful MS., and gave up the ghost.

The Jewish burial service was first read, and all the Jewish ceremonies performed; and then the family caused a report to be circulated throughout the town that Don Bonavia—that is the name by which the family was then known—died quite suddenly; so that they were spared the ludicrous mummeries of the Popish priests. However the funeral was performed on a grand scale, according to the custom of the Church of Rome. Money was lavished for masses to all sorts of virgins and saints; rich gifts

* 1 Cor. x. 14. † 2 Cor. vi. 16.

presented to the church, as well as to the priests. For a time, therefore, the family apprehended no detection, thinking that the boons which they have thus bestowed upon the Romish Church would remove all suspicions as to their being unfaithful children of that Church. However they miscalculated; the display of wealth produced envy, and envy conceived malice, and malice brought forth seed after its kind, malicious accusations. The accusations were at first fostered and fondled secretly amongst the Inquisitors. All sorts of vile means were taken to prove the family guilty of some crime, which would make them obnoxious to that nefarious tribunal.

One of the Inquisitors, however, who appeared very active and ingenious in devising plans for the entrapping and ensnaring of the devoted family, belonged to the *Nuovos Christianos*. He therefore wrote a mysterious note, of course anonymously, to Don Bonavia, to the effect that he beheld a most terrific storm gathering around his bark, and it will require all the energy and talent of Captain Bonavia in order to steer her safely through the raging breakers which are daily threatening his course; the lighter he made the ship by removing the cargo, the safer it would be for the crew. The mysterious communication alarmed the family. Consultations were held in the dead of the night. A family fast-day was appointed. The property was removed to different countries. Arrangements were in the progress of being made for withdrawing altogether from that hated, yet loved, country. But priests began to frequent the house oftener than it was agreeable. Once, one of the priests joked the head of the surviving family by saying that with all his riches and wealth he could not sport a copy of the Bible. This was said in order to find out whether a copy of the Pentateuch or the

Prophets in the Hebrew language was to be met with in the house, which would have been sufficient cause for Don B—— being dragged before the tribunal of the Inquisition. Don B—— therefore replied, "It is true I cannot boast of a copy of the Old Testament, but I can boast of such a copy of the New Testament as no Catholic in Spain can boast of; and you will agree with me, Don Padre, that it is of far more infinite value than the writings contained in the Old Testament, for as St. Paul said, 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds.'"

Poor Don B——, in his anxiety to throw dust into the priest's eyes, made the wily monk see into his heart deeper than he should have done. The priest desired to see the volume. He could not help admiring it. He turned over the leaves hastily, one after another. He looked inquisitively upon the marked passages, asked the reason. Don B—— lost his presence of mind, began to stammer, grew pale, and gave a very lame explanation. He unfortunately let slip that those passages were marked in compliance with his dying father's behest. The priest desired the loan of the book; Don B—— could not well refuse the demand. Bitterly did he lament, that night, the visit of the designing priest. The whole family assembled in the subterranean oratory—a place set apart for private family worship, by all the families belonging to the *Nuovos Christianos*, and which baffled all the search of their enemies—attached to Don B——'s house, and spent the whole night in prayer, and weeping, and fasting. In the morning they repaired to church, and a good many masses performed, because of some foreboding

dreams which disturbed the whole family—it was alleged —on the previous night.

Monsieur M—— shuddered when he related those flagrant and culpable acts of unaccountable hypocrisy. As far as I am concerned, I felt as Eliphaz the Temanite did, when " a spirit passed before his face, the hair of his flesh stood up,"* or rather as the great English bard, William Shakspere has paraphrased it: " I felt my soul harrowed up, my blood freezed, my eyes start like stars from their spheres, and my each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Such were my ever memorable feelings, and such was the experience of every one present, if one might judge from appearances and the whispers. " How wicked!" " How impious is man!" " How good and gracious is God!" were the breathing remarks of the descendants of Don B—— before me.

The fearful forebodings and apprehensions were soon realized. Don B——, with all the members of his family, were seized and carried away to Lisbon, and there lingered many years, writhing under the most terrific agonies which diabolical ingenuity could invent. However, to no purpose. The principal department for investigation, were the reasons of the already-mentioned passages in the New Testament being marked; and what they thought of the inherent deity of the images of Jesus, what they thought of His mother, and of the Apostles. The measure of Lisbon's wickedness began to be filled up very rapidly. A disastrous earthquake was prepared as a scourge upon its rulers and inhabitants. It visited the city in a day and in an hour when her people were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, revelling and lusting.

* Job iv. 15.

The pillars of the Inquisition den shook to their very centres. The bars of that atrocious abode disappeared. Nevertheless, whilst the foundations of Lisbon were shivering, and its pillars crumbling, and ten thousand voices rent the air with appalling shrieks, and whilst the earth was marked by numberless chasms, the whole family of Don B——, met for the first time since their incarceration—by a most unaccountable Providence—for their cells were at great and intricate distances from each other, and without saying a single word either to other, they all fled in the same direction, and by the same extraordinary impulse, they embarked in the same vessel. The Captain, who was also one of the *Nuovos Christianos*, at once recognised and welcomed Don B——.

Don B—— asked for pen, ink and paper, wrote a cheque for two thousand scudi, which he put into the hands of the Captain; and implored him, that without a moment's delay, he would set sail for the Hague. The Captain complied, and before twenty days passed over their heads, they landed safely on the shores of Protestant and liberal Holland. Their gratitude was unbounded, which vented itself by illimitable charities. There was not a needy Jewish family, for the whole of that year, in the whole of Amsterdam. Don B—— and his brothers and sisters openly avowed the Jewish creed, repented of their vile hypocrisy, whilst in barbarous Spain, and determined henceforth to walk worthy of the Lord's witnesses. The eldest brother assumed the name of Eliezer M——; and after he was fairly settled in Amsterdam, he took unto himself a wife, "the most beautiful and accomplished Hannah of the Dutch metropolis."

M. M—— pointed to his mother whilst he com-

placently spoke of his aged parent—who was still possessed of many traces of beauty, though on the verge of a century. His father appointed the days of his escape from Lisbon, and of his arrival at Holland, to be set apart annually, to the exercise of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty, for the mercies vouchsafed to the family in those days. Large and sumptuous banquets were given to all the poor of the city, and money to suffice them and their families for the whole of those annual weeks; so that the poor might have opportunities of spending more time in the synagogue during the joyful commemoration. The master of the banquets, his brothers and sisters waited upon the poor, and by their condescending manners removed even the remotest trace of shyness and bashfulness from the faces of the recipients. After all the poor had done with their sumptuous entertainment, the eldest brother—my host's father—related the providential deliverance which the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, accorded to him and his "on this day in 1755:" a narrative which he was never tired of repeating, and the poor were never weary of listening to.

What interested my kind host most, in the thrilling record, was the fact of the New Testament. He would have given anything to get it, was his constant feeling; so much so, that he would often pray, secretly, when he was quite a youth, that He, who moves the world in a mysterious way, would so order as to enable him to behold, with his own eyes, the book which his grandfather commended so much on his death-bed. Humanly speaking, there was no prospect of those wishes ever being realized.

My narrator now reached that period of his life, when he was seventeen years of age, and when he became

espoused to a beautiful daughter of Israel. The excitement of the eventful period, and the long and constant preparation for the auspicious wedding, which took place exactly on his eighteenth birth-day, directed all his attention into a different channel of thought. Soon after his marriage he went over to London, accompanied by his bride, on a visit to the then aged Rabbi of the Spanish synagogue—who was related to his family. Whilst in London, he attended several public sales of large libraries, and to his inexpressible delight, that very book, which had so often enlisted his most fervent solicitude, was exposed for sale; the book having now belonged to the library of a deceased Spanish nobleman. M. M—— offered £50 at the first bidding, which stopped the mouths of all present. "Fifty pounds" was three times repeated, the book was knocked down to him. He pulled out his pocket-book, flung a bank-note for the amount, seized upon the sacred volume, and in the presence of an astounding assemblage of people, pressed his lips to the book, whilst his eyes were replenished with tears of joy. A crimson blush mantled his face, occasioned by the consternation of the spectators—to all whom his conduct was inexplicable;—he, therefore, precipitately rushed out of the sale-room, thrust the precious acquisition into his pocket, and proceeded with all possible speed to his apartment.

As soon as he reached his room, he shut the door after him, and began to turn over the pages of the sacred MS., and found those passages, which he often heard alluded to, marked. He wept, and read them over and over again. In addition to the marked passages, he observed many marginal notes, in the hand-writing of his great-grandfather. These excited in his breast a great

desire to read through the whole of the volume. He did so, and became exceedingly uncomfortable amongst his friends and relations in London. A new set of ideas had obtained possession of his heart and mind. M. M—— determined, therefore, to return to Amsterdam without delay. His youthful spouse did not like to ask him any questions about his anxious and unsettled looks whilst in London, thinking that home-sickness was the cause. But when she perceived that home did not restore to him his wonted spirits, but that it rather made him more contemplative and less communicative; his beloved Josephine asked, as a token of affection, to be permitted a view into the scenes of his breast. "Will your love for your Raphael remain as fervent after the request is granted as it is now? I fear that the scene will prove most revolting to you," continued M. M——, "and turn your affection into antipathy." "No," replied the bride, trembling; "your love may change, and may perhaps have changed already, but mine is as pure and abiding as that fountain of love from which it sprang into my breast."

Gushing floods of tears breaking out of both their eyes had the effect of kindling that mutual love and affection into a sacred flame, which was the means of bringing it into such a permanent state, as never to be extinguished, either in this world or in that to come. "Can you imagine," said my host to me, "Joseph and Benjamin clasping each other's neck, and crying and weeping, venting their long penned-up affection,—such was the scene between me and Madame M——." She blushed, and so did the daughters, whilst their eyes sparkled with tears. The young husband then disclosed to his Josephine all the scenes of which his breast was the theatre. She had often heard that MS. spoken of;

she was therefore curious to see it. Though she could neither read nor understand it, she still devoutly kissed it, as a sacred thing, sanctified by her husband's great regard for it. It was a Latin book. It was agreed, therefore, that two hours every day should be applied to his translating its contents to her. Three months brought them through the whole of the volume. Both agreed to embrace the religion which the book taught, but thought it advisable not to cause any alarm in the camp of the enemies of the cross. They invited a very pious Dutch Protestant minister into the house, acquainted him with all the minutiæ of their history; and after further instruction from him, in the principles of Christianity, they were both baptized privately, and quietly withdrew from Amsterdam, and came to live here; where they have lived almost *incognito* to the present moment. The aged mother of M. M—— preferred, of her own accord, to come and live with her eldest son. She watched the conduct of her children, which pleased her very much; began to study the New Testament, and at the age of seventy was baptized into the faith of Jesus in his domestic chapel, and by the aged Protestant Christian, who introduced himself and spouse into the Church. He was invited for that purpose from Amsterdam.

Had I time to say all I heard and saw that day, this letter might be extended to a very large volume. I must not extend, therefore, much longer this epistle, but begin to draw to a conclusion. When M. M—— finished his absorbingly interesting narrative, I requested permission, before I left for my hotel, to see the MS. New Testament. My host said there was no use of my thinking of returning to the hotel that evening; that he and his family fully expected the pleasure of my sleeping under

the protection of his roof that night, and that a bed was prepared for me. I objected to the arrangement, because I left no words at the hotel of my stopping out overnight. M. Benedict rang the bell, ordered the carriage to be got ready at once, observing that my objection would be soon obviated. M. B—— would go to Meurice's, and say that I would not return to the hotel that evening. I was obliged to yield.

On his returning we adjourned to the chapel—a beautifully contrived sanctuary. A bell rang which assembled about twenty domestics, and I was asked to conduct evening prayer. My host told me that it was the second time that a stranger officiated in his household church. He considered himself an ordained priest, and consecrated Bishop of his domestic flock; and I was the first stranger that was made acquainted with all his family secrets. He moreover informed me that his whole congregation consisted of Christians of the house of Israel. All the domestics I have seen, are the descendants of those Jews, who were forced to embrace the idol worship of the Church of Rome. He brought them over from Spain, and they witnessed the Christianity of his household, and therefore changed their hypocrisy into genuine sincerity. He believed them all to be Christians, not only in name, but in spirit and in truth. My host then intimated that it was time to go to rest; but I longed to see the copy of the New Testament, which was the means of so much woe and weal.

Monsieur M—— said that he was anxious to show me his library to advantage, which he could not do in the night; he begged, therefore, that I would wait patiently till the following morning. I was obliged to submit, I confess, with an aching heart. After shaking hands with the

ladies and gentlemen, the Bishop, or rather patriarch, conducted me to my sleeping apartment. Everything in that house was on such a magnificent scale and original style, that instead of going to sleep, I was kept wide awake, conning over the extraordinary things which came under my notice on that day. About four o'clock in the morning I fell into a sort of slumber, and a deep-sounding bell awoke me about half-past six. Soon after a *valet de chambre* entered my room, opened the window-shutters, and asked whether I would like a bath. I replied in the affirmative. He then opened a door, which disclosed a beautiful white marble bath, and having prepared it for immediate use, he withdrew, telling me to ring the bell as soon as I had done with it. I obeyed; after which he appeared again, and supplied me with all the needful for dressing, &c., &c. He informed me that eight o'clock was the usual time for morning service, which was held in the same little sanctuary where we met last night. I told him I would take care to be ready for that time. "Then the bell may be rung at the usual hour." "Yes," was the reply; and my valet retired.

Five minutes before eight, with rather a solemn sound, a bell rang, and I hastened out of my room. As soon as I opened the door, I saw Monsieur Benedict, who was waiting to conduct me to the chapel. He told me on the way, that it was expected that I should favour them with a lecture, and he trusted that I would not disappoint them. I could not help saying that I was taken by surprise, but that I should be very sorry to disappoint them. We entered the chapel, which we found almost full of worshippers, all belonging to this same household, and one of the ladies seated at a gorgeous organ; to my astonishment, the patriarch gave out in English, Bishop Kenn's

Morning Hymn—they were all thorough English scholars—which was sung by all present with proper spirit and understanding. I eyed each member of the congregation with profound interest. After the hymn was finished, I began with the Confession of our Liturgy, and was accompanied by all present saying it after me. Having read several collects, I concluded with an extempore prayer suitable for so singular an occasion. After which, I expounded Isaiah XII. Monsieur B—— seems to have been desired to take notes. I saw the sisterhood watching him very earnestly whilst I was lecturing, and he noting. The lecture lasted about three-quarters of an hour.

About half-past nine we sat down to breakfast, during which, Monsieur B—— was desired to read his notes, so as to be sure of having taken them correctly, and if not, to correct them, whilst there was the opportunity. I was heartily tired of lioning. I longed to hear the last of myself. Every reference to myself became so grating and irksome, that I began to feel extremely uncomfortable, and began, therefore, to claim the promise of seeing the MS. copy of the New Testament. My host then wished me to return thanks, and then conducted me to the library. I was very much struck with the extent of that apartment, as well as with the singularity of the arrangement. The room was the loftiest in the whole of the mansion. Three walls crammed with a multitudinous collection of gorgeously bound volumes, but appeared so gloomy, and almost smothered in a thick shade; whilst the fourth wall, which looked cheerful and sunny, was well nigh altogether bare. There was only a low cabinet, in the shape of a scale, standing almost on the floor, which contained only two volumes, richly bound and clasped. The sun, through the skylight, the only light admissible into that room, and

it was a brilliant morning, fell luminously upon those volumes, and produced a singular appearance. My host saw my embarrassment, but left me to my own conjectures. I turned my eyes again upon the crowded walls, and observed that the lowest shelf was a considerable height from the floor, much higher than the little shelf by the fourth wall.

After a little more particular observation, I discovered that the gigantic shelves were also constructed in the shape of a scale; so that, after a while, the whole library gave me the idea of a pair of scales, in which were balanced the comparative values of the different books. The correct idea soon followed. Monsieur M—— wished to intimate to his children and friends, that the two books by the naked wall were more weighty than all the folios which decorated the three other walls. As soon as my host saw that I discovered his secret plan, he seemed much pleased, and he began thus:

"Behold!" pointing to the crowded shelves, "these contain the choicest works which this world's wisest sages have produced; and these," pointing to the almost naked wall, "two volumes not only cast the majority in the shade, but also preponderate them."

It was an ingenious contrivance, which extorted from me a vast amount of admiration. The whole light was managed to fall upon the Old and New Testament; the former in the Hebrew language, and the latter that MS. which I longed to see. Both volumes had various precious stones set in their corners, which produced an almost dazzling glitter. The MS. is certainly a beautiful thing, and deserves to be thus honoured and adorned. Some of the marginal notes are peculiarly interesting and instructive, and were enough to condemn any Christian to the judg-

ment of the Inquisition for infidelity to the doctrines taught by the Jesuits and Cardinals.

My amiable host permitted me to copy the notes into my pocket Greek Testament, which I did; and in another letter I may give them to you. You will agree with me as to their importance.

Till three o'clock P.M. that day I was occupied in the library, and could I conveniently have spared the time, I should have been delighted to have devoted a whole month to its examination. One department attracted my attention very much, superscribed, "Works by Christians from the House of Jacob." I have long had a desire to see a collection of works by Jewish converts, and now my desire was gratified. I counted the volumes in that department, they amounted to eight hundred and forty-five. Having done counting, I said to my host: "It affords me much pleasure to be able to make the number of these volumes even. If you will kindly accept five volumes, written by your humble guest, you will confer a great obligation upon him."

"A thousand thanks," replied each tongue.

From the library I proceeded to the museum; it is of a very peculiar nature, as regards its contents. I deem it more valuable than any museum of its size I have ever seen. Many of the curiosities are unique and precious. I must not describe them now; I may do so in another letter, to our brother Herschell.

Refreshment was now urged; after partaking of it, the carriage was at the door, and six of us enjoyed a drive to the Louvre. We passed by Meurice's Hotel, at which I stopped, ran up to my room, and brought down copies of my works; viz. 1. "The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated," which I promised to the

ladies the preceding evening; 2. "Israel's Ordinances Examined;" 3. "An Exposition of Isaiah LIII;" 4. "The Jews in Great Britain;" 5. "The Star of Jacob" (6 Numbers)

Whilst *en chemin*, Monsieur M—— gave me a great deal of information about many Jewish Christian families, who live *incog.* in Versailles and St. Germains; to whom I managed to be introduced, and gathered a vast amount of very interesting information. He also told me much about those Jews who professed the tenets of the Romish Church. He gave me a more favourable view of l'Abbé Ratisbonne's teaching than I anticipated;* his family

* The conversion of that individual to the Church of Rome, which took place on the 20th of January, 1842, produced much excitement in the Roman Catholic countries and churches. Baron de Bussière has drawn up a circumstantial history of his connection with M. Alphonso Ratisbonne, previous to the conversion of the latter. The Baron's statement was reprinted at Paris, in the "Annales de l'Archiconfrérie du Saint et Immaculé Cœur de Marie," and in the "Univers" newspaper, the well-known organ of the Jesuits. At Strasburg, it has been distributed in the shape of hand-bills; in London, the "Tablet" newspaper has given it circulation; and by the zeal of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was at Rome at the time, it was printed in a cheap form from her Ladyship's translation. The following is the sum and substance of the curious report. Alphonso Ratisbonne, a rich Jew of Strasburg, aged twenty-eight, was described as wandering alone through Italy, towards the East. He had a brother converted thirteen years before, to Romanism. While in Rome, he called upon an old schoolfellow, the Baron Gustave de Bussière, a French Protestant: not having found this gentleman at home, he was received by the brother of his friend, the Baron Theodore de Bussière, an ardent and restless convert to the tenets of the Church. Baron T. B. was so determined to convert the Israelite, that he implored and persuaded him to wear a medal of the miraculous Virgin, and moreover to write out and learn the following prayer, in Latin, of St .Bernard; ["Remember

went sometimes to hear him, and would have gone oftener, if his church were not disfigured by the most hideous images.

"Remember, O most Holy Virgin Mary, that no one ever had recourse to your protection, implored your help, or sought your mediation, without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, behold me, a penitent sinner, sighing out my sins before you, beseecning you to adopt me for your child, and to take upon you the care of my eternal salvation. Despise not, O Mother of Jesus, the petition of your humble client, but hear and grant my prayer. O Mary, refugee of sinners, grant me a mother's blessing and a mother's care, now and at the hour of my death. Amen."

This done, the Baron set his family and friend to say Ave Marias for the success of his attempt. The Baron himself was very assiduous in relating to Ratisbonne legends and Roman sight-seeing. This lasted for about three months; and at last Ratisbonne's imagination was wrought up and excited to the pitch of frenzy, so that, on the night of the 19th of January, 1842, he could not sleep, being haunted by a vision to the effect of the design of the reverse of the medal. On the 20th, he proceeded to church, and was left alone, for a short time, in the chapel of the Madonna; during which, it is said, that the Virgin Mary appeared to him in glory, and by a gesture of her hand, without speaking, commanded him to kneel before her.

Ratisbonne's narrative underwent a rigid investigation. Nine witnesses were examined by the Very Rev. the Fiscal-Promoter, acting under commission from the Cardinal Vicar Patrizi: the latter, after examining the depositions of the witnesses, has definitively pronounced, on the 3rd of June, 1842, as follows:

"That it fully consists of a true and glorious miracle, wrought by God, the ever good and great, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the instantaneous and complete conversion of Alphonso Maria Ratisbonne from Judaism. And forasmuch as 'it is honourable to reveal the Works of God,' (Tobit xii. 7), therefore, to the great glory of God, and increased devotion of the faithful in Christ towards the Blessed Virgin Mary, his Eminence has deigned to permit that the narrative of this miracle be printed and published by authority." *Credat Latinus!* The best analysis

I am afraid, dear Joshua, this long epistle will try your patience; I will therefore forbear lengthening it any more. Salute most affectionately, in my name, our dear brothers and sisters. I enclose within this an epistle to our dear mother, which will acquaint you with my mind respecting the fair daughters of Jacob in this city.

I am, &c. &c.

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## LETTER VII.

### TO THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CORK.

Paris, August 1847.

My dear Lord,

I herewith send you a translation of a letter I have written to my brother, from this city. It will serve as a reply to some of your Lordship's queries. I do not wonder that you are not pleased with the account which the deputation of the Church of Scotland gave of the Jews of Paris. They were not the persons—though excellent and talented in other respects—adapted for a "Mission of Inquiry to the Jews." It requires something more than piety, zeal, and classical learning, to be able to pry into the present condition of the Jews; it requires tact, and an amount of Jewish information—literary, civil, and political—which very few Gentiles have as yet attained. I would leave Paris with the same stock of information as those gentlemen have done, if I asked for it of a Fredric Monod. I do not use this expression in a disparaging tone—I have the greatest possible respect for that divine; but what

of the whole farce is to be found in the "Jewish Intelligence for 1842."

I mean to say is, that neither he nor any other Christian minister is the person most fitted to furnish information on the subject of the Jews.*

I was constantly asked by Englishmen, who lived in this city for years, to tell them something of the internal state of the Jewish congregations here. The fact is, that there are about three hundred and fifty Christian Jews in the metropolis of France and her environs; the great majority of them are very wealthy. Very few of them are known to the French public as having been once of the synagogue. I found, after minute and rigid inquiry, that they are the most consistent Christians, ruling their households in the fear of the Lord, making the Bible their code of laws for their conduct through life. Their greatest enemy could not help himself, if but a day or two in their society, but become their greatest friend. What would not M. Eugène Sue have given to know those really noble individuals! How enhanced would have been his "Mysteries of Paris," if embellished with such characters!

I have gathered the following important item of interesting information, by my intercourse with those Hebrew Christians; namely, that there are in England upwards of a hundred families, very wealthy and very learned, who are Hebrews by nation, and Christians by creed; I have recorded their names in my note-book. As they are particular in their wishes not to be pointed at by the "friends of Israel" at public meetings, it would be unjust, on my part, to divulge their names. Your Lordship shall be perfectly welcome to look into my "Evening notes," if, in God's good providence, we be permitted to meet again.

I am going to send to Lady Powerscourt a translation of

* Many are the Clergymen in London who are totally ignorant of the state of the Jews in the capital of Great Britain.

a laconic letter I dispatched to my mother. The two communications will make up one whole narrative of the present state of the Parisian Jews. The internal state of the great mass of the French people—I have been informed on the subject by all grades and shades of Parisian people —is minutely, correctly, and graphically described in Michelet's "Priests, Women, and Children," about which work we discussed, when I last had the honour of meeting your Lordship. I would, therefore, venture respectfully to suggest to your Lordship the perusal of that work, in which you will find an ample reply to your last question, in yours of the 12th ult. to me.

I am, my dear Lord, &c.

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## LETTER VIII.

Paris, August 1847.

My dear Lady Powerscourt,

I forward to the Bishop of Cork, by this day's post, a translation of a Hebrew letter I addressed to my brother, relative to the state of the Paris Jews, which I doubt not you will see and read.

Instead of inditing a new epistle to you, I translate one which I have just finished to my dear mother. It is a sort of supplement to my brother's letter, in which it is to be inclosed. Now for the translation:—

My dear Mother,

I have promised to send you a few lines from the royal city of France, which I fulfil with the greatest pleasure; as it delights me much, at all times, and from all places, to hold converse with you. I never have you more vividly

before my mind's eye than when engaged in penning a letter to you. I almost imagine that I am now communing with you face to face. Would to God it were fact instead of fiction. I need not tell you that I have written a long letter to Joshua, for this one will be enveloped in that one. My communication to Joshua contains a considerable amount of information about the Jews of Paris. This will be a sort of P.S. It will be found to contain an account of the condition of Parisian Jewesses.

The Hebrew language is a dead letter amongst the daughters of Abraham in this city. In the respectable families, the females are indeed taught a little Hebrew, but it is very little. Their education in the sacred tongue does not extend beyond the mechanical part of it, namely, the reading, so as to be enabled to recite the synagogue prayers. Their education in the French language is a little more attended to, so as to enable them to do with it something more than simply read it. Being their vernacular tongue, they can read it with the understanding, and are taught, moreover, to write it. But no sooner does a French Jewish girl become able to read a novel, or pen a letter, than her parents, as well as herself, consider that she has finished her education. The society she begins to mix with consists of members of her own nation, of her own standing; and also of the middle classes of the French people. It is the misfortune of the Jews to be susceptible of being influenced by the indifferent conduct, habits, and manners of those nations amongst whom they dwell at ease. I call it a misfortune, because our brethren seldom become attached to the sound part of the nation in which they dwell, but invariably to the unsound one.

In Germany, the sympathies of the Jews are with the new-fangled Neologians and Rationalists; in England,

with Socinians, or Nothingarians; in France, with the Infidel part, which is by far the largest. Mixing among such classes, the young Jewess participates in their habits, imbibes their notions, adopts their principles, acquires their tastes. The books, therefore, our fair French sisters like most are of a most trifling nature; novels—of all the rubbish which characterises this department of literature in general, it does so the works of French novelists in particular—become their meat and drink, which have the effect of quenching every spark of religion which even French Judaism teaches; her mind becomes filled with love for excitement and adventures. If it were not too serious a matter, one might be disposed to indulge in ludicrous remarks at the Quixotic propensities of French Jewesses.

The young men, again, with whom the Parisian Hebrew girl holds intercourse, are extremely expert in well-worded and softly-articulated compliments, which is, in fact, the national *forte*—fill her mind with ideas of her personal beauty, charms, and attractions. The poor girl is thus flattered for a time, and even temporarily adored, which has the baneful effect of turning her brains. She spares neither time, nor trouble, nor expense for the outward adorning of her person, none of which is bestowed upon the improvement of the mind. The result is such as every one would expect from such means. The French Jewess is developed a conceited and ignorant being. How humiliating to the house of Israel! Their "precious children" were once compared to "fine gold," but now eaten up by corroding dross.

Somehow or other, the Jewish females are the devoted victims of the grossest ignorance, arrogance and superstition, according to the countries of their dispersion. In Poland, alas! dearest mother, need I tell you how prostrate

the Jewess's intellect has become by reason of the neglect of its cultivation? There the Jews "dwell alone" to all intents and purposes, mix not with the people amongst whom they dwell, become thorough slaves of the most monstrous superstition. It is true their lords and masters—the Rabbies—sold them into such exile, still the Jewess is not the less a sufferer; whatever the cause may be, the effect is the same. In Germany, England and France, where a smattering education is accorded them, and where they condescend to mix with the nations amongst whom they dwell; it is, however, among such classes as I have already described. Adulations are lavished upon the "pretty Jewesses" by silly men; and what is the consequence? They become vain in their imaginations, and puffed up with pride.

Yet even in the latter countries, they are not altogether free from superstition. I conversed with many daughters of the French Israelites of various classes; and very often did I meet in the same person a large share of infidelity, and superstitious bigotry.

The Jewish females of the poorer classes, who were deprived, by lack of means, of any education whatever, and are reduced to the society of their own level amongst their own people, or to the society of the lower classes of the French, are a decided disgrace to any respectable society. However, I have better hopes for the rising generation of the French Jewesses. A school for Jewish children has lately been erected, at the expense of 200,000 francs, which will doubtless make education amongst Hebrew females more general. I wish you, however, beloved mother, to bear in mind that the above remarks apply only to the generality of the daughters of Judah in this great city. It would be doing a great injustice to some,

few though they be, if I made it appear that my remarks applied to the universality. There are some noble exceptions, whose names might be enrolled amongst the brightest ornaments of the female sex. With some of these exceptions I had the honour to converse, who deplored as much the low condition—mental and moral—of their national sisters, as I do, and were endeavouring to strike out some plan to ameliorate and improve the position of their less favoured co-religionists. I was glad to find that they perfectly agreed with me, that unless the Bible was made the basis upon which the great fabric of education is to be reared, no great success need be expected. "Mental improvement without moral," observed these enlightened daughters of Zion, "often produces sevenfold deeper demoralization; and the Bible is the only infallible preceptor of pure morals." They spoke the truth.

They seemed very much pleased with an account I gave them of the parochial system of education in England. "Ah," said they, "you live in a blessed country, where the Bible is nationally revered and loved; but, alas! this nation boasts of her disregard for that sacred volume." You see, dear mother, "there is no rule without an exception." Even poor benighted Poland possesses a few exceptions amongst the Jewish females, of whom, I am proud to say, you are one. Germany can also point out a few Jewesses, endowed with great talents, and possessed of cultivated minds. So may France. The enlightened Israelitish women, however, outvie them all in England—my adopted country—in point of numbers. The exceptions in that country are decidedly more numerous than in any other; which I account for by the fact, that the English Christian female is the most superior of her sex throughout the world. Example goes a great way towards civilization, as well as demoralization.

Another striking feature in the present condition of the higher classes of English women, which deserves to be noticed, is that there are more Hebrew scholars amongst the English Christian ladies, than there are amongst the Jews themselves; which seems to have provoked to emulation, the fair daughters of the British Hebrews. England possesses many an Anna Moria Schurman,* of which very few countries can boast. However we may soon expect better days for the daughters of our race everywhere. The doctrines and dogma of the Talmud are fast giving way; and the principles of Moses and the Prophets are taking their legitimate position in the camp of Israel; and in the same ratio as those events progress will the female character rise from the dust to which human tradition and cunningly-devised fables reduced it.

I have thus given you an insight, dear mother, into the state of French Jewesses, as well as into my mind respecting the writings of some of the Rabbies. My most affectionate salutation to my dear father. I shall write to him from Metz. Let me hear soon from you.

Your affectionate son, &c., &c.

Now, dear Lady Powerscourt, you will be able to form an idea of my notion of the French female character in general. With regard to the Hebrew French females, I will add here that they have produced several genuine musical geniuses. The majority of them, however, not being obliged to make their living by public performances, are comparatively unknown. There is at present a Jewish youth in this city, who is attracting great attention in the musical circles, and very great things are expected from

* See Appendix A.

him. Those who know him, and are able to judge, affirm that he is destined to be a fair and successful rival of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. He is under the tuition of Kalkbrenner. He has just been elected, though but nineteen years of age, an associate of the *Conservatoire*. He is already the composer and writer of several distinguished pieces of music, for which he received the highest panegyrics from the musical *Savans*, who heard them performed. His name is Silas, and is a native of Amsterdam.

I am, &c.; &c.

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## LETTER IX.

*Translation of a Hebrew letter which I addressed to my father, who resides in Poland.*

Metz, Sept. 1847.

My dear Father,

You expressed a desire in your last to me to hear something about the schools and synagogues of this city, where your ancestors, in years of yore, filled the professional chairs in its colleges and seminaries. To comply with your wish, I put myself out of my direct road towards Africa, so that I may gratify your request. I know of nothing more delightful than for a child to be able to comply with his affectionate parent's wishes. I have devoted almost all my time since my arrival here, to obtain the most correct information, so as to make my letter as complete as possible.

It is of course impossible for me to find out the respective descendants of the four families, who first settled in this city. It is a long time since 1567. I met with about a dozen of the children of Israel, who affirm that

they are the offspring of the first Jewish settlers here, but in my humble opinion, this item is of very little importance. In fact, till the year 1829, the history of the Jews in this city is not of paramount interest. The most important part of the history of the Jews in this city is since that year, when the Rabbinical college or seminary was established here. In order to give you a correct idea of the state of the Israelitish affairs, I translate for you into Hebrew, from the French language, a memorial addressed by the Central Consistory on the 13th of last July:

"*To His Excellency the Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice and of Worship.*

"Sir,

"The central Rabbinical school of Metz is the most important establishment which the Israelitish creed possesses in France. It serves our communion as a seminary, and at the same time as a resort for the whole faculty of theology. It is there that those young men who devote themselves to the office of Rabbi, and who have been judged worthy of such an office, are first received, when between sixteen and seventeen years of age. After having remained there five years at least, or six years at the most, they immediately enter upon their calling, that is if a vacant place presents itself. There does not exist amongst us any other school of this character in which our young aspirants might commence and carry on their studies and prepare themselves for so important a career. We may say that our religious condition depends almost entirely upon the state of this institution. We therefore enjoy the firm assurance that, in soliciting for it your benevolent assistance, our prayer will be heard.

" This central Rabbinical seminary, which was founded about the end of 1829, and confided at the same time to the enlightened direction of the Consistory de la Moselle, and to the wise administration of a commission of our choice, has been able for a long time to dispense with a direct superintendence on our part. But its position has become very difficult, its resources are no longer adequate to its wants: the place which it occupies does not now bear a proportion to its population: the walls which shelter it, and its furniture, not having undergone any repairs for the last seventeen years, have fallen into a deplorable state; in fact, considerable deficiencies are also experienced in the instruction; important modifications have become necessary in the management of the studies, in the conditions of admission prescribed to the pupils, and in the character of the professors. In order to give ourselves an exact idea of this situation and to examine, in some degree, with our own eyes, we sent to the spot, with your concurrence and approbation, Mr. Minister, a Commission of Inspection, consisting of Mr. Frank, a Member of the Institution, our Vice-President, and Mr. Munk, Keeper of the Oriental MSS. in the Royal Library, our Secretary. This Commission, after having devoted ten whole days to the mission which had been confided to them, addressed to us a detailed account, of which the following are the most important results:

" With regard to the moral report, the central Rabbinical seminary leaves nothing to be desired; masters and pupils are equally alive to their duties, and fulfil them with a zeal in which we can without effort recognize the powerful influence of religious sentiments. Masters and pupils are alike animated with the best spirit, and unite to a solid piety, and immoveable faith, the most ardent

love for France and for her institutions; a perfect knowledge of the exigencies of our times, of the obligations which result from it to the ministers of religion; and the deep conviction—because based upon the very principles of our creed—that the duties of the man and the citizen cannot be separated from those of the Israelite. These sentiments—which could only be developed under the rule of liberal institutions recently conducted by our country, have exceeded the expectation of our commission. Besides, the central Rabbinical school not only recommends itself to your benevolence by its good order, but also by its works and the service which it has already rendered. Four Chief Rabbies, fifteen Rabbies, and five preceptors have gone forth from its bosom, who diffuse, at the present time over the Israelitish population—which population listen to them with respect—a wholesome and high-minded morality; religious belief free from fanaticism, a taste for instruction, the sentiment of filial devotion towards the King and towards France.

"Would, Sir, that we had not to relate to you anything less favourable concerning the external condition of this establishment; but under this head, on the contrary, we have nothing but distressing facts to make you acquainted with, and for which we would solicit from your benevolent justice the most prompt alleviation."

"The quarters occupied by the central Rabbinical school, consist of two parts; the one, furnished gratuitously by the Israelitish community of Metz, on the site and within the walls of an ancient synagogue, contains the classes, the library, the oratory, the cells or dormitories of the pupils. The other, paying a rent of five hundred francs, taken from the funds of the school, comprises the refectory, the apartment of the director, and the hall of sittings of the

administrative commission. We have nothing to say concerning the latter place, being private property; but the first is in a state of dilapidation difficult to describe. First of all, one is admitted there by a shabby entrance, such as a public establishment should never present; and once in the interior, you behold the walls covered with lizards, the ceilings propped up, or threatening ruin; a little narrow staircase in the open air—a disgrace—worn out and damp. Cells lighted by windows badly put in. The partitions open by gaping chasms.

"Whatever the state of those little rooms, they are not worse than the furniture which adorns them. Imagine to yourself tables, chairs, wooden beds, counterpanes, sheets, which have not been removed for seventeen years, for want of means. Therefore, when touching them, one cannot help apprehending lest they should break into pieces. There is not—we will not say a public Institution, but—any private seminary so poorly supported, where the pupils would not be better lodged, and have better beds.

"Yet this is not all, this apartment, as we have already stated, is not even sufficient. The cells which have been contrived there, and each one of which is only large enough for a single pupil, amount only to the number of seven; and notwithstanding the Rabbinical seminary comprehends within its walls nine students. Independently of these nine students, its regulations permit to receive boarders—in fact, there is one boarder at the present moment. Besides, the number of these students will be necessarily augmented, in consequence of the creation of two new consistories, one of Algiers and another of St. Esprit.

"The places appropriated for study, that is to say: the

library and class-room, are fortunately in better condition; but there is a deficiency in the books. Not only are there not to be found those fine collections of classic authors, which are not wanting in any second-rate establishment of instruction, which form the foundation of the libraries and colleges; but one might even search there in vain for works, which have become necessary for the study of theology and of the Holy Scriptures; books of the greatest importance, published within the last thirty years, in France and Germany, and which would exercise, we are sure, the most salutary influence over the minds of our young theologians, and which would give to their masters also the means of imparting to them more complete instruction. This situation, Sir, to which we have the firm belief you will apply a remedy, by immediate help, is the inevitable consequence of the financial condition of the schools.

"An annual supply of 10,000 francs, constitutes the whole of its resources. With this scanty sum—which originally was only appropriated as an experiment, tried at the expense of the Israelitish communities—it is obliged to provide:—

"1st. For the maintenance of nine students, the number of which at the end of this year will be increased.

"2ndly. For the rent of an apartment to compensate for the insufficiency of accommodation supplied by the Israelitish community of Metz.

"3rdly. For the maintenance of a director and four professors.

"4thly. For the keeping up of an oratory and a library.

"5thly. For the wages of a servant, especially attached to the establishment; for the lighting, warming, expenses

of the infirmary, provisions of a visiting office; in a word, all the incidental and unforeseen expenses of a house.

"Your Excellency will readily perceive from this description, the sacrifices and privations which must fall, at the same time, both on the masters and pupils; and the wisdom which must have been exercised by the commission of administration, to obtain an equilibrium between the expenditure and the income. Whilst in all the Catholic and Protestant seminaries which are situated at a distance from Paris, the income of each is represented by the sum of 600 francs: here it only amounts to 400.

"The director, who is one of the most distinguished theologians of our country, and upon whom devolves the whole responsibility of the establishment, while he occupies there at the same time the office of professor, and devotes no less than three hours a day to these last duties, receives only a stipend of 1,400 francs. Each of the other professors receives a salary of 1,000 francs. The music-master, who is entrusted with the instruction in the chanting of the ritual, receives an income of 200 francs. More than that, these honourable functionaries, as has happened this very year, frequently sacrifice a part of their emolument, in order that the school should not suffer a deficiency.

"Under the head of its studies, the central Rabbinical schools, is in as prosperous a state as the poverty of its resources and its present organization will permit; but this relative merit, although reflecting praise on individuals, is not in keeping with the establishment. In order that this should be worthy of the end proposed, and answer fully to the necessities of our times and to the hopes of which it is the object, it is necessary that it should undergo some serious modifications, a part of which has been

already accomplished, under the inspection which we have made there through our Vice-President and our Secretary.

"In the first place, we have banished a very inveterate abuse, which prevails amongst the Israelites of the German ritual, and which had become established as a religious ceremony—we speak of the use of the German tongue in explaining the Talmud, that is to say, that portion of the Jewish theology, which bears the name of the *oral law*. Again, we have supplied a very pressing want, for which, Sir, we reckon upon your speedy concurrence. The Chief Rabbi of the Circonscription de la Moselle, the previous director of the school, who filled that function gratuitously for many years, with a zeal which will always secure our gratitude towards him, viz., the office of Professor of Hebrew, of the Holy Scriptures, and Sacred History; but the infirmities of age (he being upwards of seventy years) not permitting him longer to accomplish the task he had imposed upon himself, we have been obliged to appoint at once, in his stead, a Professor who is paid. It would be impossible that a Rabbinical school should be deprived of a course of Hebrew: we trust then, Sir, that from this year you would raise the funds for this indispensable course.

"Lastly, we have entrusted to two clever Professors of the Royal College of Metz, the literary and philosophic department of the school. These two functionaries fill the place of others who have been dismissed. As to the changes which remain still to be made with the view of making the Institution complete, adding vigour to the studies, raising the terms for admission into the establishment, and the test by which pupils who leave shall obtain their degree; we have the honour, Sir, to lay before you a system of regulations respecting which we solicit your approbation.

"In consequence of the facts which it has been our duty to acquaint you with, and in confirmation of which we have the honour to lay before you the lists and reports here annexed, we entreat of you, M. le Ministre:

"1st. To grant to the Central Rabbinical School immediate help, for the payment of a Professor of Hebrew—that is to say, 1,000 francs; for repairs, new building, the purchase of books, furniture, &c. 4,000 francs.

"2ndly. To solicit from the Court of Justice annual credit to the amount of 5,000 francs: to bring the regular and indispensable revenues of the seminaries from 10,000 to 15,000 francs.

"3rdly. To grant your approbation to the following system of rules:

"PROJECT OF REGULATIONS FOR THE CENTRAL RABBINICAL SCHOOL OF METZ.

"SECTION I.

"*General Organization.*

"§ 1. The Central Rabbinical School is instituted for the instruction of young Israelites, who aspire to the office of Rabbi.

"§ 2. This school is placed under the direction of the Central Consistory, under the immediate superintendence of the Consistory of Metz, and that of the Prefect of the Department.

"§ 3. The number of the exhibitions is fixed at ten: two for the Consistory of Strasburg; two for that of Colmar; one for that of Metz; one for that of Nancy; one for that of Bordeaux; one for that of Marseilles; one for that of St. Esprit; one for that of Paris. This number will augment in the same proportion with that of the

Consistories. Several exhibitions could be added for the Consistories of Algiers, Oran, and Constantina.

"§ 4. In order to be admitted as a pupil into the Central Rabbinical School, the candidate must comply with the following conditions: (*a.*) He must be a Frenchman. (*b.*) He must not be younger than sixteen, nor older than nineteen years. (*c.*) He must be the possessor of a certificate for good conduct given him by the heads of his home. (*d.*) Must show that he was vaccinated, or had the small-pox. (*e.*) Must be possessed of such knowledge, as would form the substance of the instruction of the fourth class in the Royal Colleges. (*f.*) Must be acquainted with the principles of the Hebrew language, and be able to translate a text of the Talmud into French. (*g.*) Must be able to read a Hebrew text with the pronunciation called Oriental, adopted by all grammarians. The amount of knowledge which would give a title for admission into the Central Rabbinical School might be successively added to, in dispensing with the promulgation of the present rule.

"§ 5. The Local Consistory, who intend a scholar for the Central Rabbinical School, will ascertain by a previous examination, if the conditions prescribed in the preceding article have been fulfilled. On his arrival at Metz, he will be examined anew. He may be sent back to the place of his abode, if he is not thought fit to pursue the course of instruction.

"§ 6. The pupil, on entering the seminary, must be provided with the following list of clothes. (*a.*) An overcoat. (*b.*) A black cloth coat. (*c.*) Two pair of black cloth trousers. (*d.*) Two ditto waistcoats. (*e.*) Two pair of shoes. (*f.*) Twelve linen shirts. (*g.*) Six pair of stockings. (*h.*) Six towels. (*i.*) Two black cravats. (*k.*) Six pocket handkerchiefs. (*l.*) A round hat.

"§ 7. The Local Consistories will be respectively informed of the vacancies which occur in the Rabbinical School, by the pupils who shall be sent forth from it. They would propose the immediate filling up of their places.

"§ 8. Independently of the pupils nominated by the Local Consistories, according to § 3, boarders and daily scholars may be admitted into the school. The Consistory of Metz will determine the number of them. Day scholars and boarders can only be admitted according to the conditions prescribed under § 4. They will undergo the same examination as the student pupils.

"§ 9. The terms of the school shall be 650 francs. The day scholars shall pay an annual sum of 120 francs. The whole to be paid in advance within the space of three months.

"§ 10. The Consistory of Metz, upon the report of the Commission, may give a free education to three of the daily scholars; selecting such as evidence the greatest desire for religious study.

"SECTION II.

"*Studies.*

"§ 11. The course of study in the Central Rabbinical School shall be for six years.

"§ 12. It shall consist of two divisions, in each of which the pupils shall pass three years.

"§ 13. No one can pass from the first division to the second, *i. e.* from the lower into the upper division, without having undergone a general examination upon the subjects of instruction, during the three preceding years. The pupil who shall not have answered suitably to this examination, shall be dismissed from the school, whether he be

exhibitioner, day scholar, or boarder. If he be the first, his place may be immediately filled by one of the day scholars or free boarders, whosoever shall have most distinguished himself by his conduct and intelligence. These examinations shall be called examinations of promotion, in order to distinguish them from the ordinary examinations, and the examinations at leaving, which will be spoken of hereafter.

"§ 14. The course of study for each division shall include classical and religious studies.

"§ 15. The classical studies in the first division shall be the same as for the third, second, and first years of rhetoric in our great royal colleges. There shall be in addition, a course of instruction in the German language, which shall empower to act in giving a degree. The religious studies shall comprehend: (*a.*) Hebrew Grammar. (*b.*) Translation into French, and grammatical explanation of the historical books of the Bible. The Psalms and Proverbs, with the Rabbinical commentaries, especially those of Rashi, David Kimchi, and Aben Ezra. (*c.*) Exercises, translating French into Hebrew, otherwise called Hebrew themes. (*d.*) The history of the Jews up to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, taking along with them the geography of Palestine. (*e.*) Explanations of the Talmud, tracts relating to the subjects contained in the "Orach Chayim," preceded by the Introduction of Maimonides to his "Commentary on the Mishna." (*f.*) The explanation and translation into the French of the "Chovath Halvavouth of Rabbi Bechaï.

"§ 16. The classical studies in the second division will be a second year in rhetoric; a course of philosophy and a course of the history of literature. During the three last years, the pupils will practise themselves at preaching in

their own oratory, or in the consistorial temple of the conscription. The religious studies will be: (*a.*) A thorough explanation, at the same time critical, historical and literary, of the most difficult parts of the Bible, that is to say: the Prophets, the book of Job, and the Psalms. Besides the most renowned of the Rabbinical commentaries, they will take for guides in those studies, the best modern commentaries. (*b.*) A course of introduction, critical and historical, to the different books in the Bible. (*c.*) Biblical antiquities. (*d.*) The history of the Jews through their dispersion, especially comprehending in it their literary history. (*e.*) A course of historical introduction to the study of the Talmud and of the books which are consequent upon it, or the History of the Oral Law from ancient times up to the epoch of the composition of the "Schulchan Aruch;" taking for guide the "Sepher Ha Kabalah" of Abraham ben David, the Youchsin, the Koreh Hadoroth, of David Conforte, and various modern works. (*f.*) "The Methodologie," or exposition of the general principles and method of the Talmud, according to the book "Halichoth Olam" of Rabbi Joshua Olam ben Joseph Helevy of Tlemsem. (*g.*) The explanation of various tracts of the Talmud having relation to the subject contained in the "Yoreh Deah;" and in some chapters to the "Eben ha Ezer." (*h.*) Compositions in Hebrew upon subjects relating to the Jewish Theology. (*i.*) Explanations of the philosophical works of Saadia, of Maimonides, and of Albo. There will be introduced, at a later period, a course of literary Arabic, which will be obligatory; and a course of the vulgar Arabic, which will fit such pupils for their degrees as wish to exercise the Rabbinical functions at Algeria. The course of literary Arabic will especially have in view the completing of the studies of Biblical exposition, and to prepare the pupils to read in the

original the principal Rabbinical works of the middle ages. After having learned the first elements and explained some easy pieces of Arabic, they will pass on to the reading of pieces taken from Arabic Jewish writers; *e. g.* the introduction to the various parts of the Mishnah, by Maimonides, published by Pococke in the Porta Mosis; and some parts, recently published, of Biblical commentaries by R. Tanchoum, of Jerusalem. It will not be difficult to supply the pupils with other MS. pieces.

"§ 17. The Talmud, as well as other subjects mentioned above is to be explained alone in French.

"§ 18. The professors, as well as the scholars, will be held to the gradual substitution of the Oriental pronunciation over the German pronunciation, in reading Hebrew, and in the explanation of the Talmud.

"§ 19. The Talmudical course in both divisions will comprehend the historical explanations and the decisions of the great Sanhedrim, with reference to the authors upon which they are founded.

"§ 20. At the end of their studies, the pupils will undergo, upon every head of instruction, a general examination; at the end of which, if they have fulfilled the conditions, there will be delivered to them a certificate of qualification, whether it may be to the title of Rabbi, or Doctor of Law, or a title to the Chief Rabbi.

"§ 21. To obtain a certificate for Chief Rabbi, there must be added to the examination, mentioned in the preceding article, a thesis upon a subject relating to Jewish theology. This thesis, after having been given to the President of the Commission of Examination, shall be submitted to the public, and if the Commission of the Examination has judged it worthy, it shall be printed at the expense of the school, and distributed to all the Consistories and Rabbies of France.

"§ 22. The pupil who shall be most distinguished in these examinations at leaving; and who shall have presented, at the same time, the most remarkable thesis; may, in virtue of Article 61 of the Royal Statute of the 25th of May, 1844, be called to Paris in the capacity of General Rabbi, to pursue and perfect there his studies, until he shall meet with some other destination.

"§ 23. Independently of the examinations for promotions, and the examinations at leaving, there shall be annual examinations; at the end of which the pupils may receive encouragement in rewards, or seasonable admonitions.

"SECTION III.

*"Of the Director and Professor.*

"§ 24. There shall be at the head of the school a director and four professors.

"§ 25. These functionaries shall be nominated by the Central Consistory, upon the recommendation of the Consistory of Metz. The Consistory of Metz, in case of vacancy, shall present, on this account, a list of candidates. Nevertheless, the Central Consistory may also make a choice without this list.

"§ 26. The director shall especially be intrusted with the internal arrangement of the school, viz., the food of the pupils, their wardrobe, and the daily superintendence of conduct. He shall also be intrusted with one of the branches of religious instruction,—either instruction in the Talmud, or in that of theology, properly so called. He must necessarily live under the same roof as the pupils.

"§ 27. He shall be called upon to render an account, at the least, once a month, upon all the subjects of his charge, to an administrative commission, the organization of which is defined below.

" § 28. The director being intrusted with a branch of religious instruction, we may reckon three professors for religious studies, and two for classical studies. They will bear the following titles, and will confine themselves, as much as the nature of the studies will permit, within the limits of these titles. (*a.*) Professor of the Talmud, or of the Oral Law. (*b.*) Professor of Hebrew and of the Holy Scriptures. (*c.*) Professor of Sacred History (history of religious traditions) and of Theology, properly so called. (*d.*) Professor of Rhetoric. (*e.*) Professor of Classical Learning.

" § 29. The professor of one of the religious courses may act as tutor in another course of the same category; but there may not be a special tutor, except from amongst the body of professors and pupils.

" SECTION IV.

" *Of the Administrative Commission, and the Commission of Examination.*

" § 30. The Central Rabbinical School shall be administered by a Commission, composed, 1st, of the Chief Rabbi of the Consistory of Metz, the President; 2ndly, of a lay member of the Consistory, Vice-President; 3rdly, of four members at least, and six at most, who are to be chosen from the Israelites most approved of for their classical and religious knowledge. The Vice-President and the ordinary members shall be named by the Central Consistory, upon the proposition of the Consistory of Metz.

" § 31. The Commission shall have the care of the interior arrangements, and of all the regulations concerning the lodging, food, and clothing of the pupils; it shall arrange annually, in concert with the professors, and with

deference to the approbation of the Central Consistory, the courses which shall be followed throughout the year by the different pupils; the books which it will be suitable to put into their hands, and such as are to form the foundation of the library, although these latter may also be selected directly by the Central Consistory. It shall transmit every three months, to the Consistory of Metz, a report respecting the progress of the pupils, their conduct, their application, and also respecting the pecuniary condition of the school.

"§ 32. The commission shall regularly meet for their ordinary sitting every fortnight; extraordinary meetings shall be held as need requires on the convocation of the President.

"§ 33. The members of the commission, the President and Vice-President excepted, shall undertake, each in his turn, the inspection of the school every fortnight. This inspection shall form the subject of a report at every periodical meeting of the Commission.

"§ 34. The assembled Commission shall visit the school every three months, and take cognizance of all the details of the interior arrangements.

"§ 35. The Commission of Administration, called together by the professors and director of the school, shall meet at the end of every year, before the commencement of the vacation, as a Commission of Examinations, mentioned under Article 23, learned men of the city, *e. g.*, the members of the Royal Academy of Metz, or the principal functionaries of the Universities may be casually united to this Commission of Examination. No examiner can receive a salary.

"§ 36. Every three years at least, the era when some of the pupils will have terminated their studies, and when others will be passing from the first into the second

division, the Central Consistory will nominate from amongst its own members, or in case of any hindrance from without its own members, two delegates to be invested with power to examine into all the details, with regard to the moral condition and general state of the school. One of these delegates shall be, in as far as possible, Monsieur, the Chief Rabbi of the Central Consistory.

" § 36. The examinations for promotion, and the examinations at dismissal, mentioned under §§ 13 and 20, cannot take place, except with the concurrence and under the superintendence of the delegates of the Central Consistory.

" SECTION V.

" *Of the Treasurer and the Accounts.*

" § 38. There shall be a treasurer for the receipts and expenses of the school. This treasurer shall be nominated by the Consistory of Metz.

" § 39. The account of the expenses furnished by the director shall be submitted and balanced every month by the Commission, and orders for payment, to his credit, issued.

" § 40. The orders for payment shall be signed by the President of the Commission, and shall be sanctioned by a note of approbation authorizing the expenditure.

" § 41. The stipend of the professors, of the directors, the salaries of the clerks connected with the school, shall be paid according to a list drawn up every month by the commission, and be receipted by the authorized persons.

" § 42. The treasurer shall render his accounts every three months to the Commission of Administration. The Commission shall submit them, with these observations, at

the end of the year to the Consistory of Metz, who shall direct them, with the vouchers, to the Central Consistory, for approbation, if necessary.

"SECTION VI.

"*Of the Religious Duties and Internal Discipline of the School.*

"§ 43. There shall be in the inner part of the school an oratory, where the pupils shall meet for prayer, and where they shall be called upon to officiate each in his turn.

"§ 44. They shall practise there, under the direction of a master appointed for the purpose, the ritual and traditional chants in use in the synagogue. The singing shall be taught in accordance with the rules of the art of music.

"§ 45. The director of the school shall discharge within the precincts of the oratory the duties of Chief Rabbi; he shall there recite the prayers for the King, and he may preach there when he considers it suitable.

"§ 46. If by misconduct or negligence a pupil gives cause for complaint from either the professor or director, he shall be cited before the Commission, and be admonished in their presence; if the complaints become more serious, the Consistory of Metz can, upon the report of the Commission, propose the expulsion of the pupil. The Central Consistory confirms it. However, the Consistory of Metz can, in an urgent case, provisionally put its own decision into execution.

"§ 47. The Consistory of Metz may, if necessary, suspend the course of a professor; it shall be referred to the Central Consistory to be ratified according to its authority.

"§ 48. In case of illness, the pupils shall be consigned

to the Israelitish hospital at Metz, in a particular apartment, which shall be appropriated to this purpose.

"§ 49. The meals shall be partaken in common. During their continuance, one of the pupils shall deliver a lecture, the director assisting in it.

"§ 50. The pupils shall have a holiday, and enjoy the privilege of leaving school on religious and national public feast days. They shall have a vacation every year, which shall continue during the whole month of Tishry.

"§ 51. There can be no restrictions admitted to these regulations, except with the approbation of Monsieur, the Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice and of Worship."

This document, beloved father, will furnish you with the most accurate idea of the external religious state of the Jews of France. Metz, you observe, is the cradle and nursery of the spiritual guides of the children of Jacob scattered throughout France and her colonies. I will refrain expressing my opinion to you, of the practical spirituality of French Jews.

I could not succeed in procuring here a copy of your relative's work, entitled מעשה טוביה (*Maaseh Touviah*), nor his likeness. I am told, however, that I am likely to meet with both in Turkey, in which country he spent his latter days, and the greater part of his life. As I purpose visiting that part of the world, I shall endeavour, when there, to make diligent search for it. Do not be disappointed, if I fail in obtaining the desired objects. You must bear in mind that it is now bordering on one hundred and fifty years since Rabbi Tobiah Cohen published his work. I intend writing to my dear mother and sister from Lyons, when I shall give them a little more information about the Israel of France. But remember, I shall expect a long letter from you whilst in

the island of Melita, now known as Malta. You will find reference made to that island in the New Testament, in the last two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. I expect you, Joshua, Herschell, and Israel, will give me all the information of interest, with respect to the present state and future prospects of our nation scattered through Russia and Poland.

I am, my dear father,

Your very affectionate son,

Upon whose heart thou art set like a seal, &c.

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## LETTER X.

### TO FRANCIS CARLETON, ESQ.

Paris, Sept. 1847.

My dear Mr. Carleton,

I have just returned for a day to Paris, in order to proceed in a direct line towards Marseilles. To gratify a father's wish, I went to Metz, in order to be able to furnish him with a correct idea of the principal Jewish community of France. I endicted, whilst there, a long Hebrew epistle, and dispatched it to Suwalki, my native place. I know that you are very much interested in the present state of my brethren, and venture to trust that you would consider a little information on the subject welcome. I have translated my communication to my father into English, and send you the production. Upon the whole, I have no reason to regret my visit to Metz; besides having had many opportunities of interesting discourses with the professors and students of the Hebrew seminary there, I was much pleased with the few antiquated curiosities Metz possessed. Its cathedral, its

fortifications, its relics, &c., are all endowed with intrinsic interest. I scrupulously abstain from giving any descriptions of described things and places. I find Metz and its vicinity have been depicted by abler hands and pens than mine. Mr. Murray, in his "Hand-book for France," has given a brief but comprehensive sketch of that neighbourhood. My object is simply to notice objects which are doomed to obscurity, which is the case with the poor Jews, wherever they are.

All Mr. Murray could afford for the Israelites of Metz is the following:—"There are more Jews in Metz than in any other city of France, except Paris." Had Mr. Murray's informants opportunities of prying into the affairs of the synagogues of Metz, as they had of doing into other affairs, the "Hand-book of France" would have been richer by a very interesting chapter on that city. This remark will apply with equal correctness to all the French towns inhabited by Jews. I am endeavouring to collect as much information as I possibly can, with reference to the French Jews. My evening notes have many scraps of information respecting them. You know that I gather materials for an universal history of the Jews. The more conversant I become with the Jews, and their own productions in the different places of their dispersion, the more defective do I find existing Jewish histories. It is astonishing to find so vast a number of inaccuracies in the learned Jost's "Geschichte der Israeliten." I cannot write more to-day; the translation of the enclosed almost blinded me. In a subsequent letter I may be able to give you some information about Paris Jews. To-morrow morning I intend leaving for Orleans. In the meantime,

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully, &c.

## LETTER XI.

### TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Marseilles, Sept. 1847.

My Lord Archbishop,

In obedience to your Grace's wish, I do not intend leaving France without first letting you know that I am about to do so. And as I flatter myself that your Grace does not wish me to understand you literally in this case, but that you mean something more than the simple statement of my leaving France for Africa, I am determined, therefore, to fulfil even your Grace's meaning; and this I shall perform by giving you in this letter an epitome of my "Evening Notes" since I left Paris. On my leaving the French metropolis for Orleans, I took a note of introduction from the Rev. R. Lovett, minister of the episcopal chapel, Paris, to M. Rosselloty, Protestant minister of the latter place. Unfortunately, on my arrival at Orleans, M. Rosselloty was out of it, so that I was obliged to help myself, in the way of sight-seeing, &c.

Orleans is a place renowned in history for many things; and few are the facts connected with that city which are unknown to English scholars. Amongst the few rare things rarely known to English literati, is the connection of Orleans with the republic of Hebrew letters, in which department that town was once very famous. Its sages were frequently appealed to by the annotators of the Talmud, and in other works. Men, who still live in the memories of well-educated Jews, were born there. Orleans furnished the English Jewish communities, of the Middle Ages, with spiritual guides. The topic of our conversation, when I last had the honour of meeting your Grace, was

the massacres of the Jews during the early reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, when the most cruel one was perpetrated in the principality of your See. One of the Rabbies who fell a victim to the mad frenzy of the then English, was the celebrated Rabbi Jacob of Orleans, which melancholy event is thus briefly chronicled by Rabbi Gedeliah ben Joseph Yachiya, in his "Shalsheleth Hakkabbalah:"— "In the years 4930 A.M. (1190 A.D.), when Richard became new King in the city of London, which is in England, our Rabbi Jacob of Orleans was put to death in glorification of God's name, and many other Jews with him."* However, Orleans is no more a nursery for Jewish *savans* or *literati;* I might almost say the place knoweth them no more. There are but few Hebrews there, and are very desirous of concealing their Jewish origin. There is an interesting Jewish relic of the Middle Ages in the museum. It is in the shape of a chest, elaborately carved, and the carving is the history of David and Solomon.

I do not think, my Lord, that Englishmen generally would like to foster any reminiscence about that place. The English army was too dreadfully flogged there, and that by the command and order of a French milk-girl. I felt almost mortified when I looked at the bridge, which the British soldiery kept closely for several months, and recollected that British invincible arms fell there prostrate: a youthful, uneducated woman, Jeanne d'Arc, actually crossed that very bridge, and treated with scorn and contempt the advice of the English Commander-in-Chief, to go home and mind her cows. The Orleans' cicerone takes care to recal all these circumstances to the mind of the foreign visitor. The many statues of that heroine, and Rue Jeanne d'Arc,

* "Jews in Great Britain" p. 130.

make her history almost an absorbing theme to the traveller.

The Cathedral is well worth a few hours' attention, which I have bestowed upon it. Having seen all that deserves to be noticed in Orleans, I left that place by rail for Bourges. I stepped into an empty carriage, and flattered myself that I should be the sole occupier of it through the journey; but I was disappointed,—the disappointment, however, was an agreeable one. I was soon followed by three gentlemen, who happened to be from Germany, and particularly communicative. They had just quitted College, with a profusion of laurels, and were, therefore, in the best of humours with themselves, and with every one they met. They dilated with considerable energy on the condition of the respective German Universities, and evinced a thorough knowledge of the subjects they produced on the *tapis*. Oriental literature was also broached, but one and all said they studied a little Hebrew when they were young, before they entered the University, but not having had much time to attend to it, they almost forgot it. This statement startled me, and looking steadfastly into their faces, I concluded they were Jews, or of Jewish extraction. Many are the German Jews, who now-a-days distinguish themselves in the Continental Universities. I asked them straightforward, without any compunction, "Are you not members of the House of Israel?" To which query they vouchsafed a negative reply; but not without betrayal of embarrassment. They saw that my suspicion, on the subject of my question, was strong.

On our arrival at Bourges, we were forced to go to the same Hotel. Whilst at the table-d'hôte, my fellow-travellers—by way of convincing me that they were not

Jews, I suppose—told me that there was a splendid Cathedral in that place, which well deserved a visit, and asked me whether I would honour them with my company thither. I accepted the kind invitation, but was by no means convinced of their *un*-Israelitish origin. Whilst preparing for the Cathedral, a Roman Catholic Bishop, who dined with us, and listened to our arrangements, offered us his company, which all of us very politely accepted. When we arrived at that really splendid edifice, I asked my friends, who professed to be Christians, to explain to me the meaning of several New Testament historical representations, in paintings as well as in sculpture; for I told them that I was a Jew, and expected Christians to instruct me in such matters. However, my friends were not well versed in the New Testament; and it was not till I expressed my unqualified surprise that well-educated Christians should be so unacquainted with their scriptures, that they confesssd to me that they were *Yehudim.** When they did so, I began to explain to them some of the numerous groups which that magnificent dome contained.

There were, however, some things of which I was ignorant myself, and was obliged, therefore, to apply to our dignitary companion, the Bishop, who followed us very closely all the time, and listened with the deepest attention to our conversation. For instance, on the centre portal—of five deeply recessed—of its west façade, is a representation of the Last Judgment, which I did not know at first. As a work of art, it is really magnificent; I was therefore solicitous for a little information on the subject, with which the Bishop kindly furnished me forthwith. He pointed out to me Christ sitting in the centre,

* Jews.

amidst a throng of archangels, whilst the Virgin Mary and St. John, on their bended knees, on Christ's right hand and on his left. Below his right hand, the righteous are represented to be led by St. Peter to the gate of Paradise. Below Christ's left hand a great number of demons are figuring, in a state of great excitement and activity, seizing the wicked, and hurling them into a fiery cauldron, whilst legions of various imps are busily engaged with bellows, so that the fire should never be quenched. There were also, on the same *bas-relief*, representations of angels, saints, patriarchs, &c.

When the Bishop had done lecturing, I asked for the name of the sculptor and architect of that church, "who," I observed, "deserves great credit and praise for his extraordinary skill and talent." "It is not known who the sculptor was," our right reverend friend replied. Being determined to keep up our conversation (our powers began to slacken a little in that department), I said: "Whoever the sculptor was, he did not believe in the mediatorship of the Virgin Mary, and would certainly not have prayed to her, since he represented her as a most humble suppliant." The Bishop listened patiently, and then said: "My young friend, be not deceived, we neither worship, nor pray to the Virgin Mary; our enemies say this of us, but it is not true."

The Bishop, I fancy, from my conversation with the German Jews, took me for a Jew in a transition state from modern Judaism to Christianity, and was, therefore, anxious that I should be favourably impressed with the religious practices of the Church of Rome. Not wishing flatly to contradict the amiable and polite prelate, I took out from my pocket a little book, which I purchased whilst at Paris, of which the following is the title-page: "Petit

Paroissien contenant L'Office des Dimanches et des Principales Fêtes de L'Année en Latin et en Français. Traduction Nouvelle." I handed the small volume, just reprinted, to the Bishop, and begged of him to peruse the Litany, in pages 21 and 22.

Sainte Marie, priez pour nous.
Sainte Mère de Dieu, priez pour nous.
Sainte Vierge des Vierges, priez pour nous.
Mère du Christ, priez pour nous.
Mère de l'auteur de la grâce, priez pour nous.
Mère très pure, priez pour nous.
Mère très-chaste, priez pour nous.
Mère toujours vierge, priez pour nous.
Mère sans tache, priez pour nous.
Mère aimable, priez pour nous.
Mère admirable, priez pour nous.
Mère du Créateur, priez pour nous.
Mère du Sauveur, priez pour nous.
Vierge très-prudente, priez pour nous.
Vierge vénérable, priez pour nous.
Vierge digne de louange, priez pour nous.
Vierge puissante, priez pour nous.
Vierge clémente, priez pour nous.
Vierge fidèle, priez pour nous.
Miroir de justice, priez pour nous.
Trône de la sagesse, priez pour nous.
Cause de notre joie, priez pour nous.
Demeure du Saint-Esprit, priez pour nous.
Vase d'honneur, priez pour nous.
Vase insigne de la vraie dévotion, priez pour nous.
Rose mystérieuse, priez pour nous.
Tour de David, priez pour nous.
Tour d'ivoire, priez pour nous.
Sanctuaire brilliant de l'or de la charité, priez pour nous.
Arche d'alliance, priez pour nous.
Porte du ciel, priez pour nous.
Étoile du matin, priez pour nous.
Santé des infirmes, priez pour nous.

Refuge des pécheurs, priez pour nous.
Consolatrice des affligés, priez pour nous.
Secours des Chrétiens, priez pour nous.
Reine des Anges, priez pour nous.
Reine des Patriarches, priez pour nous.
Reine des Prophètes, priez pour nous.
Reine des Apôtres, priez pour nous.
Reine des Martyrs, priez pour nous.
Reine des Confesseurs, priez pour nous.
Reine des Vierges, priez pour nous.
Reine de tous les saints, priez pour nous.
Reine conçue sans pêché, priez pour nous.

The Bishop perused, with considerable annoyance marking his features, and returned to me the small volume, whilst saying, " I do not offer this prayer, nor any like it," upon which I begged him pardon, and expressed my conviction that no enlightened Christian would tolerate it; but there it was. It began to be dusky: we all returned to the inn. On our way back, I had a good deal of conversation with my crest-fallen Jewish friends. They were chagrined that they were found out. The reason they did not like to be recognized as Jews was, that in France, with all the boasted strides of civilization and liberality, the Jew was still held in execration. They spoke the truth. The Bishop having discovered that I was a clergyman of the Church of England, began to fight shy, and by degrees withdrew from our society. My Hebrew friends and myself spent a couple of hours in conversation about the affairs of Europe, and about the tide of interest which is now rolling back, from all parts of the world, to the shores of Syria and Palestine. We read together the last six chapters of Isaiah, and retired to our respective dormitories about eleven o'clock, P. M.

We met again the following morning at the bureau of

the diligence, and as none of us could get places for Moulins, we arranged to charter a sort of omnibus to ourselves; and a very interesting and entertaining day we had of it. The subject matter for our conversation was, by my friends' own suggestion, the nature of the Levitical law, which elicited a goodly number of new rays of light on that important portion of Scripture. But as I am not writing a commentary on the Bible, at present, but a simple letter to your Grace, I must leave my notes on that part of my journey in *statu quo*, in my portfolio. We were much entertained with the manners and behaviour of the countrymen, which must have been already described by those who travel for the purpose of guide-making. I confess that, not being so great a sentimentalist as Yorick, I cannot speak in such ecstatic terms as old Sterne did. My affections did not fly out, and did not kindle at every group before me, nor was every one of them fraught with adventures. Moreover, I did not think that twenty volumes would be required to describe that part of France, so that Mr. Shendy's friend and myself are at great issue. But Yorick's journey was a sentimental one, whilst mine is a matter-of-fact one. Nevertheless, the journey might produce, in hands able to handle a potent pen, a smart volume; but I am not going to do it, so there is an end to this part of my letter.

At Moulins, my friends and myself were obliged to separate, there being no room in any one inn for all of us, so that we were, with mutual regret, scattered throughout the inns of the town; and we did not meet again, till I was on board a steamer, on the Rhone—from Lyons to Avignon.

From Moulins to Roanne I was obliged to post by myself, and not having any one to converse with, I could

not help but look about me. I was very much delighted with the beautifully diversified landscapes, which the different drives from station to station displayed. I felt a sort of *ennui* creeping upon me, because I had no one to whom to express my admiration, and was obliged to keep it penned up in my breast. Your Grace may deem my disposition eccentric, and perhaps justly so; but I cannot help it. I could not, and would not, enjoy the good things of this world by myself, without a participant or participants.

Turning, however, from the great enjoyment of inanimate nature's chaste beauty, I was disgusted when obliged to witness some awful specimens of the depravity of human nature. Human corruption seems to have reached a fearful pitch in that part of the country.

Whilst at the inn at Roanne, I was particularly struck with the servant, who waited upon me. I took him to be a Jew, and therefore addressed him as such in the *lingua Franca* of the Jews. The poor fellow coloured up to the very roots of the hair of his head, and entreated me not to notice him, as he would assuredly lose his place, for such is the dislike to the captive children of Israel in this country, especially in the interior, as to be intolerated under any circumstances whatever. I talked very seriously to him, and remonstrated with him on account of the wretchedly unsafe life he was leading under such a hypocritical garb. He cried bitterly, and said that conscience many a time whispered the same expostulation in his ears, and made him very unhappy and miserable. I pitied the poor man very much indeed. There could be no mistake about his state of mind; his face betrayed him as a most wretched object.

From Roanne I proceeded to Lyons by the *diligence*.

The latter place possessed a vast amount of interest to me, both as a Jew and as a Christian. I therefore spent a few days there. As the former, I remember, from a child, having read of the host of sage Rabbies to which Lyons gave birth, whose productions I studied as soon as I was able to read the Hebrew language fluently, and felt therefore a sort of gratification in treading the same ground which they once trod. As a Christian, I felt an intense interest in that city. It was almost the first place in the Western countries where Christianity was first preached. The first heralds of salvation there, were the immediate disciples of the Apostles. St. Polycarp, St. Pothinus and St. Irenæus, laboured there; all of whom sealed the faith with their own blood, under those implacable enemies of the Cross, Marcus Antoninus and Septimus Severus. St. Irenæus, however, must be considered as a very important personage in the history of Christianity. He was the first to prove to the Christian world, in the most practical way, that no infallibility belonged to the Pontiff of Rome.

When Victor, the Bishop of Rome, began to agitate the question of the change of Easter, and attempted to compel the Byzantine Bishops to submit to his presumed supreme authority, a circumstance which caused no little disturbance between the Eastern and Western Churches, St. Irenæus vanquished and tamed the *soi disant* Victor, so that the latter was obliged to give up his wild and rash project. It behoves us, therefore, to look upon what was done in the early Church at Lyons, as a severe blow upon modern arrogant Romish supremacy. But what does the Christian now behold in Lyons? It is no more under the dominion of Pagan Rome, but under that of Papal Rome. Christianity is the professed religion of Lyons, but the

Christianity of Irenæus is not practised there. Far from it; every species of disgusting impiety is indulged in—yea, rather, is glorified in. Alas for that country, whose people have learned to think that Popery is a harmless religion. The Jewish community again has almost dwindled away to a heap of dry bones. Thanks to French Christian philanthropy. There are about fifty Hebrew families, no more distinguished for literary acquirements, but for monetary acquisitions. There is a small synagogue here, capable of holding between two and three hundred. Some few Jewish children attend the schools of the Protestant Christians.

There is a very high tower beside the church, Notre Dame de Fourvières, from which I was permitted to behold Lyons and its vicinity; the sky being clear and the day beautiful, the view from it was grand, majestic and sublime. The following description is strictly faithful: "The city of Lyons appears unrolled as a map beneath your feet, including the two noble rivers visible (nearly) to their junction, the Saône crossed by eight or ten bridges, the Rhone by seven. Beyond it stretch fields, plains and hills, dotted over with country houses, and the distance is closed by the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc, nearly one hundred miles off; this being one of the farthest points from which it is seen. More to the south, the Alps of Dauphiné, the mountains of Grande Chartreuse and the Mont Pilas appear." Having visited the Cathedral of St. Jean Baptiste, and taken a view of the once *striking* clock—it is no more so, for it has been out of repair for many years—fellow to that of Strasburg, of great celebrity, the workmanship of Nicholas Lippeus; the Church of St. Iréné, supposed to cover the ashes of that staunch witness for the truth, as well as that of

nine thousand other martyrs; the Church of the Abbey of Ainay, which stands over the reputed dungeons in which Pothinus and Blandina were immured, where the former gave up the ghost, and the latter tortured; the amphitheatre where the faithful Blandina was thrown to the wild beasts; the place where the five Swiss young men were burned at the time of the Reformation; and the street of Peter Waldo, which is still surnamed *Maudite*, or accursed, and a few more places of famous and of infamous memory; I left the city with the mingled feelings of sorrow and disgust, and was delighted to find myself one morning on the Rhone, in a steamer, on my way to Avignon.

Looking round upon the mixed multitude, I espied my three Jewish friends, from whom I was separated at Moulins. The pleasure of recognition was mutual. We compared notes, some of which we exchanged by mutual agreement. The finest sail I ever enjoyed was that day. Besides the grateful society I met with, consisting of English, Scotch, Irish, German, Italian, and, of course, French. Amongst the latter I met with a very intelligent and communicative Protestant gentleman, who was taking two of his sons to a school at Marseilles. He complained very much of the unhealthy state of Protestantism at Lyons. "We have upwards of a score of clergymen," he said, "who protest against the unsound doctrines of the Romish Church; but they also protest against the sound doctrines of the New Testament, if they should happen to be above their puny comprehension, just as many did with St. Paul's writings when they were hard to be understood."* He related, with heartfelt grief the

* 2 Pet. III. 16.

expulsion of Monsieur Adolphe Monod by the Neologian party, of which circumstance your Grace is doubtless aware. He spoke at the same time in very high terms of a Monsieur Theodore Fish, who had lately come amongst them, "a faithful preacher," he said, "of the doctrines contained in the Scriptures of Truth."

However, the beautiful and charming scenery which a sail on the Rhone makes manifest, soon put a stop to our conversation on Lyons, and produced repeated exclamations of unbounded admiration. "How splendid! how sublime! how lovely!" were the incessant cries. On our left we beheld the little Alps, snow capped; the effect which the light of the morning sun produced upon the admiring eye was august. In fact, were I called upon to describe the whole scenery which my eyes indulged in on the day I spent on the Rhone, I should soon be weary of my tautology of praise. "Beautiful, majestic, grand, august, sublime," would occur so often, that I could not endure to send it. Every mountain and valley, every hill and dale, every ruin, every terrace, every vineyard, every town, and every village obtained one or more of the above panegyrics.

We touched at a few places of interest, in an historical point of view. We stopped some time at Vienne. Eusebius tells us that Pontius Pilate was incarcerated there, after his return from Judæa to Rome; and the reputed prison-house of that corrupt and perfidious governor is pointed out in the vicinity of Vienne, in the shape of a ruined castle, bearing the name of Mount Solomon. My Lyons friend told me that the reason, with the common people, for calling that ruin by so glorious an appellation, is because of Pilate's imprisonment there. My

Jewish friends, however, who seemed quite at home in every ruin on the banks of the Rhone, whispered in my ear: "We have good reason to know that its name owes its existence to a very rich Hebrew, who was once its proprietor." And at a subsequent interview, I learned that they were acquainted with some Jewish families, who traced their descent from the original possessor of that Castle of Solomon. But the way this scrap of information was imparted to me, as well as some changes in the features of the narrators whilst engaged in their story, led me to believe that they themselves were somehow or other connected with that Solomon.

The early churches of Lyons and Vienne may be styled sisters in affliction. Their epistles to the Eastern Churches, I dare say your Grace read with as much interest as your humble servant. My Lyons friend also pointed out to me, whilst in the neighbourhood of St. Vallier, the Château de Ponsas, built on the summit of a precipitous hill. This is more likely to have been the place of Pontius Pilate's exile or captivity. Indeed, the name of the place is supposed to be derived from that circumstance, and, moreover, the common people tell you, to this very day, that Pontius Pilate destroyed himself there, by wilful precipitation from the lofty rock upon which that frowning castle stands. We know, my Lord, that Pilate committed suicide somewhere, whilst banished. Poor Pilate delivered up a just man to be crucified for fear of incurring the displeasure of the Jews, which, he apprehended, would vent itself in accusation of infidelity against him towards the Roman Government. But the "Judge of all the earth," who is untainted in His holiness, as well as unbending in His justice, speedily brought upon that unjust judge the judgment which his perfidious conduct merited, and the instruments of his

destruction were those very Jews whose accusations he feared; and whom, therefore, he tried to please, by delivering into their hands a man to be crucified, respecting whom he himself said, after a rigorous examination, that he was a "just person," that he "found no fault in him."

I also saw the longest stone bridge in the world, consisting of twenty-six stone arches, bearing the name of Pont St. Esprit. Though I am no Orangeman, I was glad to see the birthplace of William III. But, my Lord, I have kept you too long on the Rhone; I shall therefore land you at Avignon. This place is too much celebrated in history to require any of my remarks; I shall, however, extract the following from my notes in my large portfolio.

The Pope cheated Joanna of Naples out of it, when she was in her minority. She was promised eighty thousand gold crowns for it, but she never got a single sou. Eleven Popes reigned here, Petrarch, the Italian poet, calls their reign at Avignon, "the Babylonish captivity of the Romish Church."

One of its Popes, named Pedro de Luna, *alias* Benedict XIII., convened a conference at Tortosa in 1414, when Joshua Harloquis, a converted Jew, who assumed the name of Jerome after baptism, undertook to demonstrate, from the Talmud, that the Messiah had already come. This controversy gave existence to the celebrated work ספר עקרים (*Sepher Ikkarim*), or "Book of Principles," by Rabbi Joseph Albo, one of the leaders of the Jewish opponents. His work is a fine specimen of Jewish metaphysics and philosophy. I was glad to find that the chambers of torture, once occupied by the Inquisition, and which have been for some time exhibited to strangers, are now being turned into dwelling-houses. I went to see the Popes' Palace, where a woman, who is the *cicerone* of the place, followed me, and began to

lecture with great glee about the sufferings of the Protestant martyrs in that place. When I entered the chapel, she drew my attention to the altar, to which the sufferers were chained, in order to avow their faith. She expressed her regret that the dungeon, in which they were imprisoned, was in the act of being pulled down. I could not help telling her, that her regret would have been a laudable one, if that dungeon had been a relic of Roman Catholic virtue, but she should rather be glad that such a monument of tyranny was going to be razed. However, she still thought that it was a great and meritorious action to punish the Protestants. The Jews in Avignon, as well as everywhere else, have been greatly persecuted, being forced to listen to annual sermons preached to them, by some fat monk.

I have now the pleasure of sending to your Lordship a slight sketch of a Jewish congregation enjoying a similar treat at St. Peter's at Rome.* The features of the listeners will give your Grace an idea of the feelings which animate the breasts of the forced audience.

Not until 1790, were any Jews at Avignon permitted to lay aside the distinguishing badges, or to appear in the streets, either on a Sunday or a Festival Day. There is at present a small congregation, who worship in a synagogue of no large dimensions. Having ascended the hills which surround the town, and admired the country which surrounds it, I returned to my inn, and whilst awaiting the sound of the conductor's horn, listened to a narrative about poor D. O'Connell, who spent several weeks there, on a sick-bed, shortly before his death; at the conclusion

* The original was taken in the year 1823 by Hier'-Hess, and is in the possession of Herr T. Heimlicher, architect, of Basle.

of this tale of woe, the horn blew, and I hastened to take my place in the *coupé*, where I was soon afterwards followed by an aged and venerable priest. The door of the *coupé* was closed, and with a crack of his whip and a loud *allons*, the fat coachman set the unwieldy machine in motion, and I was soon on my way to Marseilles, to the shores of the deep blue Mediterranean, so often spoken of in Scripture as the "great sea." I was disposed to indulge in silent and undisturbed meditations on the dear friends I was about to leave behind me in the West, as well as in speculation respecting the new friends I might make in the East; and was therefore on the point of allowing my head to lean listlessly against the wall of the carriage. My fellow passenger, however, put a stop to my roving ideas and turned my attention towards himself. The *diligence* was not half an hour on its way before he took out a nice little volume from his pocket and began to read it, and evidently to reflect over the small page, as his eye was fixed upon it.

Not to be outdone by my aged companion, I took out from a small carpet bag, which I always had beside me, full of books, a copy of the Jewish Liturgy; expecting by this means to originate a friendly conversation, with reference to the analogy between Romanism and modern Judaism. It did not last long before the priest cast a knowing look at the volume in my hand, and soon after inquired very unceremoniously what sort of a book it was that I was reading. When I told him that it was "Rituel des Prières Journalières à l'usage des Israélites," he said in a homely tone, and in a familiar manner, "Montrez le moi." I handed him the book, and, to my great surprise, he began to read with a fluency and an accent which, none

but a native Jew is capable of doing. I stared at the extraordinary phenomenon, and then said: "Pardon me, I took you for a priest of the Church of Rome; but now it is plainly manifest to me that you are a Rabbi of some Jewish congregation." "You are right, either way," he replied. "I was a Rabbi of a Jewish congregation till my thirty-sixth year, and for the last twenty-five years I have been a minister of the Lord Jesus."

His conversation then displayed an intellect and a cultivated mind of no mean standard, as well as a degree of unaffected piety, blended with a fervent, yet well-regulated zeal, which very few have ever reached. I took the liberty once more to put a simple question to him: "Excuse me, dear Sir, when I am so bold as to ask another question of you. How is it that a man of your calibre of mind, literary acquirements, extraordinary acquaintance with the volume of inspiration, should be content to be a member, and a minister of the Church of Rome, whose doctrines and practices are in direct opposition to Jehovah's divine behests?" His reply was in St. Paul's words: "Wot ye not what the Scripture saith of Elias? how he maketh intercession to God against Israel, saying, Lord, they have killed thy Prophets, and digged down thine altars; and I am left alone, and they seek my life. But what saith the answer of God unto him? I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal. Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace."* He protested against the vile practices of the Church of Rome as much as the staunchest Protestant,

* Rom. xi. 2—5.

and he was no partaker in those practices: nevertheless, he would not abandon his little flock to the mercies of the devouring wolves. He fed a congregation of four hundred souls with the bread of life these eighteen years, and he would not allow himself to see his work undone during his lifetime. Preferments of different degrees were offered him, but he declined them all for the same reason. A lucrative confessorship was offered him in a nobleman's family, but he would not accept of it; he discouraged the practice of confession with all his might. In short, he is a Protestant, an Obadiah in the household of Jezebel. He, moreover, assured me that he was not the only one amongst the Romish priests who was thus minded. There were many unknown to men, but well known to the Omniscent One. He trusted that ere long the Church of Christ would be purified from all her idols, both material and immaterial. I look upon this incident as one of the remarkable episodes which have occurred in my brief annals, and it made such an impression upon my mind, which will abide there as long as I live. I am sorry that this epistle should have stretched to such an extent, but I was anxious to relate to your Grace the most interesting circumstances which fell to my lot during my journey from Paris hitherto.

I am, my Lord Archbishop,

Your obedient Servant, &c.

## LETTER XII.

### TO DR. JAMES McCULLAGH,

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, T.C.D.

Marseilles, Sept. 1847.

My dear Dr. McCullagh,

You kindly requested me to write to you "from time to time, but especially when I meet with something very interesting, during my travels." Well, I think I have met with something very interesting indeed; and what is more, the interesting object I am speaking of was hitherto unnoticed by any English pen. For, strange to say, whilst the *savans* of France are spending a great deal of ingenuity, in describing and deciperhing the late Marseillian discovery; whilst the Prussian Government sent a deputation hither to obtain a facsimile of the discovered object; no English traveller—literary, scientific or lay—ever took the least notice of it, or said a single word about it. I am the first —and am a foreigner too—who notice it in the English language. I can fancy you exclaiming: "What is it all about?" I shall keep you in suspense no more. I will begin at the beginning.

About two years ago, or more accurately, in the month of June, 1845, whilst a bricklayer was pulling down a dilapidated old house—which was situated at no great distance from the site of the ancient temple of Diana, which in days of yore graced, or rather disgraced, this city, he discovered at its foundation a large square stone, well

polished, and covered with inscriptions in characters unknown to him. Whilst proceeding with his digging a little farther, he perceived another stone of similar quality and polish, and inscribed with the same sort of letters. The latter, however, was smaller than the former, and also of a different shape, being triangular. The discoverer seemed much struck with the fruit of his labour: he put his shoulder to the work, and brought his two treasures in close communion, and soon observed that the last was a fragment of the first. The Frenchman, though totally ignorant of the purport of the tables of stone he hit upon, was evidently much pleased and interested with his acquisition. He managed, with much labour and trouble—for the dimensions of the stones are considerable, the largest forming a right angle, measures forty-five feet in length, thirty-five feet in width, and ten feet in thickness; the smaller forming a triangle, measures thirty-five feet at the base and thirty-five feet in height—to remove these precious relics, from the midst of their surrounding rubbish, to his own abode, where he entertained his friends and acquaintances with their exhibitions; always remarking, with that profanity peculiar to the French, that he discovered the first tables of stone which Moses broke, and the inscription was therefore that of the finger of God. This irreverent jest was received with corresponding merriment. Such polluted talk has, however, a peculiar charm for Frenchmen, and consequently drew a large number of them to inspect the stones and listen to the proprietor's disquisitions.

The inscriptions were of course dead letters to all the visitors. The extraordinary stones became the subject of general jocular conversation amongst the lower classes in

this place, and eventually reached the ears of M. Lautard, corresponding member of the Institution and Perpetual Secretary of the Royal Academy of Marseilles. This gentleman, with laudable and praiseworthy expedition, proceeded to view those much-talked of objects. He was extremely pleased with their appearance, and justly judged, though unacquainted with the import of the unknown tongue in which the inscriptions were made, that they were valuable discoveries, and worthy of a place in any of the national museums of any country. M. Lautard drew up a statement respecting those stones, laid it before the authorities of this city, endeavouring to induce them to purchase those monuments to grace their museum. The corporation of Marseilles, however, resembles almost all corporations; they could not possibly see what pecuniary advantage the possession of two unmeaning blocks of stone would yield to the town of Marseilles. They hesitated, therefore, when the question of napoleons, francs, and sous was mooted.

I have just finished reading a French pamphlet, lately published, on the subject. The writer exclaims, with some degree of indignation: "Tandis que le conseil municipal délibérait sur le Sésame ou le Coton, l'inscription faillit passer à l'étranger, pour faire l'ornement de quelque Musée d'Allemagne, d'Angleterre ou de Russie."

M. Lautard, however, did not rest until he had his heart's desire accomplished; and after listening to many stupid reasons for leaving the stones where they were, he had the gratification to learn that the Mayor of Marseilles had positively consented to vote the princely sum of ten francs for their purchase; on which generosity a French Orientalist remarks: "Pour l'acquisition d'un monument qui en vaut peut-être cinquante mille." Let bygones be bygones; the stones are now deposited in the Marseillian

museum, and are beyond all contradiction the most curious specimens of antiquity Marseilles, yea the whole of France, can boast of. M. Dassy, the keeper of the museum, seems to be conscious of their intrinsic merits and value, and therefore watches over them with an extraordinary care. He is exceedingly jealous of foreigners studying them. I experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining a couple of readings out of those ancient records. Three times did M. Dassy send me away, as I came, without a view of them. He actually went to the trouble, I was credibly informed, of covering them over with paintings; for it so happened, that there was an exhibition of the works of art in the museum. The stones, however, were left bare until I applied to see them, when they were immediately ordered to be shrouded; and I was told that it was impossible to disarrange the exhibition for my sake.

I succeeded, howbeit, in getting a strong note of recommendation from Mr. Turnbull, the British Consul, to the conservator of the museum, and I could not with any grace be refused a sight of them any longer. But I do not remember ever having more invidious eyes resting upon me, than during the last two days that I spent in the museum spelling over those tables of stone. Nevertheless I survived all the French tactics and jealousies, and with a sort of dogged obstinacy, I clung to the stones from morning till night, till I copied every letter, jot and tittle, both in the original Phœnician character, as well as in the modern Hebrew. It is true that I paid very dearly for this obstinacy, my eyes pain me exceedingly and my head is ready to split whilst I am penning this. But it is worth it; I should have been very sorry to have left Marseilles without accomplishing such a task, were it twenty times as difficult. I tell you candidly that I would

even submit to a fortnight's illness only to have been permitted to read those wonderful inscriptions.

I have already told you the exact dimensions of the stones, and I now proceed to tell the quality of the stones, and the nature of the inscriptions. The grain of the stone is very fine indeed; its colour, when polished, resembles much the stone used by lithographers. L'Abbé J. J. L. Bargès says in his pamphlet, just out, "M. le Conservateur du Musée m'a assuré qu'elle est de l'espèce de pierre dite pierre de cassis, dont on fait des pavés pour la ville de Marseille." The inscriptions are in the Phœnician character, and the execution of the engraving is perfectly beautiful. It is chaste, elegant, and perfect; and is altogether one of the most beautifully graphic monuments of antiquity. There can be no doubt that its date is that of the most prosperous of Phœnician greatness, when Tyre was at the zenith of her grandeur, and Zidon in the golden age of her colonization. As to the nature of the inscription, my mind is made up: it is a code of laws and regulations respecting the rites of sacrifices, and the rights of the priests; borrowed literally from the Book of Leviticus. You will bear in mind that the period of Israel's prosperity in the Land of Promise was also the prosperous epoch of Tyre and Zidon. The Hebrews and Phœnicians, moreover, lived always on the most amicable terms, and were not above interchanging religious rites and ordinances with each other: a circumstance which proved the bane and destruction of God's chosen people, disastrous in its effects to them, even to the present day.

I purpose writing a little treatise on these valuable relics, in the shape of a letter to a mutual friend of ours, which I dare say you will have an opportunity of perusing. In mine to you, I confine myself to the preliminary in-

formation on the subject. In fact, I am unequal to-day to pore over the inscriptions themselves. I proceed, therefore, to give you a short sketch of the history of those stones, since their discovery to the present day. Soon after the discovery was deposited in the museum here, a *brochure* appeared in Algiers, bearing the following title:— "Le Traité de Marseille, Inscription Phénico-Punique, trouvée à Marseille en 1845 contenant un Traité d'alliance et de commerce entre Marseille et Carthage. Traduction en Hébreu et en Français suivie de trois planches." Par Nicoly Limbery, de Sparte, Secrétaire-Interprête du Parquet de la Cour Royal d'Alger. Poor Limbery does not stand high in the republic of letters, and has the misfortune to be very inaccurate either as an historian, critic, or as a decipherer of ancient inscriptions; and a slight review of his production by several Orientalists condemned the devoted essay as unworthy of any notice. I read it, and fully coincide with the judgment passed upon it; but give the author credit for having been the first who called general attention to the discovery.

Limbery's treatise was read by the *savans* of Prussia, who induced their Government to solicit, from the keeper of this museum, an impression of the inscription. It is to be regretted that the British *literati* have not the same influence with the Government of Great Britain. No English representative ever visited this place with a view of knowing what light the recent discoveries here throw upon ancient history. M. Limbery was the first, it seems, who copied the inscriptions, and carried them with him to Algiers—of course incorrectly—where they were lithographed at the expense of M. Texier, inspector-general of the government buildings there; for that gentleman having heard that the Prussians begged for an impression of the inscriptions, determined to redeem the character of his

countrymen—for a few of the learned began to murmur, that the French Government and people were very tardy in appreciating things really and intrinsically valuable and meritorious—made several copies of Limbery's copy, and sent one of them to the Minister of Public Instruction.

M. Lautard, however, the first gentleman who interested himself in the procuring of the monuments, by inducing the Town Council to purchase them, at last superintended personally the casting of a few models of the inscriptions in plaster, at his sole expense; two of which were forwarded by that gentleman to Paris, which were respectively deposited in the Royal Library, and in the Institution. These inscriptions attracted the attention of the learned Orientalist, M. de Saulcy: he studied them, and compared the Algerian copy with the Marseillian model, corrected the former by the latter, and published, rather prematurely, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of the 15th of December, of last year, the result of his studies; which did not extend, however, beyond the first ten lines, which he translated in his own way, of course, and promised to favour the natives with the remainder at some future period.

A couple of months ago, however, a rather erudite work appeared in Paris, entitled, "Etude Démonstrative de la Langue Phénicienne et de la Langue Lybique," by M. Judas, Secretary for the Council of Health for the Army. The title of the work almost announces the whole of its contents. It treats of the graphic monuments bequeathed to the world by the Phœnicians and Lybians. In this work the author favoured his countrymen with a lithographic impression of the recently discovered inscription here, representing the two fragments of stone, and with a complete translation of the whole of the inscriptions. M. Judas is materially at issue with M. de Saulcy.

The version of the former differs widely from that of the latter. M. Judas said modestly, in his "Etude," &c., respecting the writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," on the same subject, "qu'elle a avec la sienne, des différences plus importantes qu'il ne le présumait." This unassuming little sentence, however, had the direful effect of putting M. de Saulcy's remainder on the shelf.

Whilst I was engaged copying and deciphering the original records, I had before me the works of Messieurs Limbery, de Saulcy and Judas, and took the liberty of noting in the respective works, the errors which they appeared to me to have made; and with no small degree of satisfaction did I anticipate to surprise the French people with "A veritable and correct copy of the Phœnician laws of sacrifices, as practised in the town of Marseilles: deciphered from recently discovered Tablets," &c.—or some other title to the same effect. My mind was thus filled with cogitations of distinction, whilst returning to the Hotel des Empereurs, where I am staying. But I was interrupted in my pleasant musing. Just a couple of doors before I reached the hotel, a M. Pasquen, whose acquaintance I have made in this place, and who knew my weakness in putting in my shovel where it is not wanted, and who watched my return from the window of the principal bookseller's shop, which is situated in this street, came out with a volume in his hand, saying: "A book has just arrived from Paris, which will interest you much. It is on those Phœnician inscriptions, about which you are so much concerned." I went in, into the library, asked permission to see the book. I opened it, and read the following title-page, "Temple de Baal à Marseille, où Grande Inscription Phénicienne, découverte dans cette ville dans le courant de l'année 1845, Expliquée et accompagnée d'observations critiques et historiques," par L'Abbé

J. J. L. Bargès, Professeur d'Hébreu et de Chaldaïque à la Sorbonne.

I have already mentioned the author's name. Can you fancy my excitement? I asked the price of the new-born volume, paid for it, rushed up to my room, rang the bell for some refreshment, for I was thoroughly worn out; and whilst the waiter was making preparations for satisfying nature's cravings, I sat down, planting my head on the palms of my hands, in such a manner as not to allow my eyes to turn either to the right or to the left, but concentrated all my sight, of body and mind, upon the work before me. I had soon reason to lose my appetite, for I was greatly chagrined to find that the Abbé anticipated, to a certain extent, my theory. I coaxed myself to partake of some food, and set to work—exhausted though I felt—to analyze, from the very beginning, the French-Hebrew Professor's production. I felt somewhat soothed by the motto the author chose, the force of which I was conceited enough to apply to myself. It is a maxim of the wisest of men, with which M. Bargès embellished his title-page, both in Hebrew and Latin, and is the following:

בְּרֹב חָכְמָה רֹב כַּעַס
וְיוֹסִיף דַּעַת יוֹסִיף מַכְאוֹב:

"In multa sapientia multa indignatio,
Et qui addit scientiam, addit et laborem." *

However, my annoyance was by degrees allayed. I found, on reading through the work—for I did not go to bed before I did so—that the Abbé was pleased to leave considerable ground uncut away from under me, so that I may still cherish a hope of speculating on the discovery.

Methinks I hear you, as I have often heard you, exclaim,

* Eccl. i. 18.

"But what is it all about? Why don't you come to the point, and tell me at once the purport of the disinterred inscriptions!" I will not keep you any longer with introductory remarks and will at once conclude this long epistle, with a rough and hasty translation of those records, as far as they are legible. The vicissitudes to which the stones were condemned, obliterated many letters, and many words. Some were replaced by conjecture, but many more irrecoverably lost.*

*Translation.*

"Temple of Baal. Law concerning the offerings (which are to be presented to the priests, by the offerers of the sacrifices), a law conformable to the ordinances decreed in the time of Cheletzbaal, the Judge, son of Bodtanith, son of Bod, and of .... the Judge, son of Bodashmoun, son of Cheletzbaal, and their allies.

"For a bull that is perfectly strong, and well grown, if he is, moreover, in good health, there shall be given to the priests ten pieces of money per beast; and for the cooked portion from each of them, there shall be offered to them a part of the victim, namely, three hundred pieces, and shall be roasted, as also the skin, the intestines, and the feet of the victim; the remainder shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For a calf, whose horns have not yet budded, which walks slowly, and must be hastened by the whip; and also for a ram, perfectly strong and well grown, if, moreover, they shall be thoroughly healthy, there shall be given to the priests five pieces of money for each animal, and for the cooked portion of each, there shall be offered to them a part of the victim, namely, one hundred and fifty shekels

* See Appendix B.

weight of flesh—this part shall be cut in pieces, and shall be roasted—as well as the skin, the intestines, and the feet. The rest shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For a he-goat, or a she-goat, perfectly strong and full grown; if these animals are perfectly healthy, there shall be given to the priests a shekel and two oboles* for each of them, and for the piece to be used, there shall be offered to them thirty shekels weight of flesh. This piece shall be cut up, and roasted, as well as the skin, the intestines, and the feet. The rest shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For the young one of a roebuck, if it is redolent with perfect health, if it is remarkable for its swiftness at the chase, and endowed with a beautiful form, there shall be given to the priests three-quarters of a shekel of money, and two oboles per beast, also the intestines and the feet. The remainder shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For a bird, or for the hallowed first fruits, for an oblation of food, or of oil, there shall be given to the priests a piece of money, and ten oboles for each of these things.

"For every piece that shall be waved before the gods, there shall return to the priests a part, which shall be roasted. As to the priests....

"For a libation of milk, of fat, and of every species of sacrifice that a man can offer for sacrifices. . . . .

"For every sacrifice that one, who is poor in the possession of beasts or of birds, shall offer, there shall be nothing assigned to the priests. . . . .

"Every leprous person, every one attacked by the scurvy, and whoever shall petition the gods, all those who would sacrifice. . . . .

* An ancient Carthaginian coin.

"For every dead man, the offering for each sacrifice shall be conformably to the regulation established by the law, as inscribed. . . . .

"As to the offering which he (that offers the sacrifice) shall present, he shall place it on a piece of the victim, and he shall give it agreeably to the writing which . . . . th Cheletzbaal, son of Bodashmoun and their colleagues.

"Every priest who shall cause to be given for an offering anything more than such as shall have been roasted, or deposited on the piece of the victim, shall be condemned to give a fine . . . .

"As to the money to the master of the sacrifice who shall have offered it, he shall give (the double of) the offering which . . . ."

The above is a faithful translation of the recently discovered Phœnician inscriptions in this place. I have only time now to tell you that the intrinsic merit of the inscription, in the Abbé's opinion, is the passage referring to the sacrifices for the dead. A tacit confession that Romanism must go to heathenism for the derivation of its practices. The following are M. Bargès' words :—"Ce que ce passage contient et de remarquable et de précieux à la fois, c'est qu'il constate chez les Phéniciens l'usage d'offrir des sacrifices pour les morts, usage que l'on voit également en vigueur chez les Hébreux du temps des Machabées." p. 60. The same is repeated in p. 75. The Abbé seems to forget that the Hebrews do not acknowledge that the Maccabees or any of the Apocryphal books are inspired. However, this controversy is not my present business. I purpose writing a long letter, explanatory and analytical, on the inscriptions, to Dr. Elrington,* which will complete all I have to say

* The letter to the late lamented Dr. Elrington is too abstruse and too long to interest the generality of readers; the author therefore omits its insertion here; it is his intention to publish it in

on the last discovery in Marseilles. Looking at the three sheets, closely written, before me, and at the fourth still under my pen, I think I have fully redeemed my promise to you. Now then, you go and do likewise. I shall look out for a letter from you, whilst at Tunis.

I am, my dear Dr. McCullagh,

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

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Since the winged bull and lion have attracted so much attention of late, by the publication of Mr. Layard's invaluable discoveries at Nineveh; it may not be out of place here to mention that sculptures, somewhat similar to those of ancient Chaldæa, existed in Marseilles. The accompanying sketch represents a sort of Taurobole, which was

discovered about two centuries ago. The first author who took notice of the interesting relic, was Grosson.* But the Hebrew Professor of Osborne has favoured the

the shape of a separate volume, for that class of readers who take an interest in such dry productions.

* Recueil des Antiquités et Monuments Marseillois.

French public with a few recondite remarks upon it, which I deem worthy of translation in this place; they are the following:

"This monument, the execution of which discovers a skilful hand, and which is in white marble, was found at the bottom of the fortress of Notre Dame de la Garde, where it was imbedded in the lower part of the vale, which runs by the staircase, leading to the drawbridge; but it was brought away from thence about eighty years ago, and it was placed at the end of the ascent of the same drawbridge where it was used as a font. Grosson, from whom we gain these particulars, says, that in his time it was literally neglected. From the description of it, which he has left us, this monument represented an altar supported by a bull; a divinity was seated upon a throne, with his hands raised towards heaven; around the niche, where he was installed, were to be seen Phœnician characters. 'I have shown,' says Grosson, 'these characters to persons well versed in the knowledge of the ancient languages: I have obtained no explanation; I then readily imagined that they were Phœnician, by the relation which I have observed between them and the characters engraven on various Phœnician medals which had been given to me. This opinion appeared to me so much the more probable, as the ancient Marseillians, by means of its maritime commerce, had a close connection with Phœnicia, and above all, with the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon. Would it be surprising if some individual of this nation had got sculptured, after the custom of his country, the monument which I describe, on account of a vow made to one of the divinities, to whom the Marseillians had dedicated temples.' Although the characters of the inscription are disfigured in the drawing, which this antiquary has placed at the beginning of his work, it is, however, easy to

decipher some of them, and to perceive that they belong to the Phœnician tongue. As to the idol which is engraven on the monument, we are inclined to recognise in it, not one of the Greek divinities, to whom the Marseillians had dedicated temples, but the god Moloch, who was adored by the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians; for according to the author of the 'Yalkout,' Rabbi Simeon, the idol Moloch, which served at the same time as an altar, was a hollow statue, which contained seven apartments: in one there was offered to the god, flour; turtle-doves were sacrificed in the second; sheep in the third; rams in the fourth; cakes in the fifth, and bulls in the sixth; as to the seventh cell, it was opened when they were going to sacrifice children. The appearance of this idol, adds this learned Rabbi, was that of a bull; it had hands so disposed as to receive what the offerers were about to present.

"For his part, the celebrated traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, relates in his 'Itinerary,' that a day's journey from Tripoli to Syria, in a place called Djebel, or Biblus, on the confines of the ancient territory of the children of Ammon, there was discovered in the ruins of a temple, the idol which had been formerly worshipped there. This idol, he adds, was seated on a chair, and this seat bore the name of a throne. It was marble, and covered over with plates of gold; before it was raised an altar, upon which, from the time of the Ammonites, sacrifices were offered and incense burned. According to Selden, this idol was that of Moloch, the tutelary divinity of the Ammonites. Besides, the monument described by Grosson presents along with this image of Moloch the most striking marks of resemblance; such as these, it exhibits a divinity seated on a throne; three empanellings sculptured upon the sides of the altar, on which was placed the statue, representing one of the doors of three cells, and it is very likely that there was

on the opposite side of the altar, three other enclosures, which equally represented the doors of three other cells, so that there might have been six cells, as in the idol of Moloch. The seventh was doubtless represented on our monument by the cavity made in the form of a vault, which one perceives very near the feet of the statue. The altar and the statue are supported upon the figure of a bull's head, like that of which Rabbi Simeon speaks; the only difference to be remarked is, that instead of the hands being placed so as to be in the attitude of receiving, the bull is furnished with TWO WINGS, the extremities of which touch the ground, and serve in some respects as a foundation. We may add to the monument which we have just been mentioning, another, which has been also discovered at Marseilles, and which appears to me to relate, as well as that, to the worship of Baal. It is an altar supported by a lion and a sphinx, which repose upon a pedestal. It has, like the preceding one, on each of its sides, seven cells, horizontally arranged, and in the centre of the surface, a round cavity, which appears to have been intended to contain fire. This monument was formerly found in the parish church of St. Laurent, where it was used as a baptismal font.*

"In reading the description which the author of the 'Yalkout' gives us of the image of the god Moloch, one would, without doubt, remark another point of resemblance between the two monuments in question—we mean the coincidence which we find between the order of the sacrifices appropriated to each of the cells of the altar, and that which we read in the inscription. In this, mention is

* It would have been safer for the Christian Church to have acted on the divine command to Israel, viz. utterly to destroy the idols of the heathen, than to introduce them as utensils in the administration of the Christian sacraments.

first made of bulls, calves, rams; then of he-goats, she-goats, birds, first fruits; and, lastly, of oil, milk, fat, and food; by an inverse order, but which nevertheless preserves for each thing its respective place. There is in that, mention first made of flour, turtle-doves, then of sheep and rams, lastly of bulls and children.

"In the former they have omitted children, not because that among the Phœnicians established at Marseilles children were not sacrificed to the god Moloch, but because probably nothing accrued to the priests by those abominable sacrifices, for it must not be forgotten that this inscription was nothing more than a tariff. Besides, this horrible worship left an indelible impression at Marseilles, it was not wholly abolished by the new Phocean colony: it was renewed and perpetuated in this city by a usage nearly as barbarous as that of human sacrifices. This barbarous custom is thus relatated by Petrone, who had been himself witness to this sanguinary superstition, and who relates, 'When the Marseillians were afflicted by the plague, one of the poor people of the city offered himself to be fed during a whole year at the public expense, and on the most delicate viands. Afterwards, he was clothed with sacred vestments, his head crowned with mallow, and he was paraded through the city, whilst they uttered against him a thousand imprecations. After being thus laden with all the evil of the whole city, as an expiatory victim, he was led to a rock, and from thence precipitated into the waves, to appease, by his death, the anger of the god of Delphos.'"

The above few remarks will give the reader an idea as to the antiquity of the Canaanitish idol worship in the city of Marseilles, as well as of its inhabitants in years of yore; and throw considerable light on the recent discoveries, made by Layard and others at Nineveh.

## LETTER XIII.

### TO W. TITHERINGTON, ESQ.

Marseilles, Sept. 1847.

My dear Friend,

You wish to know what I think of the Liverpool of France. I do not think that Marseilles deserves the compliment of being compared to your splendid town. I am kept here longer than I like. I have seen all that Marseilles can offer to the inspection of a curious and inquisitive traveller, but I have neither curiosity nor inquisitiveness enough to *re*-view the things I have already seen. I am not in the best of humours, and my criticism would therefore be of a peevish nature, if I may judge from the impressions which remained upon my mind, after my first view. There are but very, very few objects which woo one's admiration. The principal church is that of St. Victor. But I do not own Victor as my patron saint, nor do I like to patronise his memory much. The church dedicated to him in this place is impossible to be admired by one who has feasted his eyes on the splendid ecclesiastical edifices of Paris, Orleans, Bourges, Lyons, Avignon, &c., &c. The Chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde possesses some interest, by reason of the respect which it inspires in the estimation of sailors and their wives, fishermen and their wives. The chapel is very rich in the enjoyment of extraordinary relics and trophies, which would make you smile and sigh at the same time.

Such superstition and ignorance to exist in the nineteenth century! But the marvel increases when you consider the country in which such a chapel exists. France, the boaster of civilization and enlightenment! I know what your genuine Protestantism will prompt you to exclaim: "Popery smothers civilization, and quenches enlightenment,"—a pet phrase of yours, but I tell you, of a truth, that there is in France infinitely more infidelity than Popery; and here lies the marvel. By the bye, you talk of visiting Marseilles in next spring, do not omit paying a visit to that chapel; if its manifold and multifarious curiosities* will not interest you, the view from the summit of an adjacent hill, will not only interest you, but please you very much. You will behold Marseilles under your feet, spread over a gradually sloping basin, encompassed by hills, which are, at this time, covered with vineyards and olive-groves, and studded with white country-houses, called *bastides*, between five thousand and six thousand in number. Equally pleasing is the sea view. The deep blue Mediterranean, the graceful curves of the coast of the Gulf of Lyons, and a beautiful group of islands, combine to produce a most charming prospect

* In the meantime, the few following items will give an idea of the multifarious curiosities I allude to. An image of the Virgin Mary, carved in olive wood, and of great antiquity: the walls of the chapel, as well as the roof, are concealed by the vast number of ex-votos, principally paintings, representing moving accidents by flood and field—justly characterized as the "veriest daubs." Besides a vast number of shipwrecks, storms, steam-boat explosions, escapes from British frigates, there is a large collection of surgical operations, sick beds, road-side accidents. Many ostrich-eggs and models of ships are suspended from the roof, and one corner is filled with cast-off crutches, &c.

from thence, whilst casting a wistful glance towards the promised land.

You will also be pleased with the harbour, for it is beautiful to look at, but at a respectable distance. You will be disgusted with it, if you should be disposed to draw too near to it. By its beautiful natural position, it became, *bonâ fide*, the sewer of the city. The Mediterranean being tideless, all the filth and dirt, therefore, deposited there, remains stationary. The sun, during summer and autumn, is literally burning: hence it emits a sickening stench, which is only tolerable by the natives, whose noses and palates have acquired a taste for such odours and scents. The number of vessels, coming in and going out in one year, is estimated at about twenty thousand, nearly one-fourth of that of the port of Liverpool. The port of Marseilles numbers about seven hundred vessels belonging to Marseillians.

There is one object here, which absorbed a great deal of my attention and interest during my stay in this place. It is a recently disinterred, but very antiquated, stone tablet; it is covered with a Phœnician inscription of a most interesting nature. It is deposited in the museum, and is venerated and idolized by the keeper of the institution; and no wonder, for it is part and parcel of the idol worship of the ancient inhabitants of this city. I have written two long letters on the subject to Drs. Elrington and McCullagh; and forasmuch as such discoveries possess no interest to you, I will say nothing more about it.

I am beginning to be thoroughly tired of this place. Indeed if it were not for a couple of laughable incidents, time would have hung very heavily on my hands. I had a letter of introduction to M. H. Monod, from his brother,

M. A. Monod, whom I met in Paris, at the Duke of Manchester's; but he must needs be absent whilst I am here. M. H. Monod is the Protestant minister in this city, whose chapel I attended on Sunday last. He left an able substitute. The latter preached a beautiful sermon from Matt. x. 32. I was very much pleased with the devotional spirit evinced by the worshippers. A great many of the English residents attend also the same chapel. There used to be an English clergyman, who was permitted to officiate in the same chapel, but it appears he was not properly supported, and therefore left.

I alluded to a couple of laughable incidents. They would amuse you as much as they did me, if I could only contrive to give you correct and graphic descriptions of the occurrences. Correct ideas of laughable incidents can only be conveyed by practical illustrations, for which, I understand, your David Garrick alone was sufficient; but descriptions, be they ever so graphic, fall far short of the actual occurrence which they purport to delineate. However, I will make an attempt. Whilst at the *table-d'hôte*, the other day, an elderly gentleman, belonging to the Society of Friends, seated himself opposite to a young English gentleman, evidently belong to the "good fellows'" club. The former eyed the latter most critically; he appears to have watched his young friend's movements very closely for the last few days. He observed his fondness for music,* his partiality towards the juice of the grape, and his liberal use of "Rowland's Macassar;" he therefore fixed his eyes immoveably upon him, to the great annoyance of the young English Adonis—the lover of—if not beloved by—Apollo

* There was a magnificent piano, in a splendid room adjoining the dining-hall, for the benefit of such guests who should happen to be musically inclined.

and Bacchus. The young man could not conceal his chagrin, and inquired of his opposite neighbour what the extraordinary inquisitiveness meant. The old gentleman replied: "I am thinking, friend, that the sooner thou changest thy mode of life the better." "What do you mean, Sir?" asked the astonished young man. "I mean," replied friend N. W., "thou dost spend thy time, young man, too frivolously. I see thee often at the musical instrument, in yonder room; thou makest too free with the wine bottle; thou indulgest in too much ointment for the hair of thy head. I pity thee, I know thee, by thy looks, very well. Thou must be a townsman of mine: thou comest from Bristol, so do I. I pity thee. I tell thee, as a friend, that the sooner thou changest thy mode of life the better. If thou wilt not live more orderly and soberly, I will tell on thee." The young man's rage, as appeared from his frantic face, was unbounded. "Where, Sir, do you find," he exclaimed furiously—to the great amusement of the English visitors, who were almost choked with the fun —"any prohibition against the innocent use of music, wine and ointment? What twaddle!" The old gentleman, in the enjoyment of cool self-possession, observed: "Friend, thou seemest a stranger to the Prophet Amos; I will introduce thee unto him, and let him tell thee what is thy condition." "Is he a Quaker? It would appear so from his name," observed the young fellow petulantly. "No; but he was a Friend," was the reply. "The same thing, only assuming a more euphonic name," snappishly remarked the junior interlocutor. "But he lived two thousand five hundred years ago," gravely rejoined the senior. "Well, what does he say?" The young man began to cool, and determined to give a humorous turn to the dialogue, which procured for him the sympathy of the English

present. "Listen, then," proceeded the ancient monitor: "Woe to them that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David; that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with chief ointments."* "Would you have advised David," archly inquired the young man, "to change his mode of life; and would you have taken upon yourself to tell him that he spent his time too frivolously?" "David lived in a different age," the old man retorted; "if he lived in our age, he would as much blame thee as I do." "Well, then," exclaimed the merry young fellow, "I have you on the hip; what do you say to 'King David's Inn?'" "What dost thou mean, young man?" asked the aged Friend. "I mean," the young man replied, "King David keeps an inn in our native place, Bristol, and, by doing so, shows his decided approval, even in our age, of music and wine; for he got himself painted with a harp in his hand, which he keeps hung up at the front of his establishment, as a sign for his inn. Well, Sir, both you and your schoolmaster seem to be abroad." The way the last speech was made, the gestures which accompanied it, the extraordinary consternation which marked the features of the old gentleman, whilst a couple exclaimed: "A decided case of Proverbs xxvi. 5," conspired to produce such a roar of laughter amongst the English, that the monitor was completely non-plussed; and in his confusion, said: "Friend, thou art a blasphemer," which encored the laughing chorus; and, as the old gentleman properly judged, from the appearance of intense merriment, that laughter would be the order of the remainder of the day, he left the *table-d'hôte* in disgust, and never made his appearance at it since.

* Amos ii. 3, 4.

Another episode, of a different nature, but equally laughable, occurred in my room. I have become acquainted with several very intelligent Jews in this city. One in particular takes a great fancy to me, and visits me very often. This individual happens to be a great traveller, and conversant with several languages. Amongst the many topics we discuss, when meeting, the Christian religion is one. My Hebrew acquaintance, when the subject was first introduced, expressed his opinion very freely with reference to Christians, and pronounced them, in unequivocal terms, idolators. He delivered a long and elaborate verdict of condemnation against idol, saint, virgin and angel worship. All of which he affirmed were identical with Christian worship. I, in return, averred and assevered that neither idol, saint, virgin nor angel, are worshipped in that Church of which I was a member. In corroboration of which I lent him a Hebrew translation of our Liturgy, and directed his mind to the respective creeds of the Apostles, and St. Athanasius, as well as to the various collects. There is in the same hotel — *des Empereurs*—with me an English gentleman, about to be appointed as a preacher amongst the sect of Independents. He has just finished his education, and before entering upon his office as preacher, he thought he would take a final farewell of the world, and hence a visit to France. This gentleman is also a frequent visitor at my rooms, in rather too familiar a manner. The day before yesterday, whilst I was on the hill of Notre Dame de la Garde, my Jewish friend returned the Hebrew Prayer Book I lent him, prepared with a torrent of panegyrics upon the production, with which he intended to overwhelm me. He was greatly disappointed, therefore, to find that I was out. He found, however, my English friend in the room, reading

my "Evening Notes," and being full of delight, he began to pour out his praises upon the Liturgy, in the most unmeasured terms, before Mr. B——. To the Jew's bewilderment, the embryo Independent preacher said: "I do not like this book." The Jew stared, and concluded that he had got into the wrong box. "Are you not a Christian?" he asked; "I am," was the reply. "Are you not an Englishman?" was the next question. "I am," was again the laconic answer. "Excuse me, Sir," continued the Hebrew, "then I do not understand you." "I am an English Christian, but am not a member of the Church of England," observed the English Liturgyosor—if I may be allowed to coin such a word. The Jew, who could not comprehend what the Englishman meant, indulged in a few moments' thought to himself, and then innocently said: "I know now what you are—you are a Sadducee." The poor fellow meant neither harm nor insult, but that was the only definition he could puzzle out, from analogy, for an English Dissenter. But the definition raised the ire of the Independent to the highest possible pitch. He paced up and down my room, ejaculating such expressions as these: "Stupid fellow!" "Stiff-necked Jew!" "An *affaire d'argent* would be easily intelligible to you!" &c. In the midst of the billowy or bilious rage, I entered my room, and was not a little startled at the language as well as at the looks of my uncalled-for and unexpected guests. I asked for an explanation. When that was complied with, the Englishman said to me: "Just explain to this stupid fellow that I am no Sadducee." I said, I did not not know who was more legitimately entitled to the epithet, he or the Jew, and gave vent to my indignation at the former broaching his peculiar views in

so injudicious a manner, especially since he knew that I furnished the Jew with the book. I also expressed my opinion respecting the liberties he took with my portfolio, and told him I hoped, that, as a gentleman, he will abstain visiting my room when I am absent; and when I am in it, not to pry into my private and unpublished notes. "But the mischief is done," he urged; "please explain to the fellow that I believe in the existence of angels, and that there is to be a resurrection, and that I am no Sadducee." I complied with the importunity. But my explanation by no means satisfied the "obstinate Jew;" he continued with his provoking queries: "Then, does this Englishman consider you and all the other members of the Church of England bad Christians?" To which the Independent replied: "No." "Does this Englishman consider your Liturgy a bad book?" The Independent again rejoined: "No; but there are some expressions in that book of which I do not approve." "Then this Englishman is a Jew, like myself; I also like the book, but there are some expressions of which I do not approve, namely, the frequent occurrence of 'Through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" The poor Independent here lost all his self-possession, and declared that he "never met with a more stupid set of people than are the Jews." He rushed up to the harmless Jew, and shouted in his ear—thinking that a loud noise would make his independent and arbitrary explanation more explicable: "You are a stiff-necked Jew, slow of heart, and slow of comprehension." The unsophisticated Hebrew logician observed: "I am very sorry to anger you, but my stupidity owes its existence to your want of perspicuity: as soon as you contrive to make yourself intelligible, I will promise to comprehend you."

The Englishman became awfully excited, and literally *cut*, as it is vulgarly expressed; he upset everything in his way, and I cannot help hoping most sincerely that he will never come again. However, I never laughed so much in my sleeve as I did that day. The Jew quietly remarked, after his abuser left the room: "What a curious race of people the English are!" I told him that it was unfair to judge of a whole nation, from an individual of the race; he agreed with me.

I had several opportunities of learning the character of the higher classes of Marseilles. The generality of them are infidels. I came in contact with many Marseillians, who actually laid claim to the high sounding appellation of philosophers, simply because they were independent of all sorts of religion. There are many who conform, outwardly, with the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, in order to escape the persecutions of wives and sisters, who are wielded as scourges in the hands of the priesthood. A gentleman said to me, but yesterday, "Though I am not such a fool as to believe in any religion, still when I was in Spain, I was obliged to pray to the Virgin Mary, for I should assuredly have been torn into pieces if I did not do it; and there are thousands who are of the same mind with myself."

Marseilles is now filled with Bedouins, on their way to Mecca. The French Government gives them a free passage as far as Alexandria. Those sons of the African desert ramble about the streets in perfect amazement. The glittering windows of the jewellers, the gaudy display of the different drapery shops, and the exhibition of toys in the various bazaars, &c., elicit many an "*Allah Akhbar*," God is great. They crowd many of the finest shops in

scores, and gaze in the most vacant manner around the establishments, to the great annoyance of the proprietors. The primitive mode of the Bedouins' dressing—their apparel consisting of a long shirt, and bernouse, the cape of the latter supplying a covering for the head, which is fastened by a thick cord or a many-coloured kerchief—contrast very strangely with the modern costume of the dandified Frenchman, and produces a very picturesque mixed multitude. Beside the Bedouins, there are here always the representatives of many nations. The Arab, the Persian, the Turk, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Russian, the Italian, the Spaniard, &c., in their respective costumes, are constantly mingling before you. And as you entertain a very exalted notion of the correctness of your imagination, imagine therefore yourself the effect which such a mixture produces.

Ibrahim Pasha's favourite wife is at present on a visit to this city. She, with her three sons and extensive retinue of attendants are staying in the same hotel with me, and we shall probably leave this place in the same steamer.

This is the month in which an annual fair takes place in this city. It lasts for about three weeks. Several of the public streets are crowded with tents and stalls, where all sorts of merchandize are exposed for sale, and all manners of shows exhibited. I was particularly struck with the vast amount of Roman Catholic idols hawked about, as well as with the great number of purchasers. I went to see an exhibition of the British Privy Council, in wax, according to advertisement. Our beloved Queen was represented as the fattest woman England can boast of, displaying two monstrously large upper teeth. Prince Albert and the Royal Family equally veritably represented.

Lord Brougham seems to have been modelled *à la Punch*, and a pretty figure he cuts. The French visitors, at the show roared with laughter at poor England's expense, and their satirical remarks were of a very amusing nature.

I was very much disgusted on Sunday last, at seeing the fair in full play as during the week days, with the only difference that both sellers and buyers were dressed in their best clothes. In one of the squares I observed a sort of an itinerant French Holloway—an Israelite—rather elderly, standing on a species of Whitechapel, shouting to the highest pitch of his voice, that he had discovered the elixir of life, not indeed in pills, but in drops; bottles of which he offered for sale. I saw the quack in the morning, on my way to church, with a large concourse of people around him; and he appears to have been engaged in the same occupation the whole day, for when I saw him again at seven o'clock in the evening, he was awfully hoarse. Near him sat a beautiful young female, I suppose his daughter, who sold to those willing to purchase, the balm of French Gilead.

Well, Sir, I flatter myself that I have given you a fair view of Marseilles as it is; and you may flatter yourself at your good luck in getting such a long letter from me. It is but few of my Liverpool friends who can boast of receiving any letters at all from me. But mind, I must get a nice long letter in return, else this shall be my very last to you.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XIV.

### TO THE REV. DR. J. HORLOCK, RECTOR OF BOX.

Marseilles, Sept. 1847.

My dear Dr. Horlock,

Not being of a very high-flown romantic calibre of mind; my imagination did not work me up to a pitch *à la Lamartine*. That celebrated Frenchman is a poet, I am not; he may, therefore, have spoken from positive experience, when he penned the following:—"Marseille nous accueille comme si nous étions des enfans de son beau ciel; c'est un pays de générosité, de cœur et de poésie d'âme; ils reçoivent les poètes en frères; ils sont poètes eux-mêmes, et j'ai trouvé parmi les hommes du commun de la société, de l'académie, et parmi les jeunes gens, qui entrent à peine dans la vie, une foule de caractères et de talens qui sont faits pour honorer non-seulement leur patrie, mais la France entière." I at once avow that I cannot sympathize with Lamartine, be he ever so famous a writer. However, allowances must be made for warm patriotism, which virtue no one can deny to the author of "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient." I trust, therefore, that the same allowance will be accorded me, if I should be betrayed, whilst writing about Marseilles, into similar grandiloquy. You shall get nothing else in this letter but an essay on the ancient and modern Jews of this place. The only thing I am afraid of is that you will get a surfeit of the subject, and you will never be able to bear

the name Jew, after you have finished reading—that is if you should have patience to read through— this epistle. But you will have only yourself to blame. You were always loud in your professions of regard for the Jews, which suggested this subject as a fit theme for a letter to you. Now your professions will be put to test.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that Marseilles was one of the first of the western cities which the Jews visited, not only because of its situation, not only because of its being a Phœnician colony—and the Jews and Phœnicians had a joint-stock navy*—but because we find positive mention made in the Talmud of some of the earliest Rabbies visiting France. Rabbi Akiba, who flourished during the first century, makes mention of his visit to France.† No Jewish Rabbi would then have travelled to any country, unless inhabited by his co-religionists. The Jews of Marseilles are thus briefly noticed by the famous Hebrew traveller, Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela: "Marseilles, a city containing eminent and wise men. The three hundred Jews form two congregations, one of which resides in the lower town, on the coast of the Mediterranean, and the other in the upper part. The latter supports a great University, and boasts of many learned scholars."

During the Middle Ages, the Jews of France seem to have been most rigid Rabbinists, so much so, that Maimonides, who lived in the twelfth century, denounces, in very strong terms, their characters and works as un-

* 1 Kings ix. 27.

† In Talmud Tract, ראש השנה (*Rosh Hashanah*), we read that Rabbi saying, כשהלכתי לגליא, "When I went to Galia," &c. Galia is the word for France in the Rabbinical writings.

worthy of being either studied or imitated. When writing to his son, who was staying in Spain for some time, Maimonides thus refers to the Jews of this country: "Beware, my son, of most of the writings of the people of France, who, after having made a good repast, when its fumes ascend to their brain, think they can comprehend God at any period, and that he hears their prayers when they read the Talmud, and other similar writings, or the works of the heads of their academies, or when the name of God, which is constantly on their tongue, is coupled with such ideas as represent God as a corporeal being." The then Jews of France, in return, execrated and excommunicated this great man. The Jews of Marseilles, however—of which they pride themselves to this very day—evinced a great deal of deference to the judgment of the renowned Maimonides. They consulted him on any difficult matter which they themselves could not decide. For instance, in the year 1193, certain Rabbies began to promulgate in this city the science of astrology, and maintained that everything was to be explained by means of star-gazing. Maimonides was applied to for his judgment on the subject. A certain Jew of Marseilles boasted to be the Messiah: Maimonides was appealed to. Those inquiries elicited a very philosophical treatise, entitled, "Epistle to the Learned of Marseilles." Almost every respectable Jew here possesses a copy of that production, either in the original or in Latin.

With no little complacency did a very learned and rich Jew point out to me a letter which Maimonides addressed to Rabbi Samuel Eben Tibbon; the latter having flourished in this place, who was a devoted admirer of the works of the former, especially the one entitled מורה נבוכים (*Moreh*

*N'bouchim*),* which he translated into the Hebrew from the original Arabic. At first, Rabbi S. E. Tibbon could not comprehend all his favourite author said; he wrote, therefore, to Maimonides, to say that he had a great desire to come to him to Egypt, and personally consult him respecting several passages in his celebrated work; to which he sent a very interesting reply, from which the following is an extract: "As for thy desire to come to see me face to face, and speak with me mouth to mouth, thy visit would assuredly be very grateful to me. But as for scientific conversations, I shall have but very little time to spare, as thou shalt hear. I live in Mizr (Fostat), and the King in Cairo. Early every morning am I obliged to proceed to the royal palace. My visits to the members of the royal family last, even when nobody is ill, till mid-day; but if any member be ill, I do not depart from thence at all. If they are all well, I return home after mid-day, weary and languid. I find then at home all the galleries occupied by a waiting sick multitude of all classes, both Jew and Gentile, high and low, friends and foes. I dismount from my horse, wash my hands, and go out to the patients, begging of them to permit me a short time to take some food. Having taken refreshment, I admit the patients, examine into their maladies, write prescriptions for the proper cures, which occupation extends two hours, and even more, into the night, when I become so weak, that I must lie down. The consequence is, that no Israelite can have any intercourse with me, except on the Sabbath; on which day the whole congregation come to me, to whom I give instructions as to what they should do during the week."

* Guide of the Perplexed.

I know you are a profound admirer of that Hebrew sage. I think you will be pleased, therefore, with the accompanying miniature portrait of him. You may have seen it before, for I printed it as a heading to the prospectus of the Philo-Hebraic Society. If not, here it is. I do not think that anybody in England ever saw it before I introduced it. You will, however, wonder whether it is a real likeness, or merely a fictitious one. I will, therefore, give you all the information I possess about it, and judge for yourself. The famous Italian-Hebrew scholar, Reggio, discovered it first in that masterpiece of a work, "Thesaurus Antiquitatum," published at Venice, by Blaseus Ugolinus. He sent a sketch of his discovery to his friend, Herr Solomon Stern, of Berlin. The latter was naturally anxious to know whether the representation was real or imaginary. Reggio, therefore, sent the following explanation: "In the celebrated work, 'Thesaurus Antiquitatum Sacrarum Blasie Ugolini, Venetiis, 1744,' in the first volume, p. 384, is found the likeness of Maimonides, which the author [of 'Thesaurus Antiquitatum'] says was taken, 'ex-antiqua tabula,' without, however, stating more fully and circumstantially how he came to the possession of this tabula, where it existed, and if any one bore testimony to the authenticity of the likeness. However, as Ugolinus is known as an industrious, honourable man, acquainted with his subject, and who cannot easily be suspected of fraud, there is nothing against assuming the probability that at the publication of his work he had really before him such a tabula."

Herr Solomon Stern printed on one sheet of paper a few copies of the above miniature, accompanied by a copy of Reggio's letter. I was fortunate enough to get a copy of that document, sent to me by a kind friend from

Berlin, who knows my partiality for such literary curiosities.* I may now only add that I have seen five little

* I take here the opportunity of doing myself a little act of justice which was unjustly denied me by those from whom I had reason to expect it. When I printed the Prospectus of the Philo-Hebraic Society, headed with the little picture given above, a copy of that prospectus seems to have found its way into the hands of Dr. A. Benisch, the Editor of the "Voice of Jacob," a Jewish journal, now defunct—a journal in which the author was several times abused in a very summary manner. One morning, however, the postman brought me the following note:

"London, 17th Dec. 1846.
"Office of the 'Voice of Jacob,'
"18, St. Mary Axe.

"The Editor of the 'Voice of Jacob' presents his compliments to the Rev. Moses Margoliouth, and would feel obliged if he would inform the Editor whether the portrait of Maimonides, on the Prospectus of the Philo-Hebraic Society, is considered authentic, or is only an ideal likeness."

To which note I replied, giving the information I possessed, and offered to copy Reggio's German letter to Herr Solomon Stern, on the subject; and Dr. Benisch was pleased to acknowledge my services in the following words:

"London, 30th Dec. 1846,
"18, St. Mary Axe.

"The Editor of the 'Voice of Jacob' presents his compliments to the Rev. M. Margoliouth, and is much obliged for his kind information. The Editor, at the same time, begs to avail himself of the handsome offer of Mr. M., and would feel very thankful could he let him (the Editor of the 'Voice of Jacob') have a faithful copy of Reggio's letter."

I delayed not complying with the Editor's importunity; and Dr. Benisch, in return, condescended to favour me with an autograph letter—the preceding seem to have been written by his secretary—dated from his private residence, which runs thus: ["Dear

likenesses of that great man, during my rambles in France in the archives of literary Jews; two in this very city

"Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you took in copying Reggio's letter for me. Being engaged in writing the 'Life of Maimonides,' I think I shall make use of the information derived through your kindness. Interested as I feel in the undertaking of the Philo-Hebraic Society, may I ask if you have commenced, and with what work you will make the beginning?

"I am, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,

"A. BENISCH,

"Editor of the 'Voice of Jacob.'

"3, New Millman Street, Guildford Street,
"January 8, 1847."

But did Dr. A. Benisch acknowledge publicly that he was indebted to me for Maimonides' likeness, as well as for Reggio's letter? No, no. I am a Christian Jew; it would be an acknowledgment that converted Jews have been misrepresented, as to their characters and principles. Besides, what would the Jews, at large, say? "Dr. Benisch was actually applying for information on Jewish literature to a M'shumad (an apostate), and we have all along maintained that converted Jews know nothing about our learned men, and that it is only the ignorant who are entrapped in the conversion nets." I can understand all this; but common justice asks, "Is it right?"

Dr. Benisch assumes an air of strict impartial honesty, liberal in his views, uncompromising in his independent principles, and yet publishes the "Life of Maimonides," embellishes it with the information I readily furnished him with, and never mentions that such a person as the author had anything to do with it.

Dr. Benisch, however, acknowledges his sense of gratitude towards the person who copied and spoiled the miniature portrait of Maimonides. In his address "to the reader," he speaks thus: "Before concluding, I desire to tender my sincere thanks to the highly talented artist, Mrs. Julia Goodman, to whose eminent skill I am indebted for the drawing of the likeness of Maimonides, a lithograph of which is prefixed to the work."

I have not the honour of knowing Mrs. Julia Goodman. For

evidently copied neither from Ugolinus' nor Reggio's, for they were handed down as heir-looms from father to son, but strikingly resemble the sketch I send you. Now, having told you all I know about it, judge for yourself. I trust you will not consider the digression too much out of the way.

However, it is high time to return to the Jews of Marseilles. The preceding laconic statements will give you an idea of what Marseilles Jews were in the days of yore; I will now proceed to furnish you with a brief outline of the present state of the Marseillian Hebrews. The candlestick learning does no more illuminate the Jews of this city. They are no more zealous for their nationality, nor for the literature of their own sages. Persecution in many instances proved more benefical to the republic of Hebrew letters than prosperity. In the Middle Ages, when the name Jew was execrated in France, the Hebrew basked in the sunshine of learning, whilst the native Frenchman groped in the darkness of superstition and ignorance; now that the Jew seems to be tolerated, and apparently courted by infidel France, the Hebrews of this country have given up to trouble themselves about the cultivation of learning in their own national literature. They begin to apply themselves more to the works of the natives; and as those

aught I know, she may be "a highly talented artist," as well as possessed of "eminent skill" in her profession; but I must say, that her attempt at Maimonides was a decided failure.

I would have taken no notice of the whole affair—I am conscious that Dr. Benisch's mention of my name in his little pamphlet is not of such importance—were I not anxious to point out the unjust treatment which the converted Jew experiences from the hands of his unconverted brethren. Had I, or any other Jewish convert, been guilty of an apparent fault, how publicly would the Jewish convert's name sound in the Jewish magazines!

works are generally of an infidel or deistical tendency, the Jewish mind, therefore, generally speaking, in this country, is marred and biassed by infidelity and deism. This observation applies to the Jews of Marseilles, as well as to those of Paris, Strasburg, Lyons, &c.

The generality of the Jews here are imbued with the principles of Voltaire and Volney, as well as of other writers of the same stamp. The Rabbi himself is a rank rationalist, scruples not to deny the history of the Fall of man, and literally calls "bitter sweet;" for he asserts that the curse on "the ground" was a blessing. You would call him a "rare specimen" of a Biblical expositor; he asserts that the promise of the "new heart," means nothing more or less than an improved mind. If such be the notions of the head of the congregation, you can easily imagine the ideas of the members of the Marseillian Jewish community. The Rabbi makes no secret of his utter unbelief in any of the Talmudical writings, as inspired records. Some parts of the Talmud, Shulchan Aruch, &c. &c., he denounced as too filthy and disgusting for the most barbarous savages. Indeed the passages he referred to, were justly entitled to the denunciation, the Rabbi of Marseilles, uttered against them. They are by no means fit for translation: find no fault, therefore, for not giving you the passages that you might judge for yourself.* I will not soil this clean sheet of paper with those filthy and immoral passages. There are, however, some Jews here who are vehemently addicted to the traditions of the fathers, and even venture to excommunicate, in their heart of hearts, their Rabbi as an arrant heretic, chosen by a set of infidels. These are but few in number.

* For example, הלכות צניעות and such like.

There are about twelve hundred Jews here, according to the Rabbi's statistics; I have made friends with many of them, but this is an unfavourable season for a Christian's intercourse with them: it is Slichoth time—or the Jewish penitential month. The synagogue is full every morning with Israelites, confessing their sins, in most pathetic terms, and apparently with contrite hearts. The first day of this season commenced this year on Sunday the 5th instant, and will terminate on Monday the 20th of this month. The following is one of the many melancholy, but true, confessions made during this period. The original is alphabetical:

"We have transgressed more than any people. We are more confounded than any race. Joy has departed from us. Our hearts faint by reason of our sins. Our desirable place has become corrupt. Our crown is taken away. The habitation of our sanctuary has been destroyed by reason of our wickedness. Our palace has become a desolation. The beauty of our land belongs now to strangers. Our strength to aliens. They have robbed our labour before our eyes, yea from us 'scattered and peeled.' They have put their yoke upon us. We have borne it upon our shoulders. Servants have ruled over us. There is none that doth deliver us out of their hands. Many troubles have encompassed us. We have called upon Thee, O Lord our God, but thou hast departed from us, by reason of our transgressions. We have turned away from following Thee. We have gone astray and were destroyed. And as yet we have not acknowledged our errors; and how can we be so presumptuous and stiff-necked as to say before Thee, O our God, and the God of our fathers, that we are righteous and have not sinned, when verily we have sinned."*

* I have given both the original and the translation in my

Some of the prayers, appointed for this season, are beautiful specimens of Hebrew composition, both in prose and in poetry; you must excuse, however, specimens of the same.

The Jewish New Year was celebrated on Saturday and Sunday last. The Jews met very early in their synagogues on those days. The religious portion of the community prayed most fervently, and shed copious tears, pleading for pardon of past sins. Satan is supposed to be very busy, on those days, in accusing mankind, especially the Jews before the "Judge of the whole earth;" Job is supposed to have been brought on such an occasion under the notice of Jehovah, by Satan. Amongst the many reasons assigned for the blowing of the ram's horn on the feast of New Year, one is כדי לערבב השטן "in order to confuse the accuser." Whenever, therefore, the performer fails in giving a "clear sound," the congregation look upon the failure as an omen for ill; and many legends are related to justify the apprehensions. Among the many modes the Jews adopt for getting rid of the past year's transgressions, there is one of a singular character, which is likely to excite a smile in many a Christian. In the afternoon of the first day of the New Year,* all the Jews, throughout the whole world, retire to a river, and there pray very earnestly for the removal of their sins; after which they shake the skirts of their garments, repeating at the same time the last verses of the Book of the Prophet Micah.

The Jewish Cabalists, who delight to dwell in the clouds

"Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated," pp. 203, 204.

* When the first day of the new year happens to be on a Saturday, as was the case of the one just past, then the ceremony takes place the following day.

—and therefore indulge in the impenetrable mazes of mysticism—and to build castles in the air, maintain that some extraordinary mysteries are attached to this ceremony. But the mass of the Jews, who are not initiated in all the cabalistic theories, are decidedly of opinion that they literally and to all intents and purposes "cast all their sins into the depths of the sea;" and they moreover maintain, and tell you very gravely, that the fishes devour the cast-off sins, as the only rivers eligible, for the performance of the mystic ceremony, are those having fishes in them. The Hebrew word for "thou wilt cast," is תשליך, *Tashlich*, this ceremony goes, therefore, by that name. Dr. M. Erter, one of the most learned Jews of Brody, but no supporter of Rabbinism, wrote a most clever satire, in the Hebrew language, about this *Tashlich*, and exposes very skilfully the frightful superstitions connected with this institution. I observed but few Jews, at a retired place at the sea-side, engaged in prayer and violent shaking of the skirts of their garments.

I paid a visit to the Jewish school, which is situated close to the synagogue, I found there about seventy boys, taught by a principal master and several assistants. Both principal and assistants are very intelligent; speak Hebrew and Spanish, as well as the vernacular French, very fluently. I asked for permission to examine the children, which was readily granted. I found many of the boys remarkably intelligent. Some are destined for the Rabbinical College, established at Metz. When I complimented the principal on the progress of the boys, he observed in reply: "Would to God they were allowed to remain at school till their education is completed; but no sooner are the children able to read Hebrew fluently, and translate the Pentateuch into French, than they are moved from school,

and placed under training for business. The Jews of Marseilles seem to have but one object in view, the worship of the golden calf. With the exception of these three (pointing to those boys intended for Metz), I fear all will forget the little knowledge they have acquired of Hebrew; they will soon be better versed in the works of Alexander Dumas, Eugène Sue, &c., than in the sublime books of Moses, or the majestic compositions of the Prophets." Thus spoke, fervently, the Jewish principal teacher of Marseilles.

The day I visited the school was the one before the new year; there were, therefore, several pious Jews in the neighbourhood, and seeing a stranger enter the school, they soon followed, and we enjoyed a good deal of amicable conversation together. The principal frequently complimented me before all, in rather extravagant and exaggerated terms, and applied an adage of Solomon to me, and declared that he could see in my face that I was a *savan*, for,

חָכְמַת אָדָם תָּאִיר פָּנָיו

"A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine."*

You may think that all this fuss pleased my vanity, but I assure you I felt exceedingly uncomfortable. I felt —using a vulgar expression—that I was made a great *flat*, by the weight of *flattery* imposed upon me so generously and unsparingly. However, when I perceived that they formed so high an estimate of my abilities, I ventured to introduce the question at issue between Jews and Christians, in order to see the effect it would have, both upon my panegyrists as well as upon myself. The Jews

* Ecclesiastes VIII. 1.

seemed considerably startled; nevertheless, the good opinion they had so often expressed toward me, exercised a favourable influence over them. I took occasion to refer to the prayers which were to be used on the New Year's Day, and endeavoured to convince them that unless those prayers were offered up in the name of Jesus, their petitions would remain unanswered. I appealed to their own works in proof of the necessity of a Mediator. I quoted a passage from the "Yalkout Simeoni" and "Medrash"—both works, as you are aware, of great authority amongst the Jews. The passage I allude to purports to be an exposition of Ps. XCI. 15; and is the following: "What is the reason that the Israelites, during this present dispensation, pray and are not heard? Because they know not the ineffable name; but at the coming of the Messiah, the Holy and Blessed God will make them acquainted with it; for it is written: 'Therefore my people shall know my name.' At that time, they shall pray and be heard; for it is said: 'He shall call upon me and I will answer him.'" I then referred to another Rabbinical passage, to show that the Jewish sages considered the Messiah to be the "only Mediator between God and man." It is a remark of Rabbi Joseph Albo—which occurs in his "Sepher Ekarim"—on Jer. XXIII. 6—and is as follows: "The Scriptures call Messiah's name 'Jehovah our Righteousness,' because He is to be our Mediator, that we may obtain God's righteousness through Him." I endeavoured to keep my newly acquired acquaintances in good humour all the time. I determined not to give the least encouragement to excitement, so that we enjoyed a most dispassionate and amicable discussion.

To give you an idea of the laxity of some of the Jews in this place, is to tell you that many of the stalls

at the fair, which is at present taking place here, are kept by Jews; and what do you think the majority of them exhibit as articles for sale? Why! crosses, crucifixes, and all sorts of Roman Catholic household gods. Well might a Jewish teacher call them "worshippers of the golden calf." Many young Jewesses keep confectionary stalls, and as they happen to be pretty, vast numbers of the Marseillian hopefuls crowd around them, to the utter disgust of decency and order, with which feeling I am about to leave France. For, taking it as a whole, it is a disgusting country.

I am, my dear Dr. Horlock,

Yours, &c.

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## LETTER XV.

TO THE

## RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR.

Leghorn, Sept. 1847.

My dear Lord Bishop,

I should have written to you, according to your desire, before I left France, but the number of letters I had to write from thence was so great, that it was next to impossible to make it greater. I scarcely did anything else but see, hear, speak, and write. I allowed myself but little rest, and slept less than ever. Besides, I knew that your Lordship would see my letter to the Bishop of Cork, which I wrote to him from Paris, for I asked of him in a PS., that my epistle be read in the Palace of Down and Connor. However, I shall make up for my delay by a very long letter from here; I will not leave Leghorn

before I have dispatched a voluminous epistle to your Lordship. I shall endeavour to furnish you with a coherent narrative of all I saw, heard, and said—if the latter is worth writing down—since I left Marseilles.

One very early and beautiful morning, this week, I embarked on a French steamer, bearing the name of 'Le Bosphore,' to bring me hither. The sky was perfectly cloudless the whole day, and a soothing breeze played on the ocean, so that the whole day was lovely. Every face was mantled with delight, so that the countenances of all the passengers seemed to bathe in smiles. Every language sounded harmonious, nothing grated on my ear. Polyglott was spoken on board: viz. Hebrew, Arabic, Modern Greek, Persian, Turkish, English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; and the following creeds professed on board: Protestant, Armenian, Jewish, Romish, Greek, Mohammedan, Socinian, and infidelity—if the latter can be termed creed.

I enjoyed a great deal of conversation with my Jewish and Armenian fellow-passengers, who were by far the most intelligent of the whole crew, as well as a little chit-chat with many others. I dare not attempt to give a minute account of all the conversation I had on board—though it might furnish very interesting scraps of information—for I should be obliged to remain here longer than I dare. There was a Jew on board, who said that he accompanied Bishop Alexander to Jerusalem, as Interpreter; he spoke of the lamented prelate and family in the highest possible terms; and says, if he were permitted to remain with the Bishop, he would not have met with so premature a death. He supposes that some of his attendants, who were Roman Catholics, were bribed to poison the Bishop. However, I do not vouch for the correctness of my narrator's conjec-

tures, nor do I think his supposition probable. That man speaks no less than fourteen languages fluently.

There was a young Armenian on board, who is in the service of the Pasha of Alexandria. He was returning from London, where he had been accompanying twelve young men, whom the Pasha had sent to the University thither, to be educated; eight to study political economy, and four mechanics. We conversed for some time on the present state of the Armenian Church, of which he gave a clear and succinct account. The Pasha's favourite wife, and her suite, were also on board, returning home to Alexandria. I asked the Mullah who attended her, to read a little Arabic with me; he very kindly said, if I had any Arabic book he would be pleased to comply with my request. I produced, therefore, my Arabic New Testament—the only Arabic book I could readily lay my hand upon. I chose Matt. v. vi. The Arab, after reading with me for about an hour, said to me, without any compunction: "Give me this book," looking at the same time steadily and anxiously at me. I hesitated for a moment—for it was the only Arabic New Testament I had with me—but could not find in my heart to refuse the request. The pleasing expression of his fine Arab features, on receiving that sacred volume, was really charming. I wished very much it could have been transferred to canvass. He thanked me heartily for the book, pressed his forehead and lips on the back of my hand, as if I had been a Pasha, and disappeared with his prize.

Whilst at dinner, on board, I was inveigled to take part in a warm dispute against an American gentleman—who is settled at Naples as a banker—who strenuously advocated the lawfulness of the slave-trade. I was glad

to find that there were many more against him than for him, and he was decidedly beaten and silenced. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Signor Molini, the librarian of Florence: a most intelligent man, he has not only a library in his head, but it is a circulating library; for he is very communicative, and his communication is very instructive and interesting. He was loud in his praises of *Pio Nono*. He gave me a very kind invitation to his house, if I should ever visit Florence, of which, if I should, I shall certainly avail myself.

There were also on board about one hundred and fifty Bedouin Arabs, on their way to Mecca, on a pilgrimage.* They were disposed to be mutinous, but the Captain is a firm sort of man, and having made a public example of the ringleaders, by tying them to the masts, and other punishments, they were frightened into obedience and order. One of the Madame Pasha's slaves, a negro, proved extremely impudent and refractory, presuming on his connexion with so prodigious a personage as his mistress was; but the presumption produced no favourable effect upon our Commander. The latter ordered the negro off the first-class deck, which the slave refused, and accompanied his refusal by calling the Captain *kelb* and *chaloof* (dog, pig). The Frenchman then visited the negro's cheeks with a few striking touches, which must have made his ears tingle to a considerable degree. The negro attempted to try the same experiment upon the Captain, but he found out, to his sorrow, that he mistook his man. The Captain ordered him a sound flogging, and the French sailors did justice to the order. The poor fellow has, perhaps, not tasted such a treat since he was purchased. But he retaliated upon the Captain by flinging

* See p. 137.

off his own *tarbush*, tearing his own hairy scalp, and knocking his own skull against the masts; but the Captain's, and his own castigation, cured him of a repetition of similar behaviour. The above is a brief summary of my adventures, experience, and sights, from Marseilles to this.

About twenty-six hours after leaving France, I landed at Leghorn, and found the city in the greatest possible state of excitement. Priests, women and children, shouted in my ears, as I passed them by, *Liberta, liberta.* They are just beginning to taste its deliciousness. I hope they will not overdo it. It appears that the course of the poor Jesuits is run in this country. One of that society, though in disguise, seems to have been detected in one of the streets. Several persons exclaimed: "A Jesuit, a Jesuit." The poor fellow began to race as fast as his legs could carry him. The whole population seemed to run after him; he made his way as far as outside the city, but there he was caught. The populace laid hold of his bundle, which projected behind him. The Jesuit, however, let his bundle go, and escaped for his life into the house of a Curate; and, I firmly believe, that had not the Curate protected him, he would have been torn into pieces. The mob then set to work to rip up the bundle which the Jesuit let go, in which they discovered a Jesuit's hat, which was immediately hoisted upon a long pole, and the populace shouted: "Behold the hat of a Jesuit! Behold the hat of a Jesuit!" They paraded the streets of Leghorn for hours, shouting the same exclamation, till they became so hoarse, that they could shout no more.

My object, however, was to get some information about the present state of society in this city; and as Christian society is so extremely riotous, I betook myself to the Jewish quarter, where I succeeded in obtaining a considerable amount

of information. The remainder of my letter will therefore, principally, be occupied with some accounts respecting the Jews of Tuscany in general, and of Leghorn in particular. It appears, that until the end of the fifteenth century, the number of the Jews who inhabited Tuscany, was but a very "small remnant" indeed. There existed a little flock of them at Florence, and inhabited a separate quarter of the town, which was denominated *il Ghetto*, where they had a small synagogue. Some were also found at Leghorn, who devoted a small room for the purpose of meeting for worship. But when that fatal edict was issued from the Court of Spain, and eight hundred thousand Jews were obliged to quit Spain in one day, in the year 1492, many of the exiles found their way to Tuscany. Some of the new comers settled at Florence, where they formed a particular community, bearing the name of Sephardim, whilst their predecessors called themselves *B'nay Italia*, *i. e.* "Sons of Italy." Some settled at Pisa, others at Sana. The situation of Leghorn, however, received by far the greater number of the Judæo-Spanish exiles; so numerous was the immigration, that the old settlers were entirely lost among the new ones. In process of time, the whole Jewish population assumed the name of Sephardim, and the same synagogue, the same liturgy, the same schools serve all. The wealth which they had brought with them from Spain must have been immense, and they contributed a great deal to raise Leghorn into one of the first mercantile cities on the shores of the Mediterranean. The government of their community was left to themselves, and their arrangements in this respect bespeak great wisdom. Out of the whole community forty were chosen to be the guardians and the governors of the whole. At the head of those forty stood the chief, or as he is called

*il Cancellero*, who was chosen for life, and who had to obtain the sanction of the Tuscan Government. Out of the forty, four were elected to assist *il Cancellero* in the administration of the affairs of the community. All differences, which occurred between Jew and Jew, were adjusted before their own tribunal. Here was also a דין Dāyan, or Judge, whose office it was to hear and decide on all matters of religious usages and disputes. They organized, furthermore, two Yeshiboth, or seminaries, one bearing the name of Franco, and the other Ergas. At each of these were employed ten Batlanim—a species of Jewish monks—whose business it was to read, for five hours every day, the Talmud, the Mishna, and other Rabbinical writings, as also the Old Testament, for which they were paid according to their learning.

Once a month, sermons were to be preached in those Yeshiboth, in the Spanish language. A school was established for the poor boys, and denominated תלמוד תורה *Talmud Torah*. A society was also formed, bearing the name מהר בתולות *Mohar B'thooloth*, whose object it was to give to every poor Jewish girl a dowry, so that they might be provided with husbands. All these institutions were endowed with large sums. The synagogue was meanwhile enlarged and embellished, till it reached its present shape, and is now considered one of the finest in Europe. Whilst the Jews in other parts of Italy were persecuted and expelled, those of Tuscany always enjoyed a considerable share of freedom; and when, in 1787, Peter Leopold abolished the Inquisition; the Jews were so glad and so thankful, that they besought him that they might, henceforward, be permitted to bring their civil affairs before the Christian magistrates, which was of course, granted them; whereby *il Cancellero* lost a great

deal of his power. With very few exceptions, the Jews of Tuscany applied themselves to commerce. Their coffers were filled with gold; but learning decreased rapidly amongst them, so much so, that when the Dāyan died, the congregation could not find a competent successor. They were obliged therefore to elect three instead of one, hoping that the aggregate knowledge of the three would supply the loss of the late *one*. The salary was therefore also divided. The same was the case with the Yeshiboth, where a Rabbi's salary was from six to thirty dollars per month. The governors of the congregation soon discovered that they could not find one, who was learned enough to be entitled to thirty dollars per month, they engaged therefore two, three, or even more, who together were only considered as one.

It is a very curious fact, that the Jews of this country were for a long time more tenacious of their old usages and customs than their brethren elsewhere. Whilst the Jews in France, Germany, and England, endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of their schools, and thus many distinguished themselves in the literary world, the Jews of Tuscany remained stationary, and would take no part in the different reformations which agitated other congregations. Amongst the many random statements which the learned Dr. Jost was betrayed to make in his elaborate "History of the Jews," he makes the following incorrect assertion respecting this place:

"Leghorn, constantly conspicuous, had already (in 1813) an excellent school (Bürgerschule) of six classes, and a free school consisting of three classes, where all the sciences are taught with great success. The community of that place have appropriated for their school several buildings, fitted up for libraries, museums, and medical

instruments. In these schools Latin, Greek, mathematics, natural philosophy, Hebrew and Italian are taught. The more educated devote themselves to commerce and medicine."

The whole of this statement is contrary to fact. The Jews of Leghorn never thought of establishing a school for the higher classes of the community. Their children were and are sent to Christian schools, or received instruction at home from private tutors; and the children of the poor received, until lately, but a very scanty education; and the school consisted of nine small rooms, badly lighted.

It was not until the year 1836 that a spirit of reformation breathed upon the Jews of Leghorn; it began with their house of prayer. Previous to that period, every Jew came to the synagogue and read his prayers as loud as he could; this led naturally to great disorder, particularly as it was believed that he who raised his voice the loudest brought the best sacrifice unto the Lord. It was therefore ordained that every one should pray in a low voice, and only say "Amen," as often as it was required. Five Rabbies were appointed to conduct the synagogue worship. A number of young men and boys were chosen, in order to be instructed in vocal music, for the purpose of chanting the appointed psalms and hymns. The dress of the Rabbies was also altered, and the costume of the Roman Catholic priests adopted. The consequence is, that a stranger does not know which is which, when he meets a person in that fantastic garb, whether Rabbi or priest. The sermon in Spanish was also on the point of drawing to a conclusion; the great majority thought it was no use keeping it up, since there were so few Jews amongst them who understood that language. But a unit carried the day. This individual being a relation and a trustee of the

person who introduced and endowed the Spanish sermon, declared that if an Italian sermon were introduced in lieu of the Spanish one, he would stop payment. This argument proved most powerful and cogent, and prevailing, so that a Spanish sermon is still preached. With this exception, the service is now very well conducted.

A society was also formed to organize an infant school, which was soon accomplished, and managed on the self-same plan, as the well-regulated infant schools of England and Ireland; with the only exception that the infant boys' school is separated from that of the infant girls'. The former contains now about one hundred children, and the latter about eighty. The children receive both instruction and board gratis. The rooms are airy and large, the children clean, blooming and healthy, the sentences written on the walls are very well adapted; so that upon the whole they are admirable institutions, and deserve to be prosperous.

A rich Jew bequeathed a large legacy towards the erection of a school-house for the poor, others followed his example. Donations and subscriptions soon produced a sum large enough to erect a school on a large scale. The result is the present splendid school. The poor children were thus transferred from their former place to the new one. There are at present in it about four hundred children of both sexes. The school is, of course, divided into two parts—one for boys and the other for girls. The boys' school is divided into eighteen classes. The first ten are called *insignamento religioso e morale.* The children in these classes are taught the first rudiments of Hebrew, and of its grammar. Also to read the Old Testament with Rabbi Solom Yarchi's commentary. They are also instructed in the religious duties of the Israelite, from a book called חִנּוּךְ לְנַעַר *Chinouch L'naar,* or "Trainer for youth." They

learn also in this department the Mishna, Hebrew composition, the Talmud, the works of Maimonides, &c. &c. The eight remaining classes bear the name of *insignamento civile*. In this department, Italian, arithmetic, drawing, geometry, architecture, history, geography, cosmography, vocal music, and the French and English languages are taught.

The girls are instructed in reading the Hebrew Prayer Book, out of which they translate easy passages; to read and write Italian, arithmetic, and every useful kind of needlework. The number of masters and mistresses amount to twenty-five. There is a Ladies' Committee, who visit the girls' school weekly. There is also a Committee of Gentlemen for the same purpose, but the members of the latter visit the school daily by rotation. The rich Jews still send their children to Christian schools, or keep tutors at home. The Jews have also erected a magnificent hospital here. The great attraction, however, to a visitor, must be the Jewish synagogue, and to see it to advantage one must visit it on the night of a festival. Mr. Ewald, to whom I am indebted for much information about this place, speaks of it in the following terms: "The synagogue here is rich in funds; sixty splendid Torahs (parchment rolls of the Pentateuch) are enshrined in three magnificent hegals (or arks), before each of which are curtains beautifully worked in gold; hundreds of chandeliers adorn the interior of this temple, and on an evening of the Jewish feasts, when thousands of candles are lighted, when the arks are opened, the Torahs exposed, and on all sides the eye is met by a dazzling shine; when, besides, two military guards are stationed before the chief ark, and about twelve others going round the large reading-desk, to keep away the numbers of strangers who on such

occasions throng into the synagogue; when the choir is singing the hallelujahs; then one is forcibly reminded of those times, when the tribes went up to Jerusalem, to adore the Lord in the Temple, and one must wish to see true life in such a large congregation of the sons of the promises." Thus spake my dear friend, who spent nearly a whole year in this place. I regret to say that such a sight is not permitted me. I am here in an unfortunate season. The synagogue is now being cleaned for the Day of Atonement, which is to take place in the course of a few days. I spent, nevertheless, a couple of hours in that gorgeous edifice, reading the different gilt inscriptions, with which the cieling and walls of the synagogue are bespangled. I could have spent several hours more there, could I afford the time.*

There are here three Hebrew printing establishments; but they are confined to the production of prayer-books, and a few other minor works. The more important works are either the old productions of the once flourishing Hebrew printing-press of Pisa, or those of Amsterdam, or Wilna, or Grodno, &c.

When I was in the higher school, and conversing with the principal Rabbi about the present state of Jewish distraction in England, respecting which all the Jews are very curious; he told me that the leaders of this community have been written to, by a certain Rabbi, Abraham Belais, of London, for the purpose of taking part in the excommunication of the British Reformed Jews; but the wise men here declined interfering in the matter. And my informant was of opinion that reformation was wanted

* I had another opportunity of visiting Leghorn, and was permitted to attend its synagogue on such a night as Mr. Ewald describes, and I enjoyed a glorious sight.

in almost all the Jewish communities throughout the world. The Jews here have of late years relaxed very much. Formerly a Jew would not let his house to a Christian—some of the Jews being the proprietors of the finest houses, situated in the best quarters—on account of the Roman Catholic custom of bringing the host to their sick, which they adore as God himself, and which the Jews look upon as idolatry, as it really is; but they are not troubled any more with that scruple, and even live in the same houses with Christians. They consider it, however, a great hardship to be obliged to decorate the outside of their houses, as often as the Roman Catholics pass the streets in procession with their images.

The great idol of Leghorn is on Monte Nero, the image of the Virgin Mary, the patron of this town. All the bills of health given to the captains of the various vessels have the image printed on the top; and it is stated therein that, thanks to the Virgin of Monte Nero, the town is in perfect health. The legend of this image is as follows: "There was in the Levant a place called Negroponto; near it was a church, in which the miraculous image was adored in former times; but all at once the image took such an affection to the pious inhabitants of Leghorn, that it transported itself miraculously to the shores of this place. This happened in 1345. When the image arrived at the place called Ardenza, it called a shepherd, who was there feeding a flock, and told him to carry it to the next hill, which is called Monte Nero. The shepherd was infirm; but he, nevertheless, took the image, and carried it to the place as desired, in recompense for which he was made whole. Now he went joyfully to Leghorn, recounted what had befallen him with the image, upon which the whole town went to see the wonderful

Madonna. A church was forthwith erected on the spot, as well as a convent, to its honour, and numberless are the miracles which this image has performed. Once they removed it to another church, but it went itself back again to Monte Nero." This fable is devoutly believed by the genuine Roman Catholics. Very often is the town and vicinity of Leghorn posted with placards, inviting the faithful to attend the ceremonies at Monte Nero. The heading of such placards is invariably the following: "Viva la gran madre di Dio Maria di Monte Nero."* So much, my Lord, for Leghorn.

At Florence, there are still two distinct congregations, the B'nay Italia, and the S'phardim. Their respective synagogues are very nice and handsome structures. Some of the Jews are very wealthy indeed. All of them devote themselves to commerce. As far as learning is concerned, Jewish names do not figure there. Florence cannot boast of a single Jew of renown. The once famous Hebrew printing-press does no longer exist there, for the best of reasons—there is no work for it. The Jews of Florence have no taste for literary pursuits.

The number of Jews at Pisa is small; it does not exceed two hundred and fifty. However, there is a synagogue and a Rabbi. The splendid Hebrew printing-press, which but a few years ago was in a very flourishing condition, has also passed away, and for the same reason as that of Florence. I determined to ascend whilst there the famous belfry, built in the twelfth century. The sensation I experienced was of so disagreeable a nature, that I have not as yet got over it. Though it is but one hundred and ninety feet high, I

* The Bishop of Gibraltar showed me a very large placard which adorned the walls of Leghorn, immediately after my leaving it, and which bore the above heading.

never felt so giddy in my life, in which time I have mounted far higher eminences than one hundred and ninety feet, owing no doubt to the extraordinary deviation from the perpendicular—no less than fourteen feet. I felt an almost uncontrollable determination to leap down from it. I do not think I shall ever be tempted to be so high again on it.

I might have lengthened this epistle to a much larger extent, but it would only be with information your Lordship is doubtless acquainted with, such as the state of Protestantism, the effect of the appointment of a Bishop of Gibraltar, the number of English here, &c. &c. I shall therefore say nothing about those particulars. Hoping that your Lordship will consider this epistle an atonement for my apparent forgetfulness, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's, &c.

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## LETTER XVI.

### TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Malta, Sept. 1847.

My Lord Archbishop,

I refrained writing to your Grace hitherto—for I purposed, on my leaving England, to write to you from Marseilles—because that in the letter I received from you, whilst at Paris, you said, "I shall be glad to hear from you, when you are at Malta. Do not inconvenience yourself to write to me ere then, &c.;" which I considered as a gentle and delicate hint not to write before then. But

now I consider myself at perfect liberty to do myself the honour of writing to your Grace. I must confess that I felt rather impatient of doing it, for I was anxious to express my sense of thankfulness for the several notes of introduction which you were so pleased to inclose in your last to me, which I do now. I am convinced that the introductions will be of great service to me in those quarters to which they are directed. I feel your Grace's favour the more grateful because it was unsolicited on my part, and am comparatively but little known to you. May it please your Grace, therefore, to accept my heartfelt gratitude for the letters as well as for the confidence you were pleased to repose in me. Your Grace, however, may depend upon it, that neither shall be abused on my part.

I came here a few days ago from Leghorn, in a French steamer. I made the passage in three days and a night, during which period I experienced both the perils and enjoyments of the sea. I find the following memorandums in my "Evening Notes." Respecting the first day I appear to have written thus: "Not long after the steamer left Leghorn harbour, I experienced what the Psalmist so beautifully and graphically described in Ps. CVII. 23—28. The Lord 'commanded and raised the stormy wind, which lifted up the waves of the sea; they mounted up to heaven, they went down again to the depths, our souls melted because of trouble; we did reel to and fro, and staggered like drunken men, and were at our wits' end.' Just an hour before the storm arose, the whole crew seemed happy and cheerful, apparently smiling in gratitude for the goodness of a benign Creator, the children frolicked joyously on deck; when on a sudden the billows in their strength dashed furiously over our bark, and the shrieks of an affrighted crew rivalled the noise of the mighty

waters. If altogether ignorant of the mysterious ways of God, I should have been tempted to conclude with the unfaithful servant, that the Almighty was an austere Master, but I am thankful that I know that

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.'

"There were many on board, who, regardless of their Omnipotent Benefactor, enjoyed His gracious favours without a word of acknowledgment that those favours were vouchsafed by a Father of mercies and God of love. This I knew: I watched, therefore, several passengers, though far from well myself, and I soon heard them 'cry unto the Lord in their trouble.' The sea grew more and more tempestuous, and raged most furiously the remainder of yesterday and the whole of last night, so that almost all on board were nearly sick unto death. But thanks be to the Captain of our salvation, who brought us out this morning from our distress. He made the sea calm, so that the waves thereof are still; and all on board seem grateful to their mighty Deliverer. This circumstance furnished a deeply-interesting subject for conversation amongst all the passengers."

As regards my last day at sea, I find the following entry in my "Evening Notes." "The whole of this day we enjoyed very much. It was the most lovely day we had whilst at sea. I watched, this morning, the

rising sun, which was exceedingly grand and sublime. I wish I could describe it. I compared to myself the first golden streaks of light, which laced the Sardinian mountain peaks, to the dawn of revelation; for, while a few high places were irradiated, a thick mist rested on the valleys, as well as on the sea; but the sun rose higher and higher, and the noontide illuminated with its brilliancy every valley as well as every mountain, so that a flood of light covered the earth, as the waters covered the depths of the sea. So it was, and so it is with revelation; it grew brighter and brighter, until the Sun of Righteousness appeared, and was made manifest unto all men. But it has not arrived as yet at the culminating point of brightness. We look yet forward to that glorious and blessed period when the whole world shall be filled with the knowledge of the Redeemer, and with the brightness of His coming, as the waters cover the great sea. With Bishop Heber, I say, therefore:

'Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.'"

I wonder did the first Bishop of Calcutta indite this beautiful hymn at sea, whilst on his way to his sphere of missionary work.

I copied the above two extracts from my journal in order to give your Grace an idea of the weather I experienced whilst

at sea, as also of the reflections which a voyage is likely to inspire the Bible-reading sailor with. I almost think that the Psalmist was personally acquainted with maritime expeditions, and spoke from experience, when he said:

> "They that go down to the sea in ships,
> That do business in great waters:
> These see the works of the Lord,
> And his wonders in the deep." *

Your Grace intimated, in your kind epistle, a wish to know my "views with respect to the controversy which was started upwards of a century ago, about the identity of Malta and Melita of Acts xxviii. 1." I confess that my views on the question have considerably changed, since I came here. I have till then read only the works and arguments against the identity, and felt also influenced by a passing remark of Lord Lindsay—a nobleman for whom I entertain the highest esteem and respect. His Lordship, in his second letter to his mother, the Countess of Balcarres, observes laconically, but significantly: "This is not the Melita where St. Paul was wrecked;" I came therefore to this island a thorough sceptic in the identity, and decidedly inclined to espouse the negative view. But I have now read both sides of the question, and have therefore arrived at a different, or rather the opposite, conclusion. I need hardly tell your Grace that the opinion that the Melita of Scripture is not this island, but that of Meleda in the Adriatic, was first propounded by a monk, about one hundred and twenty years ago, Padre Georgi by name, in consequence of a pique against the Maltese, who expelled him from the island. Up to his

* Ps. cvii. 23.

time, there seems to have been only one opinion on the subject. Padre Georgi, however, was not permitted to promulgate his new-fangled theory uncontradicted. A warm controversy was set on foot about it, which lasted thirty years; and it appears to me now that Malta in the Mediterranean is incontrovertibly entitled to be considered the island on which the great Apostle of the Gentiles was wrecked. I have just finished reading a work by a certain Gravanti, published in 1763. The title of the work will give your Grace an idea of its contents: "Critica de' Critici Moderni, Che dall' Anno 1730 infino al 1760. Scrissero sulla Controversia del Naufragio di S. Paolo Apostolo, descritto ne' Capi 27 e 28 degli Atti Apostolici."

I consider this volume an effectual settler of the question. Nevertheless, many remained unconvinced, for since the year 1763, numerous pamphlets have sprung up, echoing Padre Georgi's theories, many of which I read before I set foot on this island. The authors of those pamphlets talk very learnedly about navigation, geography, and criticism; they discuss longitude and latitude; they examine the literal signification of ὑπεπλεύσαμεν, Acts xxvii. 4; the force of ἤδη, (verse 9), as well as the construction of κατ' αὐτῆς and Εὐροκλύδων, of verse 14, and then embellish their remarks with a few quotations from Virgil and Horace, &c., &c.; but I found out that Georgi is their oracle. I have had opportunities, since I came here, of examining all the arguments advanced against St. Paul's visiting this island, and discovered in each and every one of them too palpably—what is popularly called—"a begging of the question." I shall, however, give your Grace in this letter a brief sketch of all the objections raised against this

island, as touching St. Paul's shipwreck. After Bryant and Hales have done their duty in the opposition camp, an anonymous writer published a "Dissertation of the Voyage of St. Paul," in which that writer also objects to this island being the Melita of the Acts. This writer, however, contrived to put all his objections "in a nut-shell," as the saying is, and therefore facilitates examination and refutation.

I. This island cannot be the Melita of Scripture, for it lies at a considerable distance from the Adriatic Sea, in which sea the Apostle was tossed about.

II. The Melita of Scripture must be Meleda, for it lies nearer the mouth of the Adriatic than any other island of that sea, and would, of course, be more likely to receive the wreck of any vessel driven by tempests towards that quarter. And it lies north-west by north of the south-west promontory of Crete, and came nearly in the direction of a storm from the south-east quarter.

III. "An obscure island, called Melita, whose inhabitants were 'barbarous,'" was not applicable to the celebrity of Malta at that time, which Cicero represents as abounding in curiosities and riches, and possessing a remarkable manufacture of the finest linen.

IV. The fact of a viper, or venemous snake, fastening there on St. Paul's hand, agrees with the damp and woody island of Meleda, affording shelter and proper nourishment for such; but not with the dry and rocky island of Malta, in which there are no serpents now, and none in the time of Pliny.

V. The disease with which the father of Publius was affected (Acts xxviii. 8), dysentry combined with fever, might well suit a country woody and damp, and, probably,

for want of draining, exposed to the putrid effluvia of confined moisture, but was not likely to affect a dry, rocky, and remarkably healthy island like Malta.

Now for the value of the arguments, one by one.

I. In olden times the whole sea between Greece, Italy and Africa, was called the Adriatic Sea, so that it comprehended the Ionian, Cretan and Sicilian Seas. Ptolemy says, "that Sicily was bounded on the east, ὑπο του Αδριου, and that Crete was compassed on the west ὑπο του Αδριατικου πελαγους:" and Strabo says, that the Ionian Gulf, μερος ἐστι του νῦν Αδριου λεγομενου. Of course your Grace is acquainted with Bochart, who is a great authority on sacred geography. Hesychius says, "Ionium mare quod nunc Adria." Procopius says, "Insulæ Gaulus (Gozo) et Melita Adriaticum et Tuscum pelagus disterminant." So much for the soundness and cogency of the first argument.

II. First, the mouth of the Adriatic must be proved to have been the spot where St. Paul was tossed about, before we can take into consideration the question as to which of the islands he was driven. Secondly, the anonymous writer, following in the footsteps of former writers, takes for granted what is not true, viz., that Εὐροκλύδων is the south-east wind, and then arrives at the conclusion he wishes to do. This word seems to be a solecism, and consequently afforded the *savans* of different countries scope for speculation. For instance Grotius, Bochart, Hammond and others, proposed to read it Ευροακυλων, as it is rendered by the vulgar, that is, the north-east wind, because, if we observe the course the ship made from the Fair Havens, which lie on the eastern part of Crete, to the Island of Malta, we shall see that it required exactly such a wind to drive her thither. But this explanation may seem a

*principium petens.* What account can then be given of the expression. The nearest approach to it is Euroclydon, given in a citation of Baisson, which seems to mean violently tempestuous. Several other writers have shown that the Εὐροκλύδων was a kind of hurricane or whirlwind, often shifting its quarters and tossing poor mariners backwards and forwards.* This exactly coincides with what the Italian sailors call a *tuffone*, and the English a *Levanter* which blows from the north-east and east, and is the most boisterous and tempestuous wind in the Mediterranean, especially during the autumnal equinox, the time St. Paul was at sea.

III. The ancient Egyptians,† Greeks and Romans considered all other nations barbarians, because they did not understand their languages. Hence St. Paul also says, "If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian to me."‡

IV. Another assertion contrary to fact. Snakes as long as six feet are often seen in the island, and of smaller dimensions are very common here. It is true they are harmless; whether they always were so, I will not take upon myself to say. I do not see any improbability that one of those creatures should have fastened on the Apostle; and perhaps the uncommon way in which it laid hold on him induced the natives to come to the conclusion they did.

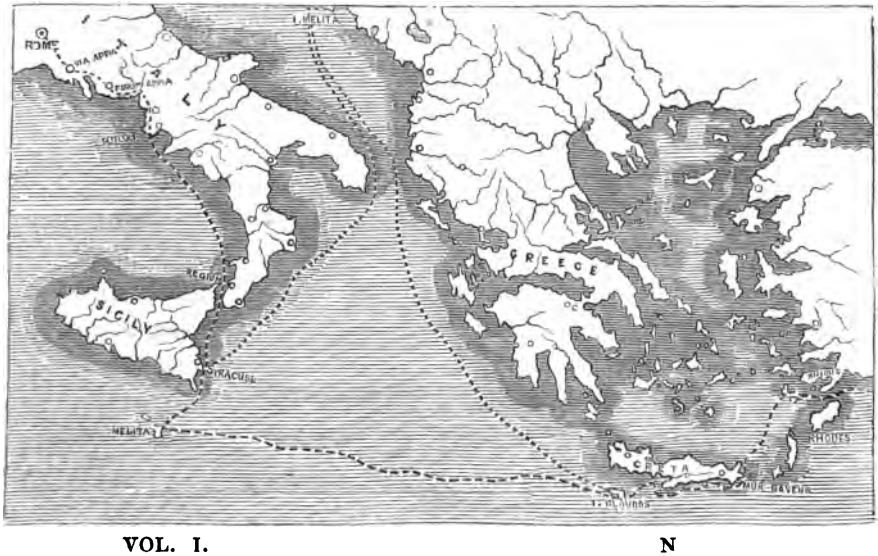
V. It is a well-known fact that the very disease with which Publius was afflicted is by no means uncommon in

* See Badger's "Description of Malta and Gozo."

† Herodotus, lib. II.

‡ 1 Cor. XIV. 11.

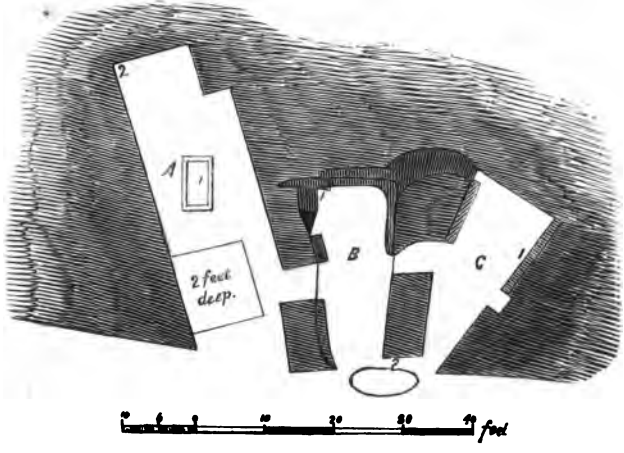
Malta during autumn. So much for the conclusiveness and force of the arguments. Let us now, my Lord, follow St. Paul on his voyage from Melita to Rome. We read that he first went to Syracuse, then Rhegium; now Reggio is on the southern point of Calabria, and next to Puteoli, in the vicinity of the present Naples. This is a straightforward course in going from Malta to Rome; but if Meleda in the Adriatic be meant, then the course of the vessel was a most unnatural one; first to have gone down to Syracuse, and then have turned back again to Reggio. The above considerations, when taken together with the tradition which existed amongst the natives, are too powerful not to have upset the scepticism which beset my mind before I came here. I trust I succeeded in conveying to your Grace an explicit statement of my views on a subject respecting which you did me the honour to ask my humble opinion. The accompanying little map, I trust, will be found an interesting auxiliary to the consideration of the question. I, therefore, enclose it herewith.



I shall now take the liberty to add, of my own accord, my opinions respecting some of the antiquities of this island. A short time before my arrival at this place, a discovery was made of an antiquated subterranean temple near Citta Vecchia. It was excavated under the direction of William Winthrop, Esq., American Consul at Malta, and Walter Lock, Esq., an English officer. I consider these gentlemen entitled to the best thanks of all those interested in archæology. The discovery consists of a triple cave, hewn out in the solid rock, into the side of the descent to a valley, which forms part of the garden of the Roman Catholic Bishop of this island. The cavity consists of three large compartments, each penetrating into the other by parallel quadrangular rectangular excavations. Through the kindness of Mr. Winthrop, I was enabled to examine the chambers leisurely for several days, and that by the morning sun-light. I will first give your Grace a simple description of the contents of the respective chambers, and my opinions respecting the same. The masonic symbols were put up by the two gentlemen who cleared the chambers of the *débris* and rubbish with which they were stopped up. The following drawing will give your Grace an idea of the ground-plan of the interior of the respective chambers.

I begin with the one to the left, by which I always entered. This compartment contains an oblong square altar, surrounded by four trenches. The centre chamber contains two rows of seats—in the passage leading to the right-hand chamber—one above the other; and the vestiges of a carved human figure, with a long branched wand in its hand, as well as a representation of the moon, all of which can be traced on a column which occupies the left-hand inner corner. The right-hand chamber contains the vestiges of a human figure, and a fish-tailed goat. These

traces of carving I did not observe for several days; but a couple of days ago, the morning sun was so auspicious as to send me a brilliant beam of light to illuminate that wall and to brighten my eyes; and then it was that I first traced the faint vestiges of those figures, of which I am very glad, as it opened quite new views to my mind respecting the original use of this temple.




The chamber A, I consider to have been the place where sacrifices were offered up. The altar (No. 1) seems to have been constructed on the principle Elijah constructed his, when he confronted the prophets of Baal. Probably the idolators thought that there was some peculiar virtue in such a style of altar-building, and imitated it.* There can be no doubt that the trenches were intended for water, for even now there is always some water in them. It moreover appears very plainly that there was once a running spring into them, which was probably subsequently intercepted by excavating for water in the garden above. A

* 1 Kings xviii. 32—35.

little water still exudes from the left-hand inner corner of the chamber, (see No. 2.) The chamber B, I consider to have been an oratory for the people. I have already stated that this chamber contains the vestiges of a human figure, with a long branched wand in its hand, as well as the representation of the moon, which was carved on a column occupying the left-hand inner corner, (see No. 1). That figure I consider to represent a priest in the attitude of consecrating the idol אשרה, *Ashayrah*, to the moon. You see, my Lord, I do not adopt the translation of the English Bible for that word. I agree with the learned Hebrew author of במות בעל, "*Bamoth Baal*,"* that the אשרה of the Scripture does not mean a grove of trees, that it had no correspondence with the groves of sacred trees mentioned by Æschylus, Sophocles, Lucan, &c., as having stood in the vicinities of the sacred edifices of Greece; by which our translators evidently appear to have been influenced in their translation of the Hebrew word אשרה or אשרים. It is to be regretted that our translators were not a little more acquainted with the Canaanitish or Chaldean mythology. The word Ashayrah might then probably have obtained its full value in the English Bible. It must be confessed, however, that this could not have been done without a considerable amount of circumlocution. But it would have been far more preferable than to have introduced such incongruities, as the translators have done, by a false translation.

* A Hebrew work of great research, written by a young Italian Jew. The author gives his title-page in Hebrew and Latin. The following is a copy of the title, in the latter language:—"De Culte Baal seu de Origine et Progressu Idolatriæ de qua in Sacra Scriptura præcipue agitur tractatus, additur Lexicon in quo continentur Nomina Idolorum quæ in Veteri Testamento inveniuntur cum interpretatione et significatione rerum." The author makes good the promises of his title-page.

The Hebrew language, my Lord, is, after all, the most beautiful, as well as the most comprehensive. I take upon myself, in the first place, to translate אשרה, or אשרים, "blesser," or "blessers;" and, in the second place, to offer the following brief explanation. The Ashayrah was an astrological symbol, made in the shape of a tree. It represented the mysterious system of fluxes of stellas, of that of the lunar influence, to which the judicial astrology of the Chaldeans looked up for celestial light, and on whose supposed agency it depended for existence. It was also intended to express generally the heavenly host—those orderly degrees of spiritual intelligences, which the ancient Eastern nations, and even some modern, have supposed to be ensphered in the stars, marshalled and led on by Baal Saba.

The first glimpse I got of this view was in my childhood, when I was confined to the study of the Pentateuch, and confined only to the sacred tongue. The passage which exercised my mind particularly, when but young, was the following:

לֹא תִטַּע לְךָ אֲשֵׁרָה כָּל־עֵץ אֵצֶל מִזְבַּח יְהוָה
אֱלֹהֶיךָ אֲשֶׁר תַּעֲשֶׂה לָךְ׃*

I translate it, literally, thus: "Thou shalt not plant thee an *Ashayrah* of any wood, by the altar of the Lord thy God, which thou shalt make for thee." And the similar passage† shows its connexion with altar worship. When I began to read the latter books of the Bible, historical and prophetical, I was struck with the position of some of the אשרים and came to the early conclusion that the word could not possibly mean natural groves. But when I was permitted to be initiated into the arcana of the science of Jewish Cabbalah, I found, to my delight, that the universal

* Deut. xvi. 21. † Ib. xvii. 2, 3.

mundane system was represented by a tree. I came, therefore, to the conclusion, years ago, that the Ashayrah of the Bible was an artificial tree of the kind. I felt, therefore, no small interest, when I became conversant with English literature, in Sir William Drummond's work, "Œdipus Judaicus," in which I met with several passages concurring with my views. I quote the following for your Grace, though you doubtless possess a copy of all the learned Baronet's works.

"A fruit-tree," observes Sir William Drummond, "was certainly a symbol of the starry heavens, and the fruits typified the constellations. In ancient astronomical monuments of the Persians, fruit-trees are generally represented. We see traces of this in the mythology of the Greeks, and especially in the astronomical allegory concerning the golden apples brought by Hercules from the gardens of the Hesperides. In the thirty-six decans taken from the Egyptian astrologers, frequent allusions are made to fruit-trees and fruits.

"On the ancient coins, and other monuments of the Tsabaists, and even of the Israelites, we see fruit-trees represented.* The Sephiroth of the stabbalis was disposed in the form of a tree; and, of course, under this form they intended to represent the universal system. The fruit-tree mentioned in the Apocalypse, has been supposed by some to be a type of the zodiac, as it bore twelve fruits, and one each month. In the Apocryphal Gospel of Eve, spoken of by St. Epihanius, it is said that the Tree of Life bore one apple each month. The Arabians typify the zodiac by a fruit-tree; and on the twelve

* I picked up an ancient shekel, whilst in Palestine, which has on the obverse the representation of a tree, and the words ירושלים הקדושה, "Jerusalem the holy;" and on the reverse the figure of a cup, with the words שקל ישראל, "The shekel of Israel."

branches of this tree, the stars are depicted as clusters of fruit. The Cabbalists represent the Tree of Life as marked with the emblems of the zodiac, and as bearing twelve fruits. When we consider these things, together with the reverence of the Tsabaists for groves and trees, we shall hardly doubt that trees, and especially fruit-trees, were symbols of the starry heavens."

The sight, therefore, of traces of an image of the above description brought my earlier thoughts on the subject to my recollection, and a little reflection made me decide that the branched wand observed in the chamber under consideration, was intended for nothing more nor less than the Ashayrah of Scripture, mis-translated "grove."

In the passage from the centre chamber to the right-hand one (see No. 2), there are two rows of seats, one above the other, both at the end, and a part of the sides. The walls are incurvated at the back of the seats, to afford more ease and comfort to the persons for whom the seatings were intended.

The chamber C, I consider to have been the one by which the principal officers entered, and for whom, most probably, the seats (No. 2) in the passage were provided. The right-hand wall of this chamber contains the vestiges of a human figure, and close to it those of the fish-tailed goat, which I take to be some astrological record, but as it is incomplete, it is no use speculating about it. I need not tell your Grace that the fish-tailed goat, was the Capricorn of the Babylonian zodiac, as may be seen in the representations of the zodiac of Dendera.* Taking the above few

* On my return from the East, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a brother clergyman, of a very scientific turn of mind—the Rev. St. Vincent Beechy, of Fleetwood. In the course of our conversation, I related to him my views on the above subjects. My friend exclaimed, "Well, you will be able to enlighten

particulars into account, one must come to the conclusion, that the recently-discovered subterranean temple was the workmanship of some of the earliest inhabitants of this island. It is not at all unlikely that the Egyptians—if not the Phœnicians—worshipped in it. Dr. C. Vassallo, the Government Librarian, arrived at the same conclusion, though from different premises.*

me a little on the subject, I have just been reading 'Landseer's Sabæan Researches,' and feel considerably puzzled about it." He produced Landseer, which book I saw for the first time, who has a very elaborate essay on the same theme. Mr. B. could not part with the volume, so that I could not form a comprehensive view of that author's theories. After much difficulty, I obtained the loan of a copy of the "Sabæan Researches," from the Liverpool Lyceum Library, and find that Landseer took much the same view I take on the subject, and seems to have drawn much from Hebrew sources. He gives, moreover, impressions of two cylinders, which

he got from different parts of the East, which I copy here, as it may throw some light on the traces of the centre chamber in the recently discovered temple at Malta.

* I find Dr. Vassallo's theories published in the "Literary Gazette" for 1847, p. 706. Impartial inquirers may like to have both views on the interesting subject; I subjoin, therefore, the article on it from that journal:

"The latest journals make farther mention of the ancient cham-

There is one more particular which I wish to notice in this my epistle to your Grace, which shall form the conclu-

bers recently discovered near Citta Vecchia, which Dr. Vassallo, the Government Librarian, considers, from the squareness of the forms, to be an excavated Egyptian temple, of the time of Psammetichus, about seven centuries B.C. The annexed are the only essential points in the description. The reliefs on the sides and ceiling appear, at first sight, to be the mere traces of the implement with which the excavations were made; but a more attentive examination reveals the fact, that they are the abraded remains of a particular species of ornamental *bas-reliefs*, of the nature of which no precise traces now remain. The greater part of them have been evidently disposed in circles, a mode in which no one hews into a rock for the mere purposes of excavation. Besides which, the identations or cuts, at times three together, are so near each other as to negative the hand of one merely striving to remove the rock in order to make a hollow in it; for the softness of the stone is such that one blow alone would have removed a portion of the rock of greater dimensions than the space in which the three cuts would, in such case, indicate three blows to have been given. Dr. Vassallo observed the figure of a dog (perhaps an ubis) on the wall. We observed traces ourselves of the carved representations of some animal at two spots, but they were very faint ones. This temple has three compartments or chambers, with an entrance to each. Looking at them from without, the right-hand one was evidently that by which the chief personages had their ingress; the centre chamber, that of the performance of rites; the left excavation, that where water was made use of. At the bottom of the right-hand chamber, in a passage between it and the internal end of the centre one, two rows of seats are placed, one above the other, both at the end and at a part of the sides. On these seats it is evident that those occupying them occasionally stood erect, to enable them to do which, the roof over them is cut about a couple of inches higher than the rest of it, and over seven feet high. The walls are incurvated at the back of the seats, to afford more conveniency of sitting. The principal seat would appear to have been against a square column, cut out of the rock, with faces parallel to the sides of the chamber, and occupying th left-hand inner corner of it; and on a part of this column something would appear to have been cut, perhaps some figure of a deity

sion to this already lengthy letter. It is a stupendous ruin, lately excavated, near Casal Crendi, towards the south-east extremity of this island. The antiquarian world owe a debt of gratitude to Sir H. Bouverie for directing attention towards the complete disinterment of it, by which correct information was obtained as to its various dimensions, so that, through the industry and talent of a Mr. Vance, to whom the superintendence of the excavation was intrusted, the once irregular rows of hewn and unhewn blocks have given place to a regularly constructed building, exceeding,

of secrecy, probably Harpocrates. This was evidently a sacrificing-chamber. The floor is inclined towards the entrance, where was a pit, no doubt to receive the blood of the victims immolated, and the water used in cleansing the place; while above is a long cut or groove in the roof, increasing in width towards the entrance, to allow the escape of smoke. The other chamber, *i. e.* the left-hand one, looking at them from without, was to contain water, and no doubt there was once there a running spring, very probably subsequently intercepted by excavating for water in the gardens above. A little water still exudes from the left-hand inner corner of the chamber, sufficient to keep it constantly muddy; and the rock at that corner has become extremely hard by the absorption of carbonic acid. A basin for water is cut out of the rock in this chamber, in the middle of which is a narrow place to stand upon, with grooves to allow the water to pass through it. The water here might have served for the ablution of sacrifices, or the middle room might perhaps have been used for the judges sitting in judgment on the dead, in order to decide whether they should enjoy the rites of burial; and the water in the other room might have been symbolical of the lake over which Charon carried them for that purpose, in the then mother country, in his boat.

"We think it a pity that the land in front of this triple excavation is not removed for a short distance, in order to bring to our knowledge whether anything was constructed before it, which we think highly probable. Indeed, the man who rents the field states, that once a massive wall was found near, under-ground; and that this attracted attention to the three entrances, then nearly entirely covered up."

in the style of its architecture and the variety of its furniture, anything yet discovered in this island. The general outline of the structure resembles two parallel compressed rhomboids, of unequal length, dividing into several apartments, leading one into another, with a number of appendant minor enclosures, of a circular, or oval form, branching off from the main limit of the edifice. The extreme area measures one hundred and five feet by seventy feet. The outer wall averages ten feet in height, and is constructed of one tier of immense stones, chiefly hewn, placed vertically on their lesser base, and joined together, in many instances, with great exactness. Without this enclosure, at the southern extremity, stand four colossal slabs, from fourteen to twenty feet high, and covering a line of twenty-seven feet by their united width.

The chief entrance appears to have been from the south-east, opposite to which is one of smaller dimensions, and another by a gradual descent of a few steps through the enclosure. The secondary chambers are also furnished with entrances, preceded by a pair of broad stairs, in the lower of which are two holes, about thirty inches in circumference, in shape something resembling two obtuse inverted cones, cut out with tolerable skill.

The first grand entrance of the building, on entering from the south-east, is divided into three almost equal parts, by two corresponding partitions, each containing a door-way connecting the chambers together. In the central square division is an oblong stone, placed upright in a rude niche, with a shelf below, and bearing the figure of two serpents encompassing the lower section of an oval body. Close by it is a small pilaster, in the sides of which are four wide grooves, each bearing a basso-relief design of a tree, perhaps intended to represent the Ashayrah. The second grand section is connected with that already

described by an opening in the wall which separates them, and is less complicate, having fewer divisions. The area to the right of the entrance is slightly declivitous, until it reaches a circular row of stone slabs, four feet high, gradually inclining outwards towards the top, so forming a species of basin, with a narrow aperture left in the circumference. On either side of the wall towards the left, are two rude cells, the roofs of which are each formed of a single stone, and supported chiefly by the wall over which they hang. The above is but an imperfect sketch of the most colossal remains of a once magnificent edifice.

The ruins exercised the minds of the most scientific men with conjectures and theories, about their origin; and it may perhaps appear presumptuous in me to differ from such men as Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Professor Orioli of Bologna, &c. &c.; but as nothing can be said with absolute certainty, I hope to be borne with by your Grace. All agree in referring these ruins to be a building of a very remote period, reaching far back into the ages preceding the advent of Christ. Various, however, are the views taken respecting the use of the structure. May I venture to opine that the ruins are the vestiges of an edifice which belonged to the very first inhabitants of this little world, viz., the Phœnicians? Who knows but that those people were akin to the Emims—"a people great and many, and tall as the Anakims,"—who inhabited Moab in the time of Abraham?*

Several are the derivations which critics have conjectured respecting the appellation of Gebel Khem, which is given to the ruins, by some termed Hagiar Khem —the former is more common. Some think that "mountain of Ham" is the meaning of the former; they make Gebel to be the Arabic word for mountain, and Khem,

* Deut. II. 10.

a corruption of the Hebrew word חם, *Cham* or *Ham*, the name of the youngest son of Noah, whose descendants are supposed to have peopled Egypt, and hence the ruins are the remains of a temple, in which Ham was worshipped; as that patriarch was deified by the Egyptians, and considered the fountain of light. Others again, consider both words Arabic, and render them "mountain of worship." A third party prefer the name of Hegiar Khem to speculate upon, and translate the appellation "the upright stone." It pleases me to consider that both words in the appellation are of Phœnician origin, and signify, in the Tyrian language, "the appointed land-mark," or "raised landmark," such would be the literal translation of the Phœnician words גבל קם, *Gebel* or *Gebul Kam*. The ruins, therefore, I conjecture to be the relics of a structure erected either for the purpose of a watch-tower, or land-mark. Its situation supports the theory, standing close to the sea, and on a very eminent position. I would venture, moreover, to opine that the subterranean triple temple, and the original of these ruins were made in the same era; the former for religious purposes, and the latter for civil. I trust your Grace will kindly excuse the imperfect manner in which I state my views. I have but little time for writing at present: the principal occupation of a traveller—during his peregrinations—is seeing, hearing, and thinking. In fact, I should have written nothing about Malta, until all my ideas became matured and confirmed by more thought and reflection, but I have done it in compliance with your Grace's wishes, and am confident that you will make due allowances for the imperfections, both of style and sound criticism.

I have the honour, my Lord Archbishop,

To subscribe myself, &c.

## LETTER XVII.

### TO MIRIAM NAOMI ESTHER.

Malta, Sept. 1847.

My dear Miriam,

You will no doubt be looking out for a letter from your papa, from this pretty little island, and I should be very sorry indeed to disappoint you. But the difficulty I have to contend with is the choosing of a suitable subject for an epistle to a young lady at school. It occurred to me, you might be pleased with a brief sketch of the history of this spot, which might prove both interesting and instructive. I intend to tell you nothing about the geography of this island; for this, I presume, you have learned already at school.

An old anonymous writer observed, with reference to the history of Malta, that "the imaginary sallies of philosophers and poets disguising the truth of a common origin under ingenious allegories, applauded by the variety of people, and intending to trace the formation of societies, the foundation of cities, and the creation of empires to the children of the gods, render the history of Malta, in common with that of all other nations, obscured by fable." Whoever said it, spoke the truth. It is supposed that Homer—the prince of Greek poets—is the first that ever noticed it under the name of the "Island of Hyperia," which was, according to his statement, first peopled by the Phœcians, a race of giants:

> . . . . . "whose haughty line
> Is mixt with gods, half human, half divine."

The name of the Governor of that time was Euromidon. This extraordinary race of men—who are described as

having "admired nothing so much as romantic adorations,"—are supposed to have been the architects and builders of Gebel Khem, near Casal Crendi; of the Giant's Tower, in the neighbouring island of Gozo; and the huge tombs of the Benjemma hills, where their dust is now mingling with that of their common mother earth. The fable-mongers further say, that after Euromidon died, he was succeeded by one of his sons, Nanthisous by name, who, as soon as he got into power, rebelled against Jupiter, and soon after reaped the fruit of his rashness: he was obliged to leave his territory, and take refuge in Scheria, or Marcion, the modern Corfu. It is under the Phœcian dynasty, that Calypso is fabled to have kept Ulysses for seven years, in a cave, in this island; and the fable itself did not escape controversy, for some maintain that Gozo was the favoured spot of that charming goddess's abode.

Of course, all this is fictitious, yet fiction may have sometimes fact for its foundation.

In the days of our Patriarch Abraham, there existed a giant race which occupied many parts between the Nile and the Euphrates. The race was known as the Anakim, or giants, who dwelt at Hebron, in the hill country of Judah—as the Emim, who possessed the country east of the Dead Sea, afterwards Moab—as the Zamzummim, who dwelt in, what was afterwards called, Ammon.

You will be obliged, dear Miriam, to refer to a couple of passages in the Bible. Compare Genesis XIV. 5, with Deut. II. 10, 11, 20, 21. It is not very improbable that the fabler had the descendants of that race in view, who may have come thus far, after they and their country had been given "to the children of Lot for a possession." This circumstance may account why this island went

once by the name of Ogygia. Was not Og a great name amongst those Anakims? "Og, the King of Bashan," for instance, who "remained of the remnant of the giants." All this, however, is only conjecture. Let us, therefore, take leave of the Phœcian dynasty, and contemplate the people who are supposed to have possessed this island next.

B. C. 1519, the Phœnicians cruising along the Mediterranean, accidentally alighted upon Malta, and finding that the island possessed good harbours, a rich soil and a temperate climate, landed three or four hundred of their people, and turned it into one of their colonies. They erected here several temples, viz.: to Juno, Isis, Osiris. The heathen, in their blindness, you know, worship "gods many, and lords many;" and when a nation had not a sufficient number of their own, they borrowed some from other countries. Accordingly, the Phœnicians worshipped the Egyptian gods as well as their own. There are, moreover, good grounds for believing that Malta was once in possession of the Egyptians themselves, in the time of King Psammetichus, contemporaneous with Josiah, King of Judah. In the time of the Order, that is, when the Knights domineered over this island, a gold case was dug up in the island, containing a lamina of gold, rolled up, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, which would seem to argue that this island was once an Egyptian colony.

About 700 years B. C. the Greeks invaded this enviable spot, expelled the Phœnicians and peopled it with their own children, made themselves master of it, and changed the name of Ogygia into Melita. According to the general custom of the Greeks, namely, to build a temple to Apollo after the achievement of any conquest, they

erected a temple to the patron god of the fine arts at Citta Vecchia; but its place knoweth it no more. Its site is now used as the area of a public square.

Whilst the Greeks occupied this island—a period of two hundred years—the inhabitants were at first governed by a high priest, who bore the name of Hierothites; but latterly by Archons, who excercised the same power as those of ancient Athens. B.C. 528, the Carthaginians, probably the descendants of the Phœnicians, who were driven out of this island by the Greeks, determined to gain possession of Melita. They invaded it, and conquered it. The victors, however, dealt kindly with the vanquished ones, and indulged them in every possible way, and for more than a whole century they lived together in the greatest harmony. During the first Punic war, which lasted no less than twenty-one years, Melita was attacked, and its inhabitants plundered most unmercifully by Attilus Regulus; and the island was at last seized by Caius Cornelius. It would appear, however, that the Carthaginians soon recovered the mastery over the island; as it is certain that two hundred and eighteen years B.C. Malta was again invaded by the Romans, and Caius Lutatius again reduced the Carthaginians to the Roman sceptre. However, Lutatius did not totally establish the Roman power here; this was left to Sempronius, who accomplished in all its fulness the victory over Malta, and firmly planted the Roman standard in this island also.

The Carthaginians left many substantial vestiges here; their language is supposed to be still spoken—with a mixture of Italian—by the modern Maltese, a specimen of which I will give you when I tell you about the infant school here. Traces of many ruins bring the existence of the Carthaginians, in this place, vividly before the antiquarian

traveller's mind. The Romans swayed their sceptre here most mildly. They greatly encouraged commerce and manufacture. Linen and cotton cloths of the finest texture were made here, and sent to Rome, where they were considered great articles of luxury, and found a ready sale. I cherish a hope that you will ere long be able to read Latin fluently, in which language the ancient history of Malta must be read. It is scattered through the writings of Diodorus, Cicero, Pliny, &c. It was whilst Melita was under the government of Rome that St. Paul was thrown ashore here.

The death of Constantine proved the prelude of the dismemberment of the Roman dominions. In that vast wreck of empire, as the Vandals and Goths followed each other with their desolating hordes, and swept the City upon Seven Hills with the besom of destruction, they successively rolled the tide of conquest over the waves of the Mediterranean, and laid their grasp upon prostrate Malta. The former enjoyed it only for about ten years; but the latter, who having come with great force from Italy and Sicily, subjugated their predecessor usurpers, and governed the island for nearly a century. But an empire, mighty in battle, had risen up in the East; and A.D. 553, Belisarius—who was on his way to Africa to drive out the Vandals from thence—landed here, chased out the savage Goths, and attached Malta once more to the Roman empire. A.D. 870, the Saracens invaded and conquered this island. The vanquished ones, however, made a desperate effort, and reconquered it soon after, and held possession of the island for thirty-four years; but A.D. 904, the Arabs completely subjugated the inhabitants of this island, and altogether destroyed the power of the vanquished. The Arab Emir made Citta Vecchia his Medina.

About the end of the eleventh century, Malta was taken by the Normans, and Count Roger—son of the distinguished Tancred de Hauteville—the conquering hero, was proclaimed King of Sicily as well as of Malta. His son, Roger II., enjoyed likewise the kingdom of Malta; after the death of the latter it passed into German possession, in consequence of the matrimonial alliance which took place between his only daughter Constance—to whom he bequeathed this island—and Henry VI. of the house of Swabia. The island, therefore, was under German dominion, or rather under German bondage, for the space of seventy-two years. The Maltese were liberated from the galling yoke of their oppressors in the days of Pope Urban IV., who—with characteristic interference—absolved the Maltese from allegiance to their sovereign. Manfred, son of Frederick II., occupied the throne at the time. Soon after the Pope's absolution of loyalty, Malta became the possession of the King of Naples, who granted it to a French officer, and with it the title of Count; but he only enjoyed it for a short time. Soon after the victory—more properly the villanous stratagems—of Charles, the memorable conspiracy of the Sicilian vespers took place, whereby the King of Naples lost Sicily, along with Malta. A.D. 1428, the Maltese subscribed thirty thousand florins to have their island united to the kingdom of Sicily. Alphonso was then King, who readily granted the solicitude of the petitioners, and bestowed upon them many privileges. A.D. 1533, Charles V. ceded this island and that of Gozo to the valorous Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had been a few years previously, after the most deadly struggle with the Saracens, expelled from Rhodes. Here the Knights erected a temporal and spiritual dominion, and replenished Malta with stupendous palaces, beautiful

churches, magnificent castles, splendid towers, and invincible forts. Solyman, who was as implacable an enemy of the Christians as were the immediate successors of Mohammed, assayed to crush the remnant of the poor Knights settled here, as he did at Rhodes, but happily not with the same success. Mustapha, Pacha of Buda, and the famous corsair of Dragut, besieged Malta for four months, but such was the matchless valour and prowess of the Knights, that they compelled the enemy to betake himself to flight, minus thirteen thousand men. The Knights then prospered, improved the island, and governed it in comparative peacefulness till 1798.

A few years before that period, however, the funds and revenue of the Knights began to decrease at an alarming rate. The different countries which contributed towards the maintenance of the Order, discontinued doing so. France made the commencement, and other nations followed the example set them. The last Grand Master, Hompesch, was compelled to melt the plate of the galleys, in order to be able to coin some money. The origin of the poor Knights' misfortunes was the envious disposition of the French, who set their heart upon getting possession of the island; and the French Knights were as traitorous, as their countrymen were covetous.

Before Napoleon set sail from Toulon for Egypt, the French Knights preconcerted to surrender the island to their countrymen. They took advantage of the imbecility of Hompesch, and found it not very difficult to get him to consent to send out to the rising Corsican—who was then only General Bonaparte—the standard of the Order; so that Malta in 1798, became the possession of the French. Those new rulers, according to their uncontrollable propensity, did not pass here many weeks before they began

to plunder the churches of their most valuable ornaments, by which conduct the new masters rendered themselves so odious in the sight of the Maltese, that they could not bear to see them. It would appear that the priesthood was not ignorant of the rapacious disposition of the French soldiery; and as the Church of St. John was decidedly the richest, they made some provision for averting a total spoliation. For instance, the railing before the chapel of the Madonna being of solid silver, was painted over with wood colour, in order to evade detection. A circumstance is recorded, which shows that the organ of acquisitiveness was then already very largely developed in the *soi-disant* Emperor of France. The same church gloried in the possession of one of St. John's identical hands. The middle finger of that hand was decorated by a most invaluable large diamond ring; the poor Knights, before quitting the island, asked for permission to take the hand with them; Napoleon was generous enough to allow the removal of the relic, but took the diamond ring into his own custody. No wonder, therefore, that the French, from the highest to the lowest, should have been detested by the Maltese. The natives mustered courage and firmness, and compelled all the French to shut themselves up in Valetta—the metropolis of this island, and held a council, at which Captain Alexander Ball, of the British Royal Navy, was asked to preside, and the Maltese there and then ceded the island to Great Britain. This cession was afterwards confirmed by the Congress of Vienna; and the grand guard-house in the metropolis bears an inscription, in Latin, to the same effect:—"Magnæ et invictæ Britanniæ Melitensium Amor et Europæ Vox has Insulas confirmat, A.D. 1814." As soon as the English got full possession of the island, the natives were thus addressed by Sir Charles Cameron:

"His Majesty" [George III.] "grants you full protection, and the enjoyment of all your dearest rights; happy people."

I have thus furnished you, dearest Miriam, with a very short history of a very long period—upwards of three thousand years—about the annals of Malta. This little island possesses many valuable ancient relics, in the shape of ruins, statues, medals, coins, &c. You will not be able as yet to appreciate an essay on such dry subjects. They are more fit for those who have left school, with mind stored with ancient history, and therefore find in such materials—speechless though they be—most eloquent narrators of past events. A couple of months before my arrival here, an interesting cave was brought to light—or rather light was brought into it—by the industry of two scientific gentlemen, who excavated it. On examination I found it to have been used as a heathen temple. This subterranean heathen place of worship brought forcibly to my mind, the words of Jehovah, "I have not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth."* How true is it that the heathen in their blindness court the "dark corners of the world." I have sent off a long letter, on the most important antiquities of Malta, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a copy of which you shall read, when we are permitted to meet again. So no more about them at present.

To give you an idea of Malta as it is, I shall quote a few words of an American traveller, extracted from a letter addressed to a "dear friend." "When I first went on deck," he writes, "in the morning, to see the encompassing city, with its houses of stone, its flat and terraced roofs, and all the unique appearance of its streets rising one above

* Isaiah xlv. 19.

another, crowned with castles, and convents and churches, I felt for a moment as though I had been transported by some unknown power into a scene of enchantment—a place of which I had never before heard." Such, indeed, must be the experience of every stranger on his first beholding Valetta from the harbour. I unfortunately reached the harbour in the middle of the night, and unluckily allowed, by some unpropitious favour, to land before day-break, so that I was deprived of the agreeable surprise; but I can believe it. I daily take a boat for an hour—which costs me fourpence—and go out some little way into the sea, in order to enjoy the view of the city, and a magnificent view it is. The following description will afford you some faint notion of the group of little cities that cluster densely around the shores of the great harbour, which, at a distance, seem to be consolidated into one entire town. On the north, or right as one enters the great harbour, lies Valetta, which at its western extremity is terminated by Florian, a strongly fortified suburban village, that looks off on the south upon the great harbour, and on the north, as does also Valetta itself, upon the waters washing the quarantine ground. On entering the port, having passed the light-house, and Fort St. Elmo, with its surrounding fortifications on one side and Fort Ricasoli and St. Angelo on the other, we reach a point from which, if a line were drawn north and south, it would divide Valetta nearly in the centre; and from this point there runs off to the south a branch or creek from the great harbour, which forms of itself a beautiful haven; and its ascending shores, throughout their winding oval circuit, are crowded with streets and houses, and a dense population, to which, while in the harbour, you can hardly see a limit. It was justly

remarked that: "Nothing can be more impressive than the view of Malta to a stranger arriving in the harbour of Valetta. The high walls, the houses rising one above the other, the arches of the lower Barracea, the three cities on the opposite side of the harbour, with Fort Ricasoli, St. Angelo, and the fortifications of Florian, the creeks with the merchant vessels and ships of war lying at anchor, and the walls of Collonera, form together a *coup d'œil* of a very imposing character."

The fortifications are majestic as well as grand. Range rises above range, and fort beyond fort, forming a line of battery that absolutely commands every height and inlet. Hundreds of little boats, filled with hardy swarthy Maltese, jabbering in their own dialect—semi-Arabic and semi-Italian—glide along the surface of the calm Mediterranean, which presents one of the most picturesque aquatic views one seldom sees. Walking through the streets, the stranger is very much struck at the plan adopted by the trades-people of Valetta. Tailors, shoe-makers, carpenters, and all sorts of mechanics, pursue their respective works very industriously in the open streets. No less amusing are the Roman Catholic priests; they also spend much more of their time out of doors than in doors. Numbers of them—in their respective fantastic dresses—crowd the streets. Most annoying, however, are the throngs of beggars, impudent and ragged; they assail one in large bodies, the burden of whose chorus is: "Caritá nix mangiare —nix padre—nix madre—nix pane per i piccoli in case." The moment you relieve one a vast congregation springs up, ready to tear you into a thousand shreds. The most interesting view one can have of the mixed multitude, always to be met with here, is from the terrace of the

house one lives in. I stay at Baker's Princess Royal Hotel, situated in the square, which is the centre of attraction to all parties, in consequence of the morning and evening military music, performed by a splendid band. The whole square looks alive and moving, glittering and dazzling by reason of the diverse colours of the multifarious nations, which are to be seen on the occasions. The Turk, the Persian, the Arab, the Bedouin, the Greek, the Armenian, the Russian, the German, the Pole, the Italian, the Spaniard, &c.—you know the different national costumes from the chart I bought for you—all those mingle together, and thus present the most extraordinary spectacle to a British villager. What enhances the picture of the view is the appearance, now and then, in the midst of the throng, of the last survivor of the old Knights—a poor decrepid, aged man.

I must now tell you something about the inhabitants of this island. You will be more interested, I should think, in the Protestant portion of them, though they are by far the fewest in number. Of late, the Church of England has began to be of some importance in this part of the world. You are aware that an Anglican Bishop has been consecrated for Gibraltar, but the Bishop's diocese extends —according to his sister's statement—from Oporto to Constantinople. You would be much pleased with the escutcheon of the episcopal seal; the design of which is, a lion planting the cross on a rock: a beautiful idea. I need not tell you what is represented by the lion, and what by the rock. A facetious remark, of the last Pope, is related with respect to this diocese. When Dr. Tomlinson, soon after his consecration, visited Rome for the first time, for the purpose of seeing the clergy of the Church of England in the Eternal City, he also visited

the Vatican, and announced himself as the Bishop of Gibraltar, in which diocese Rome was included. Gregory XVI. immediately gave particular orders that the Protestant Bishop should be treated with the greatest courtesy, as becometh so important a diocesan; as for his Holiness, he never before knew that Rome was under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Gibraltar.

The Bishop, however, makes Malta his principal residence, and not Gibraltar; and, consequently, the Protestant Church here possesses an air of importance. And the Protestant population of Valetta must feel eternally indebted to the benevolent and pious Queen Adelaide, for the erection of a beautiful, chaste, and elegant church. The Bishop has a sort of throne there. The organ, which once sounded the praises of Jehovah in the Cathedral of Chester, is now doing the same here, and perhaps louder than ever. It appears its Chester friends thought it in a rapid decline, and therefore sent it abroad. I know not to what the change may be ascribed, whether to the long sea-voyage, or the mildness of the climate, but I know that it has renewed its youth and vigour, like the fabled Phœnix, and therefore as melodious as ever. The church is very well attended indeed; and it is the opinion of many that a second church might be well filled also. The Palace Chapel, which is used for the forces, is also very well attended by civilians, and if there were sufficient room, the congregation would consist of more civilians than military men. The Chaplain, the Rev. W. Hare, is a most pious and worthy man, by far the most able preacher here. I know his brother in Dublin very well and we therefore have a little interesting chat now and then. I preached and lectured for him several times. I also preached in Queen Adelaide's Church.

The church is not the only boon which the British Dowager Queen bestowed upon the Protestants of this island. Her Majesty also established an Infant School. You know I am extremely fond of such institutions, I therefore often go there, and most delighted I feel whilst amongst the little infants. The manager of the school is an expert young woman, and not a little conceited; she brings on the children remarkably well. The school contains about one hundred children, the great majority of Maltese Roman Catholic parents. Four of the children are of Jewish parents. The children are taught the Maltese and English languages. It sounded so novel to me, when I first heard the Maltese infant voices raised in singing, "God save the Queen," as well as, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," &c. The former is considerably altered, in due consideration to the natives. I told you that I would give you a specimen of the Maltese language, the above two pieces will serve the purpose. I begin with "God save the Queen:"

Ya Alla salva ir Regina hanina taãna,
Aomor twil ãan Nobbli Rejina taãna,
Ya Alla salva ir Rejina!
Ibãatha rebbieha,
Hienya u kollha sebli,
Zmien twil fugna issaltan,
Ya Alla salva ir Rejina!

Halli il ãal zmien twil in nies taãha igawdu,
Il ãozza taãha t'omm:
Aal zmien twil taht tibsim a taãha,
Yoktor minn koll jid,
U id deni kollu yiskot,
U liberta, sahha, u sliema,
Yizziefnu mal gzira taãna.

U le din l'ard uhedha,
Imma iku nu il hnie niet tiãek maãrufa
Minn shatt ãal shatt.
Muley jaãal illi il jnus *kollha* yaran
Li il bniedmin ãandhom ikunu *bhal* ahwa,
U yaãmlu familga wahda
Fuq wich id dinya *kolha*.

Dan it talb ahna noffrulek,
Bãid fuq il bahar ta' bla tarf—
Ya Alla salva ir Rejina!
U yalla is sliema u il qawa flimkien yithaltu—
L'Ingilterra u din l'ard taãna,
Yinãaqdu bil qalb u l'id—
Ya Alla salva ir Rejina.*

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* This national hymn runs thus, in the Maltese version of it:

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

Long let her people share
Here her maternal care,
Long 'neath her smile;
May every good increase,
May every evil cease,
And freedom, health, and peace,
Dance round our isle.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Now for the second, namely, "Twinkle," &c. The Maltese runs thus:

Aammez, ãammez, kewkba zãira,
Kif nistaãjeb int shi tkun,
Hekk fil ãoli fuq id dinya.
Bhala dyamant fis smewiet,
Meta tkun marret ish shemsh li thajjej,
U fuq l'ebda haja ma tiddi
'Mbaad int turi dawlek ich chkeyken
Tãammez, tãammez, il leyl kollu.

'Mbaãd li msiefer fid dlam
Yir—rin—graz—yak ãash shrayra tiãek,
Hu ma kiensh yista' iãid l'feyn imur,
Li ma kontsh int tãammez hekk.
Bhalma ish shrara zãira u tiddi tiãk,
Iddawal lil li msiefer fid dlam,
Aadli yen ma nafsh inti min int,
Aammez, ãammez, kewkba zãira.

I dare say you will be able to find out the few Italian words, which the above two pieces contain; the remainder is a concatination of bad Arabic.

I paid several visits to the Jewish Synagogue in this place. I will transcribe here my evening note of my first visit, which took place the day after *Youm-kippoor*.* "The Malta Synagogue is kept on the third story in the last house on the south side of Strada Reale. The upper room, which forms the synagogue, is not large, and is

These prayers we offer thee,
Far o'er the boundless sea;
God save the Queen!
May peace, with influence bland,
England, and this our land,
Unite with heart and hand;
God save the Queen!

* The Day of Atonement.

rendered smaller by the *Bimah*, or reading-desk. This piece of furniture occupies a square of considerable extent in the centre, so that for the congregation at large there remain rather narrow avenues, formed by the inner walls of the synagogue, and the exteriors of the reading-desks. Besides the reading-desks, there are two large arks, where the rolls of the Pentateuch are kept, which contribute towards diminishing the remaining little room. There is, however, an antechamber attached to it, which supplies much of the deficient space. The part of the synagogue allotted to the Jewesses, is of course distinct from that of the Jews. The former assemble in an adjacent room, so that they are able to hear what is going on among the assemblage of the former. As soon as I entered the synagogue, I was curiously and rather quizzically looked upon by several Jews—some in Turkish, and others in Polish costume—whom I found there. In order to transfer their piercing eyes from myself, I began to read some of the Hebrew inscriptions which decorate the walls of the "little sanctuary," and obtruded a few remarks on the different pieces of furniture in the small edifice. Several of the inmates exclaimed: "Then you are a בר ישראל (*Bar Israel*)?—then you are a יהודי (*Yehoodee*)?" *

It would appear from these remarks, that they took me at first for a גוי or Gentile. They seemed to be very inquisitive about the time of my arrival at Malta, as to where my residence was, &c. I answered all their queries. Then came a puzzling question: "Then why have we not seen you here either on Saturday or on the Day of Atonement?" You know, dearest Miriam, my principle is never to mince matters, but as far as in me lay to be

* "Then you are a son of Israel, then you are a Jew!"—the pass-word amongst our people.

straightforward both in word and in deed, and therefore gave them an answer accordingly: "On Saturday, I was very tired after my voyage, and could scarcely go anywhere. On Sunday last I had to officiate in St. Paul's Church, both morning and evening, so that the whole of that day was spent in the service of our Redeemer, whose name is the Holy One of Israel! Yesterday, your Day of Atonement, I was here twice; but the door being shut, and not wishing to knock for admittance, I was obliged to go away disappointed. Besides, even if I came, I could not conscientiously use all the prayers appointed, either for Saturday or for the Day of Atonement, in the synagogue service. There are but few which I could fervently and loudly echo." I pointed out the prayers which I thought a Christian might join in, and also those in which I could not. I called their attention to a short but beautiful prayer, which was used yesterday, and which decides that the compilers of the Jewish Liturgy, or at least the author of that prayer, understood that the Messiah, and not the nation of Israel, was the object of Isaiah LIII. I turned to a venerable aged Polish Jew, and asked permission to refer to his book, which he readily granted,* out of which I read the following short confession and prayer:

פנה מנו משיח צדקנו:
פלצנו ואין מי לצדקנו:
עונותינו ועול פשעינו:
עמס והוא מחולל מפשעינו:
סובל על שכם חטאתינו:
סליחה מצוא לעונותינו:
נרפא לנו בחבודתו:†

* The Spanish Jews have omitted the prayer alluded to.

† Messiah, our righteousness has departed from us,
Horror has seized us, and we have none to justify us.

My auditors first fixed their eyes steadfastly upon me, and then transferred them to each other, and at last each read in turn the prayer I had just recited, and actually said nothing. I then simply observed, whilst looking at the aged Polish Israelite: "It appears to me that you have been reading these prayers for nearly threescore and ten years, without knowing what you were about." Neither was any reply made to this remark. I felt it, therefore, best to wish them farewell, and let them discuss the subject amongst themselves. The above extract, my dear child, will give you an idea of the secret, which makes our nation so tenacious about modern Judaism: it is thoughtlessness.

Now, God bless you, ever prays your very affectionate papa, &c. &c.

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## LETTER XVIII.

### TO GEORGE CRAWFORD, ESQ.

Malta, October 1847.

My dear George,

You may well feel surprised at hearing that I am thus long here; to tell you the truth, I am downright tired of my obligatory sojourn. All was very comfortably arranged last week for my leaving this, but some stupid Captain

> With our wickedness and misdeeds He was burdened,
> And He was wounded for our transgressions;
> Bearing on the shoulder our sins,
> In order to find an atonement for our iniquities.
> May we be healed by His wound."

See also my "Exposition of Isaiah LIII." Lecture I.

arriving from Alexandria, and breaking through the quarantine regulations, caused the whole island to be placed under the plague ban, from which no exit is permitted for a whole fortnight. What consummate folly! I am sometimes inclined to indulge in Lord Byron's "Farewell to Malta," but always recollect myself in time, and adopt his Lordship's motto, of which the impetuous poet thought rather too late:

> "I'll not offend with words uncivil,
> And wish thee rudely at the ——"

Music seems yet to hold fast your affections. I am sorry that I am not sufficiently expert either in the art or science of that enchanting accomplishment to be able to satisfy your strong wishes. I can, however, give you the information I got on the subject from Mr. Badger, who lived in this island for years; and to him you must "feel deeply indebted," and not to me.

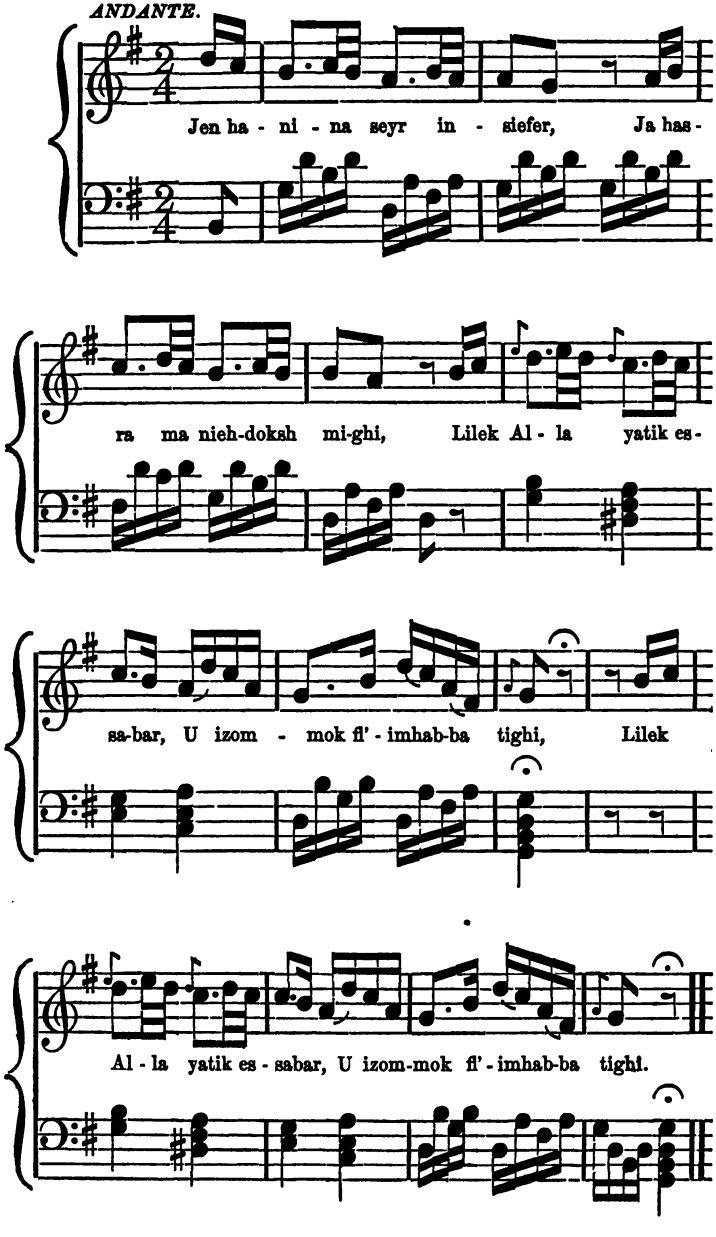
The Maltese are not very rich in native musical instruments; and in their choice seem to have preferred, with the inhabitants of Arabia, such as are more noisy, than, with the Arabs of Northern Africa, such as are more soft. Even these, however, are getting into disuse, and their place is being supplied by companies of blind fiddlers, who are found almost in every village, and whose performances, if exhibited within the hearing of a man acquainted with the science, would certainly put him in a position to serve as an exact counterpart of Hogarth's "Enraged Musician." The tambourine, a species of bag-pipe, the kettle-drum, a hollow tube about half a foot in diameter, with a distended skin over one surface, and a round stick tied to the centre of it, which is rubbed up and down with the hand, causing

a most monotonous sound,* and several different shaped lyres, with from two to four strings, form the native band of the Maltese country people. Of the above, the bag-pipe, or *zaqq*, as it is called, merits the most attention, as it is most esteemed. This instrument is formed of an inflated dog-skin, which is held under the left arm, with the legs directed upwards, and having a mouth-piece, by which the skin is filled, and a flute or pipe, played with both hands, affixed to it. This instrument is generally accompanied by the tambourine, and a dancing company, who move their bodies in graceful evolutions, or ridiculous gestures, to the sound of the duet.

The Maltese have the peculiar talent for poetry which is natural to all those nations who speak the Arabic language. The taste for this kind of composition has very much degenerated in the cities, but in the country it is met with in its original purity of style and expression. Mr. Badger says: "I have often stood and listened to individuals seated upon two opposite trees, or engaged in some kind of labour, singing answers to each other in rhyme, without any previous meditation." This the natives call *taqbeel*. The subjects vary according to circumstances, sometimes partaking of the nature of epic poetry, and sometimes of satire upon the faults or character of each. The tunes set to these are in general somewhat wild, which is the prevailing character of Maltese music; but it is a wildness not devoid of romantic beauty and harmony. In this respect, few will fail to admire the singing of the natives, as they join in small companies, each taking a part, which they maintain throughout the whole performance

* This instrument is called by the natives *rab bdba* or *zuvzava*.

Mr. Badger furnished me with two Maltese songs, as well as with a rough translation of the same, which will afford you some idea of the notions of the natives, as regards amorous compositions. I send you the music for the first ditty, which you may learn to sing, and thus be better equipped for performing Abulfedah Sheriff.

The second song Mr. Badger obtained from a Maltese lady. It gives a very correct idea of the manner in which matrimonial alliances are entered into by a portion of the town people. Four persons are introduced into that song: 1. The young man; 2. The Hottâba—a female matrimonial broker; 3. The mother of the young woman; 4. The young woman herself. In order to render the second song intelligible, it will be necessary to premise that it is not customary for a young man, unacquainted with the lady with whom he became enamoured or fascinated, to declare his passions in *propria personæ*, neither would any personal suitor be admitted into the young woman's parents' house. The expedient young men generally adopt is, to employ a Hottâba. This individual is distinguished for an extraordinary amount of flattery. As she never lacks practice, the older she is the more perfect is she in her profession. A specimen of this accomplishment will be readily noticed in the second song. A strictly literal translation is given, in order to preserve the native idiom and phraseology.

ANDANTE.
Jen ha - ni - na seyr in - siefer, Ja has -
ra ma nieh-doksh mi-ghi, Lilek Al - la yatik es -
sa-bar, U izom - mok fi' - imhab-ba tighi, Lilek
Al - la yatik es - sabar, U izom-mok fi' - imhab-ba tighi.

## SONG No. I.

Hanina seyr insiefer,
Ja hasra ma niehdoksh mighi,
Lilek, Alla yatik es-sabar,
U izommok fl'imhabba tighi.

Izommok fl'imhabba tighi,
Giesh deyyem tiftakar fiyya,
Iftakar li yien habbeitek,
Mindu kont chkeiken tarbiyya.

Mindu kont chkeiken tarbiyya,
Kalbi kolha ingibdet leik;—
Bl'ebda daul ma nista nimshi,
Ghair bid-daul ta sbieh ghaineik;

Bid-daul ta sbieh ghaineik,
Yien meshsheit il passi tighi;—
Hanina seyr nsiefer,
Ja hasra ma niehdoksh mighi.

Meta niftakar li yiena seyyer,
Dad dulur sh' yigini kbir;
K' Alla irid, O hannina!
Ghâd tgaudini u ingaudik.

*Translation.*

Beloved, I'm about to leave you;
I sigh that I take you not with me.
May God give you now resignation,
And preserve you secure in my love.

And preserve you secure in my love,
That you may ever remember me;
Remember, I always have loved you,
Since the time I was but an infant.

Since the time I was but an infant,
My heart has always been drawn after you;
And I can walk in no other light
But the light of your beautiful eyes.

In the light of your beautiful eyes,
I have always directed my steps;
Beloved, I'm going to leave you;
I sigh that I take you not with me.

How sore does the pain come upon me,
When I think I must soon depart;
But if Heaven be propitious, my dear,
We shall yet enjoy one another.

---

## SONG No. II.

Tridu tâfu shbeiba sh' taghmel,
Min fil ghodu sa fil ghashia,
Taghmel il bokli f' râsha,
U tokghodlock fil gallaria.

Tokghodlok fil gallaria,
Tibda taghmel in namoor,
Meta târa l' ommha geyya,
Tibda tkoffu il maktoor.

Il ginvni yibda tiela u nizel,
Halli yâra hem shi shieha,
Yibdâ tiela min fuk s'isfel,
Ghash mairidsh yibka bir rieha.

Intaka ma nanna shieha,
Kallha; Mara tridsh takdini,
Flusi ma nibzâsh ghalihom,
Basta taghraf is servini?

Sinyura donni nâfek,
Kont chkeikuna tokghod hdeyya,
Kem erfaitek, kem habbeitek,
Kem ghazziztek geu ideyya.

Sinyura, donni nâfek,
Yidirli ghandek ish-shbeibiet,
Ghash kont ghaddeyya min hâra,
Yidhirli raitha hdei il bieb.

Sinyura gheidli sh' ghandek,
Kem narak malinconâta,
Ara sh' kâlu fuk binti,
Illi gia binti namorâta.

Iskot, Sinyura, iskot,
Ilsna tanies tghid wisk shorti;
Dika bintek tifla taiba,
Min yihodha ikollu shorti.

Inzel, binti, inzel,
Hauna nanna trid tarâk.
Tinsâb mara antica,
Li b' kliemha tik-konsolâk.

Risposta yiena gibtlek,
Ohra fees yiena irrid
Baghatni il mahbub ta kalbek
Li bil piena yinsâb marid.

Risposta inti giblti,
Ohra fees ma natiksh;
Dâna il giuvni omm tâfu,
B' zeugi niehdu ma tridnish.

*Translation.*

INTRODUCTION.

Would you know what a maiden does
From morning until evening?
She adorns her head with curls,
And seats herself in the balcony.

She seats herself in the balcony,
And sets about making love;
When she sees her mother coming,
She begins hemming her handkerchief.

The young man walks up and down,
To see if the old woman is there.
He traverses (the street) from one end to the other,
As he does not wish to remain in bad odour.

He meets with an old grandmother,
And says, "Woman, will you help me?
I care nothing about money,
So as that you are able to serve me."

(*The bargain is struck, and the brokeress goes to the house of the young woman, and meets with the mother.*)

HOTT.

Madam, I think I know you;
When quite little, you lived near me.
How oft I bore you, how much I lov'd you,
How oft I fondled you in my arms!

Madam, I think I know you;
I think you have several maidens;
For as I was passing through the street,
I saw one standing at the door.

Madam, tell me what ails you,
For you appear very melancholy?

MOTHER.

Do you know what they say of my daughter,
That she is already in love?

HOTT.

Be easy, Madam, be easy;
People's tongues say many things;
Your daughter is a good girl,
Whoever takes her will gain a fortune.

MOTHER.

Come down, my daughter, come down,
Here's a grandmother desires to see you;
She is a very old woman,
And with her words she will console you.

(*The daughter descends, and the old woman addresses her.*)

HOTT.

A message I have brought you,
And wish one hastily in return;

For the beloved of your heart has sent me,
Who with pain is now quite ill.

DAUGHTER.

A message you have brought me;
A hasty answer I will not give;
For my mother knows this young man,
And will not have him for my husband.

The Maltese have also a large number of proverbs, or adages in rhyme, many of which preserve their strict Arabic original. These are still often used in conversation, but with many additions, as the taste for such compositions has greatly degenerated since the introduction of the Italian language. The late Signor Vassallo published a collection of these proverbs some years ago, with an Italian translation and explanatory notes, which, in the purity of their style and morals, though in figurative and enigmatical forms, contain much of that good sense possessed by the Maltese. "The whole of these adages, maxims, sentences, aphorisms, and phrases," says Dr. Vassallo, "which the natives have preserved from time immemorial, by uninterrupted tradition, form a species of national code, sanctioned from time to time with the seal and authority of the events or experiences of this or that proverb, the truth of which is acknowledged as soon as uttered."

I find the multiplicity of the processions very annoying. You hear the noises of the processors early in the morning and late at night. Though I have been already sometime here, I have not become naturalized, or rather have not as yet acquired a taste for them. The Maltese seem to connect all their recreations and amusement with their religious ceremonies. The two chief occasions when they walk are of opposite natures; one being that of Good Friday, intended to celebrate the death and passion of

our Saviour; and the other the procession of St. Gregory, which is continued unto the present day, in commemoration of some signal public deliverance. The former takes place in the town on Holy Thursday, and is attended by the greater part of the clergy of the island, with the distinctive banners of their order and their own particular dress. The train leaves the Church of Ta Gœsus a little before sunset, the priests and friars are walking in file on each side of the street, with huge lighted wax tapers in their hands, and chanting as they follow the statues, which are carried before them at equal distances in the procession. These images are, in general, of a large size, and represent the various sufferings of the Saviour until he is laid in the sepulchre; which last is a splendid canopy, with rich curtains tassellated with gold, having a figure as large as life stretched beneath them. The rear is generally brought up by a number of persons entirely covered in white or black garments, with eye-holes to see through, and dragging at their feet chains of different lengths and dimensions: this is a penance which the poor creatures inflict upon themselves for the commission of some offence, or the fulfilment of a vow they have made in the time of affliction. It is not uncommon to see the ankles of these individuals very much bruised, and even bleeding, with the weight of the chains they drag behind them; and in this state, some will not even allow the children to assist in moving the chains, so as to render their task easier. After the procession parades several of the stradas, it returns to the church from which it began to proceed.

Very early on Easter Sunday, before daylight, a great crowd, with lamps in their hands, assemble around the Greek Catholic Church, from whence they take a large image, representing the resurrection of our Lord, with a

Maltese flag in its hand. With this they proceed through Strada Reale—the principal street in Valetta—amidst the joyful acclamations of the people who follow it; and upon their arrival at the small Church of Vittoria, a gun is fired from the cavalier, which is a signal for a general run as far as the walls of the city. After traversing several other streets, they deposit the image in the same church from which they took it. This procession is unattended by any of the clergy.

The feast of St. Gregory, consists of a procession composed of the fratelli* of all the churches, the clergy of the different parishes of the towns and villages, the canons of the cathedrals and the Bishop, who assemble together at the village called Casal Nuovo, and walk as far as Zeitun, the whole company joining in the responses of the great Litany, which is pronounced by the chief priest of each order. On their arrival at Zeitun, they all visit the old Church of St. Gregory, where at a particular part of the ceremony, the whole crowd exclaim aloud, three times, "Misericordia;" and spend the remaining part of the day in eating and drinking, and various kinds of amusements.

* In connection with almost every church is a fraternity consisting of laymen, who join themselves together by contributing a certain sum yearly into a common fund, which is generally laid out upon the church, or otherwise disposed of by them for religious purposes. Every fraternity has a president, and meets once a week in order to talk over the affairs connected with their body, which generally turns upon decorating the church, or their own particular altar, the ordering of illuminations, processions, &c. Each fraternity wears a particular uniform, corresponding with their banner; which is generally borne before them when they walk in procession.

The fratelli of the convent of St. Dominico, under the patronage of the Madonna del Rosario, consists entirely of persons who have some relation with the law faculty, such as advocates, notaries, &c.

The origin of this feast is involved in obscurity; but it is commonly supposed to be founded on a general vow of the inhabitants, on their deliverance from a great plague; some say from a large swarm of locusts which once devastated this island.

It is a common occurrence for country females to stipulate with their intended husbands, that they shall take them once a year to see the principal feasts of the island. St. Gregorio is one of them; and the bridegroom makes it a point, if possible, to become the standard-bearer in the procession of the lay brethren of his village. This office is considered a great honour, and the privilege is consequently sold by public auction, and of course to the highest bidder. The individual who succeeds in obtaining the prize, agrees with his bride, that he will meet her at the village where the procession terminates. On their arrival, to show his gallantry in the sight of his fair one, he seizes the staff of the standard, waves it about several times in the air, and then joins his beloved one for the remaining part of the day.

There are several other processions which take place in the town, the principal of which are those of St. John and St. Paul. On these occasions, the exterior of the church dedicated to the saint is illuminated with numerous lamps, and bonfires are lighted up in several of the streets. The feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, called by the natives L'Muaria, celebrated at the Old City, is another principal occasion for amusement. After these services of the church, crowds proceed to the Boschetto, about two miles distant, and dividing into companies, spread themselves over the gardens to regale themselves with the refreshments they bring with them, while many of the country people amuse themselves in dancing, and singing, and

many other rural gratifications. Just below the city, on this day, there is also a race of horses, mules, and asses, which are entirely unharnessed, and the riders without any means of maintaining their position, except their legs. With thongs in each hand, the riders belabour the poor beasts until they reach the goal. Another race of this kind, on the feast of St. Rocco, is held at Pieta, outside the gates of Port des Bombos, which had its origin in the yearly inspection of the native cavalry of the Order of St. John. The prizes at these races consist of large flags of various coloured silk, which winners generally carry about the streets the next day, together with their animals covered with garlands of flowers and ribbons.

The carnival is another source of popular amusement; this begins on the Sunday preceding Lent, and lasts for three days. The afternoon is the principal time of the feast, during which numerous persons in masks are seen walking about the streets, endeavouring to amuse themselves, and to be a source of amusement to others. The variety of dresses used on these occasions is beyond description. Not a few pride themselves in playing all sorts of antics in a black habit, with long red horns, and a huge tail of the same colour. Calesses—Maltese cabs—filled with ladies, follow in a train through the principal streets, who readily engage in pelting comfits and peas with any of the bystanders who are disposed to enter the lists with them. The number of respectable persons, however, who mask in the streets has greatly diminished within these last few years. The day after the carnival, most of those persons who have masked repair to a small church in Casal Zabbar, called Della Grazia, by way of penance for their follies.

Among the many ludicrous songs and compositions,

used on the days of the carnival, the following is not uncommon. It is given because it illustrates the article in the marriage contract alluded to. I shall give you both the original, as well as a verbatim translation. It goes by the name of "L'aghrayges yaghmlu il pattiyiet,"—The Sweetheart's Bargain.

Fl'iscritta matrimoniâli
Yaghmlu il pettiyiet conjugali,
Si yihoda fil festi principali.

Yonsobha fuk il hait,
Yishtreelha shriek kobbait,
Li ikun tal cennebusa.
Ghash minnu tiggosta is—sinyura gharusa.

*Translation.*

In the wedding contract
They make conjugal agreements
That he (the bridegroom) shall take her to the principal feasts,
Shall set her upon the wall,
Shall buy her a slice of sweetmeat,
Made up of hempseed,
For that is the kind which the bride likes best.

On Saturday preceding the first day of the feast, the "Parata" is celebrated. This consists of several companies of men dressed up in gay ribbons, and armed with wooden staves and shields, who meet together under the houses of the wealthy, and perform several evolutions, striking their shields and dancing to the sound of their music. This is concluded by raising up a little girl, splendidly arrayed, and girded with a small dagger, which she is taught to wave, while the band plays the national anthem, "God save the Queen."

In the time of the Knights, the carnivalists proceeded

to the palace to receive permission for the celebration of the carnival. Their request was signified to the Grand Master by one of the Knights, and upon the boon being granted, they immediately performed a dance in front of the palace, and afterwards before the door of any person whom they thought would pay them for their trouble.

The origin of this amusement must be sought for in the annals of Pagan rites, which Christianity has not succeeded in abolishing in those countries of Europe which espouse the dogmas of the Church of Rome. In a work on Malta, "par un Voyageur Français," the author ranks the carnival with a popular feast of very old standing in ancient Thessaly, with the Salzea of the Babylonians, with the Chronia of the Athenians, and the Saturnalia of Rome, which many of the early Christians continued, notwithstanding the zealous efforts which were made by the orthodox members of the Church to abolish them.

Another very famous diversion of the Maltese is the Giostra, which takes place on the anniversary of the victory gained over the Turks, when they made their attack upon the island during the Grandmastership of La Valette. This sport is accompanied with races of boats, which run part of the length of the harbour, the prizes being awarded by the government. The Giostra is a large barge anchored in an open place in the centre of the port, having a long tapering pole placed horizontally from the head, with a small flag fixed on at the end, made very slippery with grease, soap, and several other ingredients. At a given signal, a number of naked boys are ready mounted on the barge, who immediately begin the task of endeavouring to seize the flag. One after another they continue tumbling into the water, and rising again to renew

the attempt. Gradually the greasy matter begins to diminish, and they are able to advance farther; but an hour invariably elapses before the prize is seized, and very seldom before any accident has taken place amongst the competitors, many of whom strike their limbs on the poles in their fall into water. This amusement generally attracts a numerous quantity of boats round the barge, filled with hundreds of spectators, both male and female.

Well, I have thus answered your queries; but as I told you at the commencement, I tell you now again, that you are indebted for all this to Mr. Badger; and if you should ever see him, you must thank him for his information. I could not possibly have learnt all I tell you in this epistle from personal observation. For though you are perfectly right when you say that I have been longer in Malta than any of the recent travellers—who favoured the world with their observation and information—yet I have not been long enough in the island to have had ocular demonstration of all I told you. But you may depend upon Mr. Badger's narrative; he is well known as a man who speaks nought but the words of "soberness and truth."

Whatever the priests of Malta may be, the poor common people are extremely bigoted, superstitious, and idolatrous. As an instance, I may relate to you a very amusing circumstance, of which I was the victim. The other day, on my return to my rooms, in the hotel I was staying, wearied and worn out after a tedious day's work on the Benjammie hills—where I was engaged opening a tomb that was never yet touched, and must have belonged to the early giants who peopled this spot—I rang the bell for some refreshment; the waiter made his appearance, and gave me such a look as I never did see. I ordered

dinner, which soon made its appearance also; but the waiter looked sulkier and sulkier, and it appeared to me that the more relish I displayed at the dishes before me, the more ugly shape did his face assume, by reason of his rancorous frowns. I thought something in the house vexed him, so that when I had done my duty towards the cravings of a famished nature, I said to the waiter: "Giuseppe, what makes thee look so sad? Had you any loss to-day, or quarrel, or vexation—?" I would have gone on much longer, but happily he stopped me by saying: "Yes, vexation at you; you are a very bad Christian; I wonder how you can eat and drink unharmed; I wonder that you are not choked!" Imagine not only my vexation, but my consternation. "What do you mean, you impudent fellow?" was my observation; "how durst you speak to me in this manner?" The fellow went on most insolently; between you and me, I suspected that he must have taken a drop too much, and allowed some of his imbibed spirits to escape; he told me that I was an athiest, and he should not wonder if he heard that I dropped down dead, and a great deal more. I began to suspect that he was not in the enjoyment of self-possession; I, therefore, bid a truce to my angry looks, and began to look imploringly, and said: "Pray, Giuseppe, tell me what put all this into your head?" The fellow took advantage of my leniency, and said: "You are a wicked infidel; you saw God walking through Strada Reale to-day, and you looked at him, and smiled, and never took your hat off." Whatever I may have smiled at, I did not at the big clumsy crucifix at that morning's procession; my hat I would never take off under the mighty sun of Malta, to which I am not as yet accustomed, and never, no never, before an idol. However, I determined to bring the poor fellow to his

senses and ordered him to ring the bell for his master, in order to make out my bill, for I could not stay in a house where I was thus brutally insulted. He would do nothing of the kind. I rang the bell, most violently, myself. The poor fellow began to beg a thousand pardons, and besought, and cried, and promised wonderful obedience; I could not stand all that, and forgave him. This will give you an idea what Maltese Roman Catholics think. To me this little episode is voluminous.

I have already extended this letter longer than I intended; I must, therefore, without any further preliminaries to my conclusion, say farewell.

Your's faithfully, &c.

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## LETTER XIX.

### TO LADY MARY LINDSAY,

GLASNEVIN HOUSE, GLASNEVIN.

On board the 'Scotia,' Oct. 1847.

My dear Lady Mary,

Had I any time to spare whilst at Malta, I would assuredly have written to you from thence; but multifarious were the engagements I had to attend to; numerous and diversified were the queries I was called upon to answer; so that I could not possibly manage such a letter as I should have liked to have penned to you from that island. However, I am at perfect liberty at present, and have a good deal of time on hand; and as the weather is so perfectly beautiful as to enable me to do anything I like with my time, I devote therefore the first of the same to your Ladyship's service. This being Sunday—the first

one during my present expedition that I am deprived of the attendance of the house of God—I feel rather low-spirited. Never did I feel the force of the Psalmist's strong expressions of desire for the house of God as I do this day. Well might the sweet and pathetic royal singer of Israel have envied the sparrow and the swallow, when he was debarred from attending the "courts of the Lord."*

Unfortunately there is only one Protestant on deck, and he a mere Christian by name; I could not, therefore, read our beautiful Liturgy and appointed lessons publicly; but I was not prevented doing so privately. Jehovah is accessible to the meanest of his servants, so that the lonely wanderer, be he in the desert or on the ocean, is sure at any moment of a gracious audience. And as our beautiful Liturgy is suitable for all sorts and conditions of men, I determined to hold communion with "the Lord of the Sabbath" and my fellow-Christians by the means of the service appointed for this day, in the doing of which I found great comfort and consolation. The Psalms, LXXXVI—LXXXVIII; the Lessons, Joel II. Luke III; Epistle and Gospel, Eph. v. 15—21; Matt. XXII. 1—14, are all fraught with the most important and essential instruction, as well as with the most heart-stirring interest.

Since my head is now running on churches, I will take the opportunity of giving your Ladyship a bird's-eye view of San Giovanni, in the Fior del Mondo, as the ardent and devoted Maltese surname their island. It is the church of which Lord Lindsay and M. Alphonse de Lamartine speak in the most rapturous terms. I visited that noble edifice several times. Diverse were the impressions

* Psalm LXXXIV. 3.

which were produced upon me at my different visits. I shared largely in your noble cousin's enthusiasm during my first view into it; but not so during the subsequent ones. The reason is simply this: at my first inspection of that gorgeous structure, I found it almost empty; an overpowering stillness reigned within it, which proved conducive to the exercise of contemplation; and my mind was allowed to indulge, without interruption, in the examination of the various relics, which still adorn its walls and ceilings. But not so during my subsequent visits. My attention was distracted by the conduct of the worshippers within its walls, and my thoughts dwelt more particularly on the melancholy condition of those deluded devotees. Poor, poor people! how dark their understanding is studiously kept!

Were I to put to paper all the reflections which such spectacles caused me to make, some would stigmatize me as an arrant cant; others would brand me as an outrageous bigot, I thought it therefore best to leave my mind's cogitations whilst inside San Giovanni, in the inside of my large portfolio, and not submit them to the criticism of my friends, especially as I cannot be present to vindicate and justify my statements. However, those lamentable reflections did not altogether obliterate the impressions my mind received at my first examination of that church. Some vestiges remain still moving before me. Indeed, it were an unpardonable shame, to allow the parapharnalia of so sumptuous and august a building wholly to escape one's memory in so short a time, be the obliterating cause ever so great. It is sober and unvarnished truth, and by no means fictitious or poetical, when I tell your Ladyship that whilst I am penning these lines to you, the effect of my first visit to that church is flashing upon my mind most

brilliantly, and I fancy that I have the whole of the curiously beautiful furniture and ornaments of San Giovanni vividly before me just now. It is pictured before me in all its correctness. I behold its vaulted roof of gilded arabesque, painted in fresco, representing the acts of St. John, the patron saint of that church. I almost fancy before me the delighted features of Mattia—a Calabrian priest; the artist, after gazing proudly on his finished work, which must have sent a thrill of peculiar gratefulness into his high feelings and creative master-mind. I also remember a very fine picture in the Chapel of Election, by Michel Angelo de Carravaggio, the subject of which is the beheading of St. John the Baptist. M. de Lamartine, who never speaks but in the *superlative*, of whom, therefore, you can never be *positive*, makes use of the following words respecting that picture: "C'est le tableau que cherchent les peintres de l'école actuelle. Le voilà, il est trouvé. Qu'ils ne cherchent plus." I feel a sort of pleasure that the rapacious French did not get hold of the splendid silver rails which guard the chapel of the Madonna. I think the monk, who painted them over with wood colour, deserves great credit for his ingenuity. The Knights used to exhibit, in that Church, the hand of St. John. Grand Master Homepesch, when he surrendered the island to the French, bargained for leave to remove that extraordinary curiosity with him. Permission was granted, as far as the useless hand was concerned; but the permission did not extend to the ornamental part of it. The magnificent ring, with the inestimable diamond, which decorated the middle finger of that canonized hand, Napoleon secured, with his usual insatiable grasp.

In view of the Island of Pantellaria.

The pavement of that building is strikingly beautiful. It consists of the tombstones of the Knights, which are of the finest marble, exquisitely polished; the epitaphs and the arms on the respective tablets, as well as the colouring and precious stones which adorn them, form in their united effect one vast escutcheon on a rich mosaic expanse; many of the tablets contain jasper, agate, and other precious stones, the cost of which must have amounted to no small sum. When dining with the Bishop of Gibraltar, the other day, he related a circumstance which illustrated the appreciation of the native Maltese for the pavement of that church. When Dr. Tomlinson visited Rome last, he was accompanied by a Maltese pet servant. The Bishop took him to see St. Peter's, which church rather startled the native of "Fior del Mondo," who thought nothing could surpass St. John's, of Malta. Dr. and Miss Tomlinson asked him, saying: "Well, Giovanne; which church is more stupendous and gorgeous, this or that of San Giovanni, of Malta?" The Bishop's domestic dropped his eyes upon the floor of the church, and said, "Who would ever think of comparing the pavement of those two churches?" The Gibraltar diocesan considered that evasion and equivocation remarkably well done. But I must not indulge in many digressions, notwithstanding I am at sea. To return therefore to the grand Church of La Valetta. The principal altar, which is situated at the top of the oblong nave, is very sumptuous. It is composed of various coloured marble, and other valuable stone. Before the altar, on the right and on the left, there is a sort of platform, on which stand chairs covered with rich canopies of crimson velvet; the former is occupied

by the Bishop, and the latter designed for the Monarch of Malta, over which is placed the British coat of arms. Not far from the sovereign's seat is one intended for the Governor of the island, which may now be regularly filled, by the newly appointed Governor, who happens to be of the same Church.

As works of art, the sarcophagi are very interesting, in which are deposited the remains of the Grand Masters. Those tombs are placed in a vault beneath the same altar, into which the visitor must descend by a dirty staircase. It is my object to be as explicit as possible, I say therefore once more, that I admired this chamber of the dead simply as a work of art; I did not feel transported with interest at the recollection of the Knight, whose lifeless skeletons it contains. To be candid, I confess that I have no sympathy with those who give vent to such expressions as these, when writing on that church. "Tread lightly! The pavement is sacred." "Bow to the remains of L'Isle Adam! bow to the remains of La Valette!" Mr. Adolphus Slade—he may say whatever he likes respecting my views—wrote a vast deal of nonsense. When speaking of the vault, just mentioned, he indulges in the following piece of consummate folly: "The Grand Master's vault should be kept as a choice sanctuary, clean, polished, and odorous. A clear lamp should constantly burn in it; an ebony stair should lead to the entrance; a garmented priest should be the guide; and La Valette's cap, preserved in a church at Vittoriosa, should be suspended over his coffin." What stuff of affected sentimentality! The Knights were indeed valorous, chivalrous, and brave; but all this does not, to my mind, counterbalance their vices. Their characters were stained with the vilest of human passions, and the vestiges of their depravity is still traceable in a corresponding depravity, which disgraces, to the

present day, a large portion of the Maltese. Their ignorance was truly astonishing, and yet such are the men on whom an Englishman, in the nineteenth century, lavishes so many pretty—more properly, fulsome—compliments.

There are also twelve chapels, forming two aisles, parallel with the nave, *i.e.* six chapels to each aisle. They are sumptuously decorated. The arches of these chapels correspond on both sides, and leave their interior altogether exposed to the view of the visitor, as he glides along the nave.

Upon the whole, San Giovanni is as splendid and magnificent a church, in its way, as I have ever seen; but I cannot help reiterating what I have already said. I would rather view it and its gorgeous ornaments in solemn silence than during "the solemn meeting" of the Maltese Christians.*

Some of the Roman Catholic churches in that island are disfigured and profaned by tablets, advertising that indulgences for so many years, and for such and such prices, are to be sold in them.

There is a newly colossal church built in Malta, in a village called Musta, which is likely, by its magnitude, to throw into the shade all the other churches of the island. Its history is rather interesting. Before I conclude, therefore, this my epistle I will give you a brief sketch of the same. It is an extraordinary monument of the effects of industry and perseverance.

Don Felice Calleja, native of Musta, soon after his ordination, celebrated his first mass in that magnificent structure, the Pantheon of Rome. Whether from the solemnity of the occasion, or from his over-excited feelings by previous vague aspirations, the thought suddenly struck him

* Isaiah i. 13.

of raising a similar edifice in his own poor native village. Soon after his return to Musta, Calleja was appointed the parish priest of his native place, after which he concentrated all his energies for the purpose of carrying into effect his grand plans: he laboured incessantly for to show the fruit of the gigantic ideas which he conceived. His friends, instead of encouraging the young priest, treated the project in a most ridiculous light, and maintained that all his labours would be abortive. However, the unkind remarks of his friends did not affect him; his purpose was steady, his eye was single, and that directed towards the building of the Pantheon-like church in his parish: all his perquisites were laid by with the most scrupulous care, towards that sacred object in view. But, alas! poor Felice died *infelice*, he was obliged to bid an eternal farewell to his grand ideal church, and was not permitted to see even the first stone laid. Alas for the fine plans of mortal man! Don Felice Calleja was determined that death should not kill his plans: he made a will, worded in the most decisive language, that he left all his property "for the purpose of erecting a round temple like the Pantheon."

Strong opposition was raised on the part of the Bishop, against the erection of a round temple for the use of the service of a Christian Church; but the then Governor of Malta, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, inquiring into the feasibility of its plan, proposed by the ingenious architect, Mr. Grognet, a native of this island, gave preference to this shape, which though much resembling the Pantheon, may be called unique. The first stone of this sacred edifice was laid on May 30th, 1833; although the funds left by the parish priest, Don Felice Calleja, were very great in proportion to what might have been expected from him (30,000 scudi),

they barely sufficed to raise the walls of so immense a building to a fourth or fifth of its intended height. Subscriptions were raised, and not only did the wealthy Maltese contribute, but British officers of the garrison freely assisted, from the receipts of public amateur performances, as well as in other ways. The necessary stone being easily obtained from a short distance, the greater expense was that of labourers and masons. To obviate this as much as possible, the Church hit upon the happy (?) expedient of promising and bestowing indulgences to all who would work there gratuitously on Sundays. As many as two or three hundred pious (?) volunteers may have been seen labouring there on the same day; their earnestness and activity having been kept up by assurance of greater blessings to be showered upon them and their families by the Madonna; and the advancement of the church to its present state may be, in a great measure, attributed to these labours of the Sabbath.

The frontispiece bears the following inscriptions: "Virgini syderibus restitutæ J. H. Mustenses. F. F. A M. C. C M. L.," by which we learn that the church is to be dedicated to the Madonna. In the interior she is also to occupy a principal station at the grand altar, while immediately under her is placed the bones of San Pacifico or St. Pacific. The main body of the church consists of a perfect circle of about two hundred feet in the extreme diameter. Two additional portions stand out from this at opposite points, presenting each a front of about one hundred and twenty-five feet. The front projection, facing the square of the village, forms the portico, which is recessed between the two bell towers. In the original design, presented by Mr. Grognet, we are told that the portico was much broader, occupying the complete front

aspect of the building—by which the whole would have had a more magnificent and splendid appearance. Reasons of economy, however, prevailed; and the architect changed his plan, introducing the present light and equally effective portico, or peristyle, as it might be called in this case. Its columns are of the Ionic order with engaged columns behind, with niches between some, and three entrance doors between the others. The two bell towers are complete, and the great height of the building may be judged of from these towers being only two-thirds of the height of the central dome. The projection at the other end of the main building contains the sacristies or vestries, and a series of rooms in an upper floor, as habitations for a certain number of priests attached to the church. Instead of columns as at the portico, this front is embellished with pilasters. A main door-way leads through small arcades, right and left, to the vestries. The pilasters are continued all round the building to the portico. This story above it has nearly the same height, but instead of pilasters are placed large circular-headed windows, with wood mouldings above them. Under the cornice is a running band of lotus and honeysuckle ornament in relief, and the cornice having some kind of Grecian tile at the top by way of ornament. At this point the building is recessed forming a gallery all round, from which an attic story rises completing the perpendicular position of the building. Above the cornice of the attic is a second gallery, and then a series of twelve steps leads up to a leaf ornament which gradually gathers in, till it reaches the top or third gallery.

At the back aspect there is, however, a series of smaller steps by which the ascent is rendered much easier, and which are continued up to the third gallery. This is composed of a large egg-and-tongue moulding, supported

by large projecting brackets. Its height from the ground or base of the edifice measures about one hundred and eighty feet, so that the view from it necessarily extends all over Malta, and even admits of Gozo being distinctly seen. Lastly comes the glass lantern, surmounted by a colossal winged figure, with a wreath in its right hand, meant to represent some messenger angel. The total height of the edifice is about two hundred feet.

On comparing the church at Musta with the Pantheon at Rome, the diameter at the former is found to be equal to that of the latter, when the thickness of the walls is included in both cases in the calculation. If these be excluded, then the diameter of the interior of the Pantheon surpasses that of the church at Musta, for the walls of this having been most necessarily built of an immense thickness, are equal to a fifth part of its interior, whereas, those of the Pantheon only take up one sixth part.

The elevation of the temple at Musta is greater than that of the Pantheon, which is as broad as it is high. Mr. Grognet insists that in a round temple the height should surpass the breadth, and he has acted up to this in his plan. The diameter of the lantern of the Pantheon measures full twenty-eight feet, while that of the church at Musta only measures eighteen. The interior of the church widely differs from that of the Pantheon. It contains one large and six small chapels. In the largest is placed the principal altar. The village of Musta is about five miles from town, and is situated in rather a pleasant valley. It numbers about six thousand inhabitants, almost all of the poorest class, and the contrast between the houses which form the sides of the village square, and the front of the church is painful and saddening. It is not uncommon among the country people here to boast of,

and to pretend to some superiority from the pomp of the religious festival of their villages. Their neighbours of Nashar long crowed over the Mustese, by descanting the merits of their Madonna, and the grand fireworks on the night of her festival; but a conversation was overheard between a Mustese and a Nasherine, which shows that the former has more reason to glory. The latter boasted of his festa: "Tana festa. Tana Madonna." "Ours is only a Feast. Ours a Madonna." The former, coolly shrugging up his shoulders, answered: "Meskin, raitiesh il knesia tana." "Poor fellow, have you seen our church?"

I think I have somewhere in my possession, a couple of drawings of that magnificent edifice; you shall get a copy of it as soon as I lay my hands on them.

I will conclude this epistle to your Ladyship, by a brief account of the Protestant church at Malta. The peculiar circumstances under which it was built, you are doubtless acquainted with. The Protestants of Malta owe a debt of gratitude to the Queen Dowager of Great Britain, which neither they nor their children ought ever to forget. The church is a chaste structure, capable of accommodating no less than fifteen hundred, and to the credit of the Protestant population be it recorded, that on Sundays the church is very much appreciated, and consequently well filled, by them. The Bishop of Gibraltar has a sort of throne in it, opposite to the pulpit, from which he pronounces the Apostolic benediction, when he is there, after the sermon, and sometimes reads the prayers. The following feeble description, may, perhaps, give you an idea of the exterior of the building. The front, facing north-east is adorned with a portico, supported by four Ionic pillars; and surmounted by a bas-relief design, illustrative of St. Paul's casting the viper off his hand in

the fire immediately after his shipwreck.* Each wing of the front is ornamented with a statue of the two great Apostles of the Christian Church, St. Peter and St. Paul.

The tower or steeple is one hundred and thirty feet high, terminating with the simple emblem of Christianity—the cross. The peal of bells, from that church, announces to the stranger that it is an English church, and has nothing in common with the Church of Rome. And the harmonious sounds of the bells furnish an agreeable contrast to the hum-drum monotonous noise which the bells of the Romish churches make. It is beginning to get late, and a fresh breeze, which has just risen, tosses my pen to and fro; and makes me feel chilly all over, for I have been writing on deck; I must, therefore, abruptly say farewell for the present. I shall forward this epistle, incoherent as it is, by the very first opportunity, from Tunis.

I am, my dear Lady Mary,
Yours, &c.

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## LETTER XX.

### TO CAPTAIN G. H. LINSDAY,

GLASNEVIN HOUSE, GLASNEVIN.

Tunis, Oct. 1847.

My dear Captain Lindsay,

Here I am in wild Barbary. My mind is literally oppressed, by reason of the abundance of new notions and ideas which I acquired since I came to this place, which is but a short time. It took me some time before I could

* Acts xxviii. 3.

make up my mind to give vent to my pen, as the debate wherewith to commence, lasted for some time with me. But opportunities for communicating with one's friends are rather rare in this part of the world, and as I have one at present, I must make prompt use of it.

The same day the 'Scotia' brought me hither from Malta, the English steam-frigate, 'Antelope,' arrived at the Goletta from Southampton, bringing a sumptuous present from our beloved Queen, to the much disliked Bey of Tunis. The 'Antelope' leaves to-morrow for Malta; on board of which is an *embryo* Irish barrister, Mr. Ireland by name, who kindly offered to post my letters from that island to whatever place their destination might be. I must lose no time, therefore, but write what come uppermost in my thoughts.

Luckily for me that I am a clergyman, and stand, therefore, a chance of remaining neutral amongst the Europeans who reside here; and trust to be able, as much as in me lieth, to "live peaceably with all men," during my residence in Tunis. Had I been a laic, I should have been obliged, at once, to make up my mind with whom to live on friendly terms, and with whom, and from whom, to keep at a distance. I cannot give you any idea of the height of party spirit which reigns amongst the European settlers here. Each European Consul, and his satellites, labour under the impression that upon their respective consulate depends the prosperity of the nation they represent. They conceive the idea that the various kingdoms of the European world must stand or fall, according to the issue of their squabbles. As soon as a stranger arrives, his bias is formed by the society he first associates with; he keeps aloof from the rest of the European inhabitants; upon whom the latter, in return, look with suspicion, and keep him at arm's length. When this flying visitor

leaves the place, he carries with him only a partial statement of the affairs of this regency, and hence the contradictory accounts. All these I have learned in the few days I have been here; but as my visit to this country is not to be a flying one, and as my sacred office enjoins upon me to "follow peace with all men," I think I shall escape partiality. I have determined to fortify myself against all sorts of bias, but intend to judge of things according to information of my own senses.

Poor Tunis is in a wretched state. The Bey, led astray by his advisers, reduced his territory to extreme poverty; many of the peasants, therefore, are compelled to become highway-robbers. The Bey entertained the idea that he must sport an army, and accordingly raised one by conscription. This army consists now of thirty thousand troops. Poor miserable creatures the soldiers look! Whenever I see a band of these warriors, Isaiah xxx. 17, always occurs to my mind. I almost believe that one thousand would flee at the rebuke of one English soldier, and at the rebuke of five, the Tunisian warriors would flee till they be left as a beacon on the top of a mountain, and as an ensign on a hill. Mr. Davis and myself, returning yesterday from a ride in the country, met one of those soldiers exceedingly drunk—though an Islamite; Mr. D. asked him how he could so brutally degrade himself; the poor fellow had sense enough to give the right cause of his degradation. He was dragged from his comfortable home to become a soldier, in which service he was almost starved; he thought, therefore, the best way was to drown his sorrows in spirits. I must not, at present, dilate much longer on the subject, as I have but little time given me for the execution of this brief epistle.

The Bey went yesterday to inspect his presents, which consist of a splendid carriage, and some magnificent car-

pets; but he seemed unwilling to manifest any appreciation on his part, owing to a pique which he fosters against the British Consul-General, Sir Thomas Reade, who led his Highness to expect that Great Britain would declare the Regency of Tunis independent of the Sublime Porte of Abdoul Mejeed; an event for which Ahmed is most impatient. And as poor Ahmed was given to understand, when he visited Paris, the month before last, that he would not be received at St. James', unless introduced by the Turkish Ambassador, whilst "his brother Louis Philippe dispensed with this ceremony," Ahmed with tragic royal dignity declined visiting England, and returned to his territory, not in the very best of humours with "perfidious Albion." All this, however, may soon wear away, and the Bardo—the Bey's palace—may be as accessible to Sir Thomas Reade as heretofore. In my next letter, I may be able to be a little more particular with my items of information. The fact is, I penned this hasty letter, simply as an earnest; that my kind friends should know that though my lot is now cast at a great distance from them, and are thus out of my sight, they are yet not out of my mind.

I enclose herewith a letter to Lady Mary, which I have written on board the steamer 'Scotia,' which brought me here, and am now perfectly ready for long letters from all of you.

I am going in a couple of days to see the site of ancient Carthage. I look forward to the day with considerable pleasure, for many reasons, too many for present enumeration. Farewell, then, for the present, and believe me, ever to be,

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

## LETTER XXI.

### TO MIRIAM ESTHER NAOMI, &c.

On the Ruins of Carthage, Oct. 1847.

My dear Miriam,

I know not whether in your school-historical readings, you have yet come as far as Carthage. Perhaps you have never heard as yet that such a place ever existed. However, if you have not done so hitherto, you shall do so now. About nine hundred years before the Christian era, the great-grand-daughter of Ethbaal, or Ithobaal, as he is called in profane annals, and grand-niece of the notoriously infamous Jezebel, arrived here, after many years of wandering; and settled on this spot with a few of her followers, and founded a splendid city, which became famous far and wide. The name of the Princess who is supposed to have founded Carthage was Elissa. Her history is this. She was the daughter of Belus, King of Tyre; she married her uncle, Sicharbas, priest of Melcarth, or Hercules, who was possessed of boundless wealth. After the death of Belus, her brother Pygmalion succeeded to the throne. This Pygmalion was extremely avaricious and ambitious—twin-sister vices—and, to gratify this double disposition, he murdered his brother-in-law, and then sent vessels for the removal of Sicharbas' property to the royal treasury, with strict orders that nothing be missed on the peril of the sailors.

Poor Elissa was so disgusted at her brother's unnatural and cruel behaviour, that she determined to quit for ever his dominions, and that, too, in the very ships he sent to convey her goods. The widowed Princess allowed her wealth to be embarked. When all was on board, Elissa threw a great deal overboard. The sailors got so alarmed

at the loss of the coveted property, that they were easily prevailed upon to set sail for a foreign country. After many vicissitudes, she was driven to this coast, which then belonged to the Lybians. Elissa immediately purchased this narrow promontory, which runs into the sea. The first thing they set about was the erection of a fortress, or a place of defence. This was erected on the summit of a hill commanding a very extensive view of sea and land. The fort was named in the Phœnician language Betzorah, a word which signifies, both in the Phœnician and the Hebrew tongues, a stronghold. It is the same as Bozrah, the capital of ancient Edom.* The Greeks, however, have twisted the word into Byrsa. Since I am about it, I may as well tell you that Βύρσα (*Bursa*), in the Greek language means "a hide, or skin," and hence some are of opinion that the legend of Elissa's ingenious trick—of bargaining for a piece of land sufficient to be covered by a bull's hide; and when agreed to by the natives, the Tyrian Princess cut up the skin into a thousand thongs, and scattered them over a large plot of country—was a subsequent Grecian fabrication, in order to account for the name Byrsa. I am not disposed to say that the legend is altogether fabulous and fictitious. Many grave and serious writers speak of the circumstance as a matter of course.

For instance, Appian remarks "that the Africans laughed at the simplicity of Dido, who only solicited so small a piece of land as she could cover with the hide of an ox, but much admired the cunningness of her invention in cutting it into slips." For my part, I am inclined to think that the narrative is not wholly without foundation. A story to the same effect is current amongst several nations. Hussun Subah, the chief of the assassins, is said to have acquired

* Isaiah LXIII. 1.

in the same way the hill fort of Allahamowt. The Persians insist, to the present day, that the English obtained possession of Calcutta after such a mode. There is an English tradition, that it was by a similar trick Hengist and Horsa got a settlement in the Island of Thanet; and it is somewhere stated that this was the mode by which one of the English colonies in America obtained their land of the Indians.*

So much for the very first building on this site. Now for a few words about the new colony. The Tyrian settlers called it, in their native language, קרתא חדתא (*Kartha Chadtha*), New City, which, in process of time, sharing the fate of many other names, became corrupted, and was turned into Carthage. It is stated that, whilst the workmen were digging for the foundation of the newly-formed place, they found the head of a horse; and as the heathen nations discovered omens in every trifle, they prognosticated from the circumstance that the newly-formed colony would produce a race of brave and warlike people. Whatever the horse's head intimated, one thing is certain, that Carthage for the space of seven hundred years flourished most vigorously. She was the envy of mighty nations, and did not deem herself unequal to vie with Rome, at a time when the latter arrogated to herself the pompous title of "Mistress of the world." Whilst reading history or poetry, you may meet with the name of Dido, as the foundress of the commonwealth of Carthage. I must tell you, therefore, that Elissa and Dido are names of one and the same person. The reason of the latter name is rather romantic. Elissa having been a charming beauty and a marvellous heroine, enlisted the admiration and envy of her neighbouring princes, which were matured into

* Quarterly Review, No. xxvii. p. 213.

formidable jealousy. The King of Mauritania especially, Irabas by name, proposed to marry her, but the Princess of Tyre positively declined, on the plea that she had promised eternal fidelity to her husband. Irabas was not satisfied with this sentimental reason, and consequently threatened to go to war with the infant colony. The subjects of Carthage were greatly affrighted, feeling that they were by no means equal to the combat; and apprehensive that the war might issue in a total annihilation of the Carthaginians, they told their mistress that marry Irabas she must, whether she would or not. One does not like to be forced to marry a person at random, even if that person should happen to be a King or a Queen. Elissa, therefore, solicited for three months time for consideration before she gave a decided answer. During which time she prepared an immense funeral pile, making it appear that she intended to offer up a great and solemn sacrifice to the manes of Sicharbas, to appease him for her intended breach of promise: and a great sacrifice she did offer, for she sacrificed her life rather than be guilty of such unlady-like behaviour. When the pile was all well arranged and prepared, she ascended a small platform put close to the pile, and in the presence of her ungrateful people drew a dagger from under her mantle, and plunged the same into her masculine breast. This strange and daring deed obtained for her the name of Dido instead of Elissa: some say that it was because the word means "valiant woman;" but it is my opinion that it was because the term in the Phœnician language signifies "loving woman," indicating her constancy in that profession. But to return to, or rather to proceed with, a brief sketch of the annals of that Phœnician colony.

Carthage prospered and thrived well for several centuries, could boast of a mighty navy, and of extensive

territorial possessions. Our great historian, Josephus, tells us, that when the mother kingdom, Tyre, was besieged by the Babylonian army, the African colonists had the audacity to send aid to the besieged, both by sea and by land. The great wealth and prosperity of Carthage at last moved the envy and jealousy of the Roman Republic. The latter picked a quarrel with the former about an insignificant affair respecting Messina; a war ensued, which lasted, with little interruption, upwards of one hundred years. This great war is known in history as the Punic Wars.

Rome was determined on the destruction of Carthage, unable to bear the idea that her arms were not invincible as far as the Tyrian colony was concerned. Just to give you an idea of the real greatness of this republic in the days of yore, is to tell you that Napoleon used to compare Englishmen to the Carthaginians; both being distinguished by their success in commerce, their command of the sea, and their numerous colonies.* Virgil, one of the most celebrated of the Latin, or Roman poets, thus describes the Bay of Carthage, which is by no means incorrect:

"Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide
Betwixt two rows of rocks: a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seat,
To rest the Nereïds, and exclude the heat:
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.

* This French Emperor added, moreover, that a similar fate, originating in similar causes, would at no distant time befall Great Britain.

No halsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear."*

One of the Roman senators, Cato by name, urged constantly upon his countrymen the necessity of the destruction of Carthage as absolutely essential to the establishing Roman power and greatness on an unrivalled, firm, and permanent footing. That statesman, whenever he addressed the senate, concluded with these emphatic words: "And finally, I seriously remind you, that Carthage must be destroyed." And ancient Rome acted with a degree of treachery and cowardice, to effect the doom of this once mighty republic, which is worthy of modern Rome.

Without any cause, the Romans, for a third time, declared war against the Carthaginians, upon which ambassadors were sent to Rome with full power to come to any treaty of peace. Peace was granted on the following terms: that three hundred sons of the first families of the nobility should be delivered as hostages within thirty days. When the young men were in the possession of the Romans, the Carthaginians were told that they would receive farther orders as soon as the Roman army arrived at Africa, which was already embarking. The second demand of the Romans was, that the Carthaginians should deliver all their arms to their soldiery, engaging to defend them against rising enemies. The arms were scarcely delivered, when the Roman consuls made a third and last demand, viz.: to leave Carthage, which they had orders to destroy, but gave them at the same time permission to build another city at a considerable distance from the sea-shore.

When the Carthaginian ambassadors brought the last message of Roman treachery, indescribable horror and con-

* Dryden's translation of the "Æneid," book 1, line 228, &c.

fusion overwhelmed the Carthaginian people. Desperate resolution, was the consequence, on their part. They determined rather to die one by one than to survive the destruction of their ancient city. But what were they to do? Stripped of arms, destitute of provisions, surrounded on sea and land by the enemy, ruin stared them in the face. Under such circumstances they could not measure weapons with Rome, or rather they had no weapons to measure; but "necessity is the mother of invention." Despair stimulated their courage, and taught them new expedients. Heaps of stones were brought to the ramparts, which secured them for the moment against an intended siege. Asdrubal, who was under the sentence of death to please the Romans, was released and put at the head of an army of 20,000 men. Temples, porticos, and all public buildings were opened and changed into workshops, where men and women, children and aged, were day and night occupied in manufacturing arms. When iron and brass fell short, silver and gold of private families, and public statues and vases supplied the want. When no more flax could be found to supply the bow with its string, the females cut off their long hair and willingly worked it into cords for the purpose.

Asdrubal with his men supplied the inhabitants with abundance of provisions from his camp before Carthage, and had once nearly routed the Roman armies during his excursions abroad. Thus Carthage—with all the disadvantages which Roman treachery entailed upon its inhabitants—stood firm for upwards of two years. In the third year, Scipio the younger was put in charge of the blockade; after desperate resistance he ascended the walls, and opened the gates of Carthage. In advancing, however, towards the castle, he found the high houses filled with Cartha-

ginians who overwhelmed them with darts and stones. House for house, street for street, was to be conquered, and for seven days the slaughter continued uninterrupted. At last the proconsul ordered fire to be set to the houses nearest the castle. Of the 700,000 Carthaginians 5,000 only survived, 4,000 of which surrendered themselves to the mercy of the Romans, and about 1,000 retired into the fortified temple of Æsculapius—on the site of which I am penning this, and of which anon—and buried themselves under its flames and ruins. Six days and six nights were required to clear the houses and the streets of the dead and the dying, who were all thrown into large ditches. The high walls and fortifications were then levelled to the ground, the town was given over to plunder, according to the Roman law, and afterwards burnt. The extent of the city may be estimated from the fact that although fire was set to it at all quarters at the same time, it required no less than seventeen days to reduce it to ashes. Carthage in its meridian glory, occupied a territory of twenty-three miles in circumference, fortified by a triple wall of lofty towers, which contained chambers and stalls for three hundred elephants, stables for upwards of four thousand horses, and lodgings for a numerous army besides provisions for many months. Notwithstanding the enormous sums the Carthaginians had previously expended, during the Punic wars, and notwithstanding the pillage of the Roman soldiers, Scipio collected, after the great and general conflagration, precious objects which were estimated to amount to the value of a million and a half of pounds sterling.

Scipio, while beholding the conflagration of Carthage, from an eminent position, is said to have expressed a dread presentiment against Rome, he is even said to

have shed tears for the fate of the city, which he himself had destroyed. The following lines of Homer he is said to have recited, in allusion to the future destinies of Rome, which the great Greek poet sang respecting ancient Troy:

> "Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
> (How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!)
> The day when thou, imperial Troy, must bend,
> And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end." *

Immediately after the total destruction of Carthage, the Romans ordered a medal to be struck, having on it the Carthaginian coat of arms, consisting of a horse and date-tree, and the following Latin inscription: "Delenda est Carthago," that is, Carthage is destroyed, in allusion to old Cato's severe denunciation, of which the accompanying is a facsimile.

* Ἔσσεται ἦμαρ, ὅτ' ἄνποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἰλιος ἱρή,
Καὶ Πριαμος, καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμελίω Πριάμοιο.
"Iliad," lib. VI. 447.

This dark vision, if applied to Rome, was signally realized A.D. 455, and it never rose again. Since that fatal year, its government has been living upon the purses of other nations alone; and its total ruin is, at present, only delayed by the armies of foreigners, and most of its inhabitants live chiefly upon the money brought by the admirers of its former splendour.

Carthage was rebuilt, under Julius and Augustus Cæsars, on a very magnificent scale, which formed for a length of time a considerable Roman colony. A.D. 439, Genseric, King of the Vandals, wrested it from the hands of the Romans, and made it the seat of the Vandal empire. It is said that Genseric, whilst plundering Rome in the year of our Lord 455, carried off with him the sacred vessels of our beautiful temple, which Titus, after he was permitted to destroy that sanctuary, took with him as trophies to Rome, and graced his triumphal procession on his return thither. It is said, moreover, that the Vandal King brought those holy relics with him to Africa. Here they remained till Belisarius reconquered Carthage from the Vandals, when that brave General sent them to his Emperor, Justinian, to Constantinople. The Emperor being told by some Jewish Rabbi, that the keeping them away from Jerusalem was the cause of the discomfiture of the Romans before the Vandals, and the Vandals before the Greeks, the Emperor took the hint, and sent the hallowed utensils to Jerusalem to be deposited in a church he ordered to be built there, where they remained till the Persians carried them off with them.

Towards the close of the seventh century, Carthage was totally destroyed by the Saracens, from which blow it never recovered. It gives one the idea that the magnificent palaces, temples, fanes, walls, in short all the splendid edifices which once covered this melancholy site, were gathered together, and crowded into a monster mill, and ground to powder. Such is the ruinous state of once mighty Carthage. The following moral of the immortal Tasso forces itself *nolens volens* upon my mind whilst I am penning this epistle:

" Giace l'alta Cartago: appena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni;
Corpe i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba:
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
O nostra mente cupida e superbe!" *

The present inhabitants, or rather tramplers, of the soil are ignorant that a grand and magnificent city was once the covering of this extensive plot of ground, and that Carthage was its name. The Bedouin Arabs think that the two little villages, which are at present to be seen on the shore, were there from time immemorial.

I have thus given you, dear Miriam, a bird's-eye view of the annals of the once-renowned Carthage, which I trust will inspire you with a desire to read some large history on the same subject. I prefer history—straightforward, matter-of-fact, true, unvarnished history—to all the rubbishy novels, which have no other effect than to smother a regard of truth in the hearts of their readers. And if you contemplate a little on the idolatrous condition of ancient Carthage, and on the judgments which were denounced against Tyre, you will have reason to admire the truthfulness of the Sacred Historian and Prophet. I intended to have told you something about the Ecclesias-

* Which it pleased John Hoole thus to translate:

" Now to the knights the damsel-pilot show'd
The spot where once imperial Carthage stood;
Ill-fated Carthage! scarce, amidst the plains,
A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,
The world's unstable glories fade away!
Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain:
O impious folly of presuming man!"

tical, or Church History, as connected with this place, as I am anxious that you should cultivate a taste for that branch of literature; but it is beginning to be very late; I must, therefore, draw to a rapid conclusion. I hinted, however, that I was writing on the site and on the ruins of the ancient temple of Æsculapius. You may be wondering how I know that I am sitting on the identical spot. I have in my portfolio a couple of drawings of this place, a copy of which shall accompany this letter. It has been excavated by Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul-General for this regency. Among the many Corinthian capitols which were laid bare, there are two of a very different and superior style from the rest; they lie in the foreground of this, and one of which serves me now as a table. These capitols are adorned by entwined snakes. I dare say you are aware that serpents were sacred, in days of yore, to that god of medicine, and you will therefore probably consider that there is slight ground to conclude that the capitols are fragments of a temple dedicated to that deified quack. We also learn from ancient writers that a temple in honour of that deity was erected in Carthage, not far from the shore, and that steps conducted from it to the sea. At present the sea is but within a stone's throw from the entrance into the temple. Many beautiful columns, not very thick, about two feet in diameter, and of red-grained marble, are to be seen on every side, and I am thus convinced that I sit amidst desolated greatness.

To my right in the distance, on a hill, I behold the little fort, built by the French under the name of a church, dedicated to Louis IX., King of France, who died before Tunis, and was interred in this immediate vicinity. On

my left are the ancient cisterns, having been the reservoirs of water in ancient days; and magnificent relics these cisterns are. I could tell you a great deal more about this spot, were I more conveniently situated. It is no easy matter to write in the open field, exposed to the raging winds. I will only add for the present, that Carthage suffered about six or seven destructions. I cannot be certain about my date, as I have no books to refer to here; but I may be able to tell you more about this place at some future period.*

God bless you, dearest Miriam,

Prays your affectionate papa, &c.

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## LETTER XXII.

### TO JOHN M. BROWN, ESQ., T. C. D.

On a broken pillar on the Ruins of Carthage,
Nov. 1847.

My dear Friend,

That you may not have an opportunity of finding fault with me, as you had occasion to do with our dear friend, Mr. D——, I take one of the earliest opportunities for gratifying your roving, romantic thoughts, and write to you a few lines, according to promise, from "the Ruins of Carthage." It would be folly to attempt to give you in a hasty note, written with every inconvenience and discomfort, a full account of all the association of ideas this place

* For a few sketches of some fragmentary relics, see Appendix.

suggests. Your ideas of Carthage at present, during your college drudgery, must be, to a great extent, Virgilian.

The poet of Andes, by his prolific imagination and fictitious turn of mind, gave a bewitching charm, in some persons' estimation, to the history of Carthage. Not so with me, I prefer fact to fiction any time; and I am, moreover, of opinion that the real history of Carthage possesses more and greater charms than the noble verse of Virgil, or the romances of modern novelists can bestow upon it. A thinking man finds enough on this spot to rivet his thoughts, as with magic spell, by the association of ideas of positive facts, in connection with Carthage's history, without having recourse to fable. The history of Carthage stands associated with the annals of Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, Marseilles, Etruria, Sardinia, Sicily, Arabia, &c. It is invested with more thrilling interest, by matters of fact, than wild fancy could possibly have bestowed upon its chronicles. To a student of theology, this spot has an additional charm. This was one of the earliest bishopricks, and not less a personage than Cyprian was one of its first Bishops. From here a voice went forth, protesting, at an early period, against the pretensions of the Roman Pontiff. Many a faithful soldier did the early Church of Carthage add to the noble army of martyrs; but I must not extend my remarks, in this desert place nor attempt any lengthened dissertation on Ecclesiastical History. I doubt not, that when you view its history with the eye of a Mosheim, a Fleury, a Milner, a Bingham, a Jamieson, or of any other Christian chronicler, many interesting incidents will be recalled to your mind, especially about Cyprian, who justly obtained the enviable appellation, "a star of the first magnitude." Alas! how is the glory of Carthage gone! The Lord has completely removed

the candlestick from the Church of Africa. There is not the slightest vestige of the glorious light, which once shone so brightly here. Alas! poor, poor Africa! I may recur to this subject in the shape of a postscript; I fear I have but a short time here to-day, it is getting late: I must therefore cast a hasty glance around me, and tell you the objects I have in view.

I cannot possibly furnish you with an adequate idea of the former grandeur of this place, by my feeble powers of description, and in so brief a period as I have at command, whenever I come here. You should be here yourself, and behold with your own eyes the gigantic fragments of the Herculean columns, which once supported the princely mansions of the people of Carthage of yore. I wish I could graphically depict to you the beautiful view I have before me. However, such as I have I give to you. Opposite to my left is the Island of Zimbra and Cape Bon. Right opposite to me, the mountains of Corbus, at the foot of one of which the ancient Cerebis was situated, famous as the place of Cyprian's exile or captivity. To my right, in the distance is the mountain of Gebel Zoghwan, which possesses the spring which supplied the ancient cisterns here with water, conveyed by a monster aqueduct—the mighty remains of which are still extant—of nearly fifty miles in length. I see I must give over writing, as I fancy the mischievous Juno is just in a humour for a little bit of fun, and is very busily engaged blowing on my paper, so that it tosses to and fro, and causes me to perpetrate many mistakes. The wind is becoming tempestuous and uproarious, I am not equal for the combat, and must therefore shut up. I will pen the remainder at my temporary home, when I return thither.

Tunis.

The whole of the twelve miles—from the ruins of Carthage to this—my heart felt extremely saddened by my imperceptibly falling into a train of thought which carried me to the scenes of the days of old, when martyrs and confessors sealed their faith with their own blood. One of the most graphic descriptions I have ever read, and which gives a correct idea of the internal and external state of the Church of Carthage, is a passage in Tertullian's Apology to Scapula, the Prefect of Africa, which is the following: "We pray for the safety of the emperors, to the eternal God, the true, the living God, whom emperors themselves would desire to be propitious to them above all others who are called gods. We, looking up to heaven, with outstretched hands because they are harmless, with naked hands because they are not ashamed, without a prompter because we pray from the heart, constantly pray for all emperors, that they may have a long life, a secure empire, a safe palace, strong armies, a faithful senate, a well-moralized people, quiet state of the world—whatever Cæsar would wish for himself in his public and private capacity. I cannot solicit these things from any other than from Him, from whom, I know, I shall obtain them, because He alone can do these things; and I am he who may expect them of Him, being His servant, who worship Him alone, and am ready to lose my life for His service. Thus then let the claws of wild beasts pierce us, or their feet trample on us, while our hands are stretched out to God; let crosses suspend us, let fires consume us, let swords pierce our breasts; a praying Christian is in a frame for enduring anything.

"How is this, ye generous rulers? Will ye kill the good

subject who supplicates God for the Emperor? Were we disposed to return evil for evil, it were easy for us to revenge the injuries we sustain. But God forbid that his people should vindicate themselves by human fire, or be reluctant to endure that by which their sincerity is evinced. Were we disposed to act the part, I will not say of secret assassins, but of open enemies, should we want forces and numbers? Are there not multitudes of us in every part of the world? It is true, we are but of yesterday, and yet we have filled all your towns, cities, islands, castles, boroughs, counsels, camps, courts, palaces, senate, forum. We leave you only your temples. For what war should we not be ready and well prepared, even though unequal in numbers—we, who die with so much pleasure, were it not that our religion requires us rather to suffer death than to inflict it? If we were to make a general secession from your dominions, you would be astonished at your solitude. We are dead to all ideas of worldly honour and dignity. Nothing is more foreign to us than political concerns: the whole world is our republic. We are a body united in one bond of religion, discipline, and hope. We meet in our assemblies for prayer. We are compelled to have recourse to the divine oracles for caution and recollection, on all occasions. We nourish our faith by the word of God, we erect our hope, we fix our confidence, we strengthen our discipline by repeatedly inculcating precepts, exhortations, corrections, and by excommunication, when it is needful. This last, as being in the sight of God, is of great weight; and is a serious warning of the future judgment, if any one behaves in so scandalous a manner as to be debarred from our holy communion. Those who preside among us, are elderly persons, not distinguished for opulence, but worthiness of character. Every one pays something into the

public chest once a month, or when he pleases, according to his ability and inclination; for there is no compulsion. These gifts are, as it were, the deposits of piety. Hence we relieve and bury the needy, support orphans and decrepid persons, those who have suffered shipwreck, and those who, for the word of God, are condemned to the mines and imprisonment. This very charity has caused us to be noticed by some: 'See,' say they, 'how they love one another.'"

You will doubtless agree with me in considering this extract as a correct and invaluable picture of the African Church in her first love. Since you are to be an ecclesiastic yourself, I tell you my mind candidly that one of the richest legacies which was bequeathed to the Christian Church, is the ecclesiastical history of the first four centuries. It is only to be regretted that it is not more generally studied and imitated in our own day and generation. In fact, it should be held up as a mirror to the ecclesiatics of our own days. But, alas! it is not so. You may be disposed to smile when you read my reason for the fervent zeal of the early Christians, especially for such a reason coming from me; it may, however, notwithstanding your sneers and jeers, prove the true one. The nearer the Church of Christ was to Jewish disciples, and to Jewish preachers, and to Jewish Christians, the purer and more fervent was her zeal for the holy religion she professed. I look upon the aboriginal African Church as composed principally of Hebrew Christians. My mind was often exercised on the important question—When was the cross planted in Africa? Church historians simply guess the answer, and therefore, by their different and opposite conjectures, leave us in a maze.

For instance, Salvian maintains that the Church of Carthage was founded by the Apostles. Patilianus, on the

other hand, says that the people of Africa were the last in the Roman empire to embrace the truth. Dorotheus and Nicephorus maintain that Simon Zelotas preached the faith in Mauritania, where he also enjoyed the assistance of St. Peter in his pious labours; adding, that Epænetus, one of the seventy, was about the same time elected Bishop of Carthage. St. Augustin is of opinion that the African Church was planted by Roman missionaries. I have, however, good and ample reasons for maintaining what I have already told you, that the first labourers in this part of God's vineyard were "Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the *covenants* [both old and new], and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises. Whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."*

Before I conclude this epistle, I must give you another scrap of ecclesiastical history in connection with Carthage, which is of a most interesting nature. It is the case of the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas, whose narrative is given in the "Acta Sanctorum." The former of those female martyrs is said to have written an account with her own hand. She was a person of a good family, and about twenty-two years of age when apprehended. She was seized, together with Felicitas, Rivocatus, and Saturninus, all of whom were catechumens in the Church of Carthage. Perpetua writes thus respecting their days of imprisonment:

"When we were in the hands of the persecutors, my father, in his tender affection, persevered in his endeavours to pervert me from the faith. 'My father, this vessel, be be it a pitcher or anything else, can we call it by any

* Rom. ix. 4, 5

name?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'Nor can I call myself by any name but that of Christian?' My father looked as if he could have plucked my eyes out; but he only harassed me, and departed, persuaded by the arguments of the devil. Then, after being a few days without seeing my father, I was enabled to give thanks to God, and his absence was tempered to my spirit. After a few days we were baptized, and the waters of baptism seemed to give power of endurance to my body. Again, a few days, and we were cast into prison. I was terrified; for I had never seen such total darkness. O, miserable day!—from the dreadful heat of the prisoners crowded together, and insults of the soldiers; but I was wrung with solicitude for my infant. Two of our deacons, however, by the payment of money, obtained our removal for some hours in the day, to a more open part of the prison. Each of the captives there pursued his usual occupation; but I sat and nursed my infant, who was wasting away with hunger. In my anxiety, I addressed and consoled my mother, and commended my child to my brother; and I began to pine away at seeing them pining away on my account. And for many days I suffered this anxiety, and accustomed my child to remain in the prison with me; and I immediately recovered my strength, and was relieved from my toil and trouble for my infant, so that the prison became to me like a palace; and I was happier there than I should have been anywhere else." After recording some dreams or visions, which may be easily explained by the prisoner's dreadful situation, Perpetua then continues:

"After a few days there was a rumour that we were to be heard. My father came from the city, wasted away with anxiety, to pervert me; and he said: 'Have compassion, O, my daughter! on my grey hairs; have compassion on thy father, if he is worthy of the name

of father. If I have thus brought thee up to the flower of thine age—if I have preferred thee to all thy brothers—do not expose me to this disgrace. Look on thy brother; look on thy mother and thy aunt; look on the child, who cannot live without thee. Do not destroy us all.' Thus spoke my father, kissing my hands in his fondness, and throwing himself at my feet; and in his tears he called me not his daughter, but his lady (*domina*). And I was grieved for the grey hairs of my father, because he alone, of all my family, did not rejoice in my martyrdom; and I consoled him, saying: 'In this trial, what God wills will take place. Know that we are not in our own power, but in that of God.' And he went away sorrowing. Another day, while we were at dinner, we were suddenly seized and carried off to trial; and we came to the town. The report spread rapidly, and an immense multitude was assembled. We were placed at the bar; the rest were interrogated, and made their confession. And it came to my turn. My father instantly appeared with my child, and he drew me down the steps, and said, in a beseeching tone: 'Have compassion on your infant;' and Hilarianus, the procurator, who exercised the power of life and death for the Proconsul, Timinianius, who had died, said: 'Spare the grey hairs of your parent; spare your infant; offer sacrifices for the welfare of the Emperor.' And I answered: 'I will not sacrifice.' 'Art thou a Christian?' said Hilarianus. I answered: 'I am a Christian.' And while my father stood there to persuade me, Hilarianus ordered him to be thrust down, and beaten with rods. The misfortune of my father grieved me; and I was as much grieved for his old age as if I had been scourged myself. He then passed sentence on us all, and condemned us to wild beasts; and we went back in cheerfulness to the prison. And because I was accustomed to nurse my infant, and to keep it with

me in prison, I sent Pomponius, the deacon, to seek it from my father. My father would not send it; but by the will of God the child no longer desired the breast, and I suffered no uneasiness, lest at such a time I should be afflicted by the sufferings of my child, or by pains in my breasts."

The whole history of those individuals is so extremely fascinating in its sadness, that I think you might like to hear a little more of it, and shall therefore mention a couple of other particulars. It appears that many of the turnkeys and the prison-keepers were struck by the extraordinary courage and fidelity of those witnesses for the truth, and were induced to befriend the poor prisoners. They permitted their friends and relatives to visit them in their dungeons, and thus afford them the balm of consolation and sympathy. I need not tell you, that in those days of horrible persecution, the Christian martyrs were kept, to stimulate the diabolical, tyrannous and cruel frenzy of the persecutors, till the game-days, when they were delivered to the fury of wild and starved beasts. The nearer those fatal days approached, the more alarmed did the friends and relatives of the persecuted feel. And therefore we find Vivia Perpetua saying, about that time: "My father entered the prison, worn out with affliction, and began to pluck his beard, and to throw himself down with his face upon the ground, which might have moved any living creature; and I was grieved with sorrow for his old age."

Her sister in bonds was no less firm and sound in the faith for which they were ready to be, and were, offered up. As an instance of Felicitas' great faith, it is recorded that she was about that time within a month of her accouchement, and was therefore apprehensive, as were also her friends, that her martyrdom would be deferred in consequence. Her Christian friends, as well as herself, joined in prayer for a speedy delivery. The prayers were heard,

and Felicitas felt that the pains of childbirth had suddenly seized her. During the pangs concomitant on such occasions, she was heard to moan; a servant of the prison observed: "If you cannot endure these pains, how then will you endure exposure to wild beasts?" To which she promptly replied: "I bear now my own sufferings; then, there will be with me one who will bear my sufferings for me, for I shall suffer for His sake." The candidate for the crown of martyrdom was delivered of a daughter, which was taken into the custody of a Christian sister; and Felicitas was happy *indeed*, at the prospect of witnessing a good confession in the face of the enemies of the cross. The fatal day arrived, the Christian sisters were once more summoned to make their choice, either to offer incense to the idols of stocks and stone, or to be forthwith given up to the fury of craving wild beasts. But the pious sisters did not count their lives dear to them, so that they might end their Christian course consistently. They therefore resolutely and determinately preferred the latter alternative, and were sentenced accordingly.

The victims, however, prayed earnestly that they might be permitted to retain their common dresses during the procession to the execution.—Martyrs were generally led to execution in the profane costume of the priests of false gods; men in the habit of the priests of Saturn, and women in that of Ceres.—The petition was granted them. Another privilege was granted them, viz., to be dressed in loose robes whilst exposed to the goring of an infuriated and maddened cow for the occasion. Men were exposed to leopards and bears, and women were suspended naked in nets, to be gored by a furious cow. Poor Perpetua had her garments rent whilst gored and tossed by the instrument of her destruction. She was more conscious of her wounded modesty than of her bodily pain; she drew her

habit, therefore, over the part of her person which was exposed.

Both were mortally wounded. They obtained respite for a brief space of time, but their fearful agonies seem to have affected even the stony hearts of their relentless persecutors. A period was, therefore, put to their earthly sufferings by gladiators, Perpetua guiding with her own hand the sword of her unskilful executioner.*

My friend, and your brother-in-law, has in the press a work, to be entitled "The Carthaginian Church; or, a Brief Sketch of the History of the Introduction, Progress, and Extirpation of Christianity in North Africa." When it is published, I would recommend you to get a copy of it, as Davis is very enthusiastic about his work, and he will doubtless furnish every scrap of information on the subject he has undertaken to treat.†

Not a trace, not a vestige of any ancient Christian place of worship is to be seen anywhere in the neighbourhood of Carthage, however scrutinous the inquisitive traveller may be. The French have, indeed, recently erected a chapel—

* This affecting narrative has furnished the clever and talented authoress of "Naomi" with a theme for a beautiful, interesting and instructive tale, which she aptly entitled, "The Martyrs of Carthage, A Tale of the Times of Old." I take this opportunity of recommending this last production of Mrs. Webb's pen, as a masterpiece. The following passage, taken from the preface of the work, explains the character of the book: "The principal facts and events which are related in this story are, for the most part, historical; and the trials and sufferings of the Christians are authentic. A few trifling anachronisms have, however, been wilfully committed; and names have been altered, and actions, which really took place, have been attributed to individuals who did not perform them, for the sake of increasing the interest of the narrative."

† This work is now before the public, but it is of too small a size to have enabled the author to say all he might have done, did he allow himself more space.

cruciform in shape, and surmounted by a dome—on the place which was anciently called Byrsa, dedicated to St. Louis. The front of the chapel, which faces the south-east, bears the following inscription:

LOUIS PHILIPPE, PREMIER ROI DES FRANÇAIS,
A ÉRIGÉ CE MONUMENT,
EN L'AN 184 .
SUR LA PLACE OU EXPIRA LE ROI,
SAINT LOUIS SON AIEUL.

But the Christianity of the primitive Christians of Carthage is not exhibited in that building. A cursory examination of the structure will convince the intelligent traveller that France did not build St. Loius with a view to promote the kingdom of the Founder of Christianity, but with the intent of extending Louis Philippe's dominion in these regions of the world. The whole resembles more a fort, than a house of prayer. It is not for me to say, or even to conjecture, what the intentions of the French Government are, but I feel at perfect liberty to say that the procedures of that senate seem very suspicious everywhere; and their conduct, with respect to the affairs of this regency, strike one as preparatory to some outrageous step. In fact, Algiers without Tunis is not worth keeping. I am not expert in political tactics, but I know that the smallest amount of cunning and underhand dealing will succeed in supplanting the present feeble holders of the land, and put them in subjection.* Farewell—good night.

Yours very faithfully, &c., &c.

* I find that the same notion was slightly hinted at by Viscount Fielding and Captain Kennedy, in their "Algeria and Tunis in 1845." Speaking of the chapel, they say, "Very large cisterns have been constructed under the building occupied by the person

## LETTER XXIII.

### TO THE WORSHIPFUL AND REV. H. RAIKES,

CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER.

Tunis, Nov. 1847.

My dear Sir,

The deep feeling of respect I always entertained for you, ever since I have first heard of your name, influences me with a desire for a place in your memory. I bethought myself that the best way to effect this would be by writing to you now and then, informing you of my movements and proceedings; and I venture to trust that by this means, I shall not only have the satisfaction of furnishing you with important information respecting a part of the world, which is always regarded with feelings of the liveliest interest, but also keep alive the kind interest you have always so kindly evinced towards me, which would be a cause of great gratification on my part.

A combination of circumstances induced me to proceed to Tunis, before visiting Syria and Palestine. I am anxious so to arrange my wanderings in these parts of the world, as to arrive at Jerusalem about the period of the consecration of the new church there. Whilst I am here, I purpose to tell you, in a couple of letters, some of the

in charge; a considerable space around has been inclosed by an octangular wall, and is laid out as a garden, and planted with trees. A road has been cut to the water's edge; and it is certainly a very singular coincidence, that, from the manner in which the buildings have been laid out, a couple of guns, landed from a man-of-war, run up the winding road, and mounted upon the solid platform of masonry on which the chapel stands, would, with a few loop-holes broken in the outer wall, form a tolerably strong fort, at a few hours' notice."—Vol. II. pp. 35, 36.

things belonging to this regency. This letter will be, therefore, a sort of extract from my "Evening Notes," since I landed on the shores of this regency.

*Oct.* 18*th.* Arrived this morning at the Goletta—the Tunisian harbour. The wretched meagerness of the warriors of the Bey of this regency, struck me amazingly. Took a Maltese carriage from thence to convey me to Tunis. On the way I beheld with interest the loaded camels, objects which hitherto I only saw in representation. The poor animals do really deserve to be painted, they look very picturesque, especially in an extensive caravan. Everything on the way roused many a dormant thought in my mind. The fragments of marble, once the component parts of some magnificent Carthaginian palace; the arches of the once unrivalled aqueduct; the Bedouin with his few flocks and herds—the sullen descendants of the once haughty Moors; the mountains covered with olive-trees, the rich soil of the plain, all these conspired to lull me into dreams of by-gone studies. But all my poetical reveries were dissipated, as soon as I entered the walls of Tunis. The city looked attractive at a distance, but repulsive when it is approached. The minarets of the different mosques, the terraces of the few principal buildings, and the waving flags of the respective consulates, give the city an air of grandeur to the visitor's eye, when he is yet afar off. The scene, however, is changed as soon as the stranger passes the outer gate into the city. The greatest part of Tunis is a heap of ruins. The narrow, dirty streets swarm with filthy men, women, and children. I hurried through those horrid streets, and was delighted to find myself in the Mission-house, where I was cordially welcomed by all its inmates. I was not long in the house before a discordant band of musicians were playing away as hard as they could, to my great

*Tunis.*

*ENGRAVED BY J. W. COOK, FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.*

London: Richard Bentley. 1850.

annoyance. When I asked: "What meaneth all this?" I was informed that it was in honour of my arrival. No sooner did that band leave than another struck up their instruments. I began to fear that I might be welcomed more than I liked; however, the professed rejoicing terminated with the second band.

After the little stir, my coming excited, settled down, I went to see the schools. I found them filled with intelligent looking children. Looking out through the window this evening, I was very much pleased with the appearance of the town, by moon and star-light. By reason of the white-washed terraces, it gave one an idea of a mountain covered with snow; for a moment I almost fancied I was in Russia.

*Oct.* 19*th.* Took a walk through the town with Mr. Davis. I need hardly note that everything appeared new to me, in spite of all my book knowledge about Tunis. I fancied I saw people and things which were as yet never described. The eye is, after all, the most impressive informant. The population presented to my view a most singular appearance, especially when I gazed upon them promiscuously. The four different sorts of turbans attracted my attention first: the white, worn by notaries; the green, worn by the lineal descendants of the False Prophet; the red, worn by the Hadjehs, or those who performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, whereby they render themselves holy (?); and the black, worn by the Tunisian-Jews, the latter not being allowed to wear any other head-dress. Poor Jews! though you are obliged to go in black, I like this colour, fit emblem of mourning. Behold, from what a pinnacle of glory you have been hurled down. Is there no cause then, on your part, for mourning? Alas there is great cause. Not only on תשעה באב (*Tishaah*

*B'aabh*),* the Anniversary of the destruction of the Temple, ought ye to sit on the ground and lament, but daily, aye hourly. "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among provinces, how is she become tributary!" should ring in your ears from morning till night. More loudly, however, should echo in your synagogues the last words of your Messiah in that temple, the destruction of which ye annually bewail: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Yes mourning, lamentation and woe is Israel's present portion. Would that you were conscious of the heinous crime which brought all this evil upon you, even the crucifying of the Lord of Glory; Oh, for the time predicted by the prophets, when your mourning shall be turned into everlasting joy.

Such reflections occupied my mind until we arrived at the sookh, or shop-quarter, when my thoughts took a different turn. This district of the town fascinated me not a little. It consists of oblong arched squares, each square is divided into small shops, which are occupied by the respective proprietors. The principal shop-keepers are Jews and Moors: the latter furnish their little shops very comfortably, some stretch themselves on the divans reading

* The ninth day of the month Ab.

some book; others sit cross-legged, writing or copying some book—generally the Koran. I scarcely passed a single Moorish sookh, without seeing its owner engaged in some literary pursuit. Business is at a very low ebb at present in this regency. Passing through this quarter I almost fancied myself in a college. If the little drawers which contain the paltry merchandize were removed, I might have been disposed to take it for granted—if I had not been previously told—that that quarter was a sort of spacious seminary. The Jewish shops are by far more business-like looking, and better-furnished—as far as mercantile is concerned—than the Moorish stalls. The Israelites keep also many books for reading in their shops, and I observed not a few poring over some large folios. One part of the sookh-district is occupied by the Maltese, and is a very bustling neighbourhood. Neither book nor reading is to be seen amongst that tribe. Avarice and coveteousness are the strong features of that place. The shop-keepers in that quarter did not captivate me. The Maltese here are a low set of fellows, something like the Irish in London and Liverpool.

*Oct.* 20*th.* A Rabbi from Hungary called upon us about one o'clock, P.M., rather an intelligent man. We had a long and interesting discussion about the standard of correct scriptural interpretation. We endeavoured to demonstrate to this "Master in Israel," that neither the Romish nor the Talmudical doctors have a standard of interpretation—but that Protestants had, which was the New Testament. This gave a most interesting feature to the discussion—and we have reason to believe, not without impression on our Jewish antagonist; as he could not help but see and feel that all the ramparts in which he entrenched himself—as the writings of Rabbi Isaac,

Rabbi Lipman, &c.—were entirely demolished, and thus proved to him, according to the old adage, but "castles built in the air."

*Oct.* 21*st*. Visited the Jewish quarter. What awful poverty characterizes that district! What abject misery is legible in the countenances of its inhabitants! Oh, how my heart sunk within me on their account. First, the words of Isaiah occurred to me: "Look away from me; I will weep bitterly; labour not to comfort me; because of the spoiling of the daughter of my people."* Then Jeremiah's pathetic expressions suggested themselves to me: "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."† If I ever sympathised with those Prophets in their melancholy strains for Israel's calamity, I did so this morning when moving along through the Hara—the name given to the Jewish quarter, supposed, because that it was originally inhabited by four Jews only, who first settled here.—My painful cogitations were relieved, on entering a Jewish synagogue, one of the four largest in Tunis. We only found a few old Jews, who, I suppose, were of the *Aasarah Batlanim*, reading different devotional books. The synagogue is rather small, and in a very poor state indeed. The Jews say it is three hundred years old. I counted the benches, in order to estimate the accommodation; and

* Isaiah xxii. 4.

† Jer. viii. 21, 22; ix. 1; compare Lam. i. 11, 12, &c.

I think it to be impossible to hold more than five hundred persons; and if this be one of the largest, or, as the Jews say, the very largest, I am disposed to believe that the number of Jews here has been greatly exaggerated. After casting a critical eye on the furniture and dimensions of that building, we proceeded towards the Jews, who were engaged reading rather carelessly some prayers. Mr. D. directed their attention to Him who is the only Mediator between God and man; and therefore prayer was to be made, and can only be acceptable to God, through Him. They were surprised at the message; but, not wishing to indulge in controversy, Mr. D. substantiated his communication by several passages of Scripture, and left them thinking. We then ascended the Yeshibah, or seminary attached to it. Every synagogue has a sort of school attached to it, and it is generally in the gallery. We found in it a venerable old Rabbi, with several students, engaged in discussing a portion of the Talmud.

We sat down and listened to the disquisition. When they were done, Mr. D. ventured to hint that it was a waste of time to discuss statements, which must first be proved to be true, and if the disquisition were turned in that direction, the greatest part of the Talmud would prove incredible. This proposition was of course disputed at first; but an appeal was made to several passages in the Talmud, and we analysed them too; so that we, at once, tore off the veil of sanctity which our Jewish friends wished to cast over that extraordinary book. From thence we proceeded to another synagogue in the neighbourhood, considerably smaller than the first that we visited. We found but very few persons in its seminary. Mr. D. asked for a Bible, but there was none in that school. We expressed our astonishment that a Jewish school should dispense with the

Law and the Prophets. To which the inmates present replied that the writings of the sages supplied that deficiency most effectually.

*Oct.* 23*rd.* This being Saturday, we took a walk through the Jewish quarter. The service is over very early, so that when we entered into the synagogue about eleven o'clock, we found none in it. We observed several Jewish women kissing the doorposts of the synagogue. We also saw a very old Chasham moving slowly along a narrow street, and every Jew that came near him kissed his sleeve. No wonder, thought I, that they pin their faith to the sleeves of the Rabbies. Called on a Rabbi R——; he was out, but one of his wives was in—some Jews are so foolish and unprincipled here as to avail themselves of the privilege of polygamy.—She complained very bitterly of her husband, and begged Mr. Davis, who possesses great influence amongst the Jews, to interfere in her behalf, which he promised to do. We also paid a visit to the Roman Catholic Bishop, with whom Mr. Davis is on visiting terms. Mr. D. has a high opinion of his sincerity and integrity. Between me and my notes, I am of a different opinion, he strikes me to be an expert intriguer. But I may be mistaken.

*Oct.* 26*th.* The Roman Catholic Bishop, in company with a monk, returned our visit to-day. I cannot help thinking that there is something strikingly sinister in his countenance and deportment. The monk who accompanied the Bishop appeared a remarkably clever man. It struck us, from his appearance and conversation, that he was a Jew. Both Mr. D. and myself—not knowing each other's thoughts—turned the conversation on Hebrew literature, which afforded me an ample opportunity of producing some old Hebrew works, which none but a

born and bred Jew could read with facility. The monk convinced us that we were not wrong in our surmises, he read the different works with a facility and accent of one who spent many years in a Jewish *Baith Hamhedrash.** No doubt is left on our minds that that monk is of Jewish parentage.

*Oct. 27th.* Paid a visit to the site of ancient and once mighty Carthage, where I wrote, on the gigantic fragments of some marble pillars, two letters, one to my Miriam, and another to a friend, in England, in which I described the melancholy appearance of its present howling wilderness. Whilst I was on the ruins, my thoughts were chiefly engaged with the contrast of its past greatness and present wretchedness; but now, whilst in my study, with pen and ink before me, my mind dwells particularly on the history of Louis IX., King of France, who died in that neighbourhood, and to whose memory a chapel has been erected by the French Government in 1814. I cannot retire to my night's rest without adding to this my evening note, the dying behest of that good King to his children; for, making allowances for the times he lived in, he must certainly have been a very good, though mistaken, Christian. Lord John de Joinville tells us that he "heard that the good King had written out these instructions with his own hand, and that they were as follows:

"Fair son,† the first advice I shall give thee is, that with all thy heart, and above all other things, thou love God, for without this no man can be saved. Be most careful not to do anything that may displease Him; that

* A house of learning, a Jewish college.

† King Louis addressed himself particularly to his eldest son, Lord Philip.

is to say, avoid sin. Thou oughtest to desire to suffer any torments rather than sin mortally. Should God send thee adversity, receive it patiently, give Him thanks for it, and believe that thou hast well deserved it, and that it will turn out to thine honour. Should He grant thee prosperity, be humbly grateful for it; but take care thou do not become worse, through pride or presumption, for it behoves us not to make war against God for His gifts. Confess thyself often, and choose such a discreet and wise confessor as may have abilities to point out to thee the things necessary for thy salvation, and what things thou oughtest to shun; and mayest thou be such a character, that thy confessor, relations and acquaintances may boldly reprove thee for any wrong thou mayest have done, and instruct thee how thou shouldest act. Attend the service of God, and of our Mother Church, with heartfelt devotion, more particularly the mass, from the consecration of the holy body of our Lord, without laughing or gossiping with any one. Have always a compassionate heart for the poor, and assist and comfort them as much as thou canst.

"Keep up and maintain good manners in thy kingdom; abase and punish the bad. Preserve thyself from too great luxury; and never lay any heavy imposts on thy people, unless through necessity forced to it, or for the defence of thy country. If thy heart feel any discontent, tell it instantly to thy confessor, or to any sober-minded person, that is not full of wicked words; thou mayest thus more easily bear it, from the consolation he may give thee. Be careful to choose such companions as are honest and loyal, and not full of vices, whether they be churchmen, monks, seculars or others.

"Avoid the society of the wicked; and force thyself to listen to the word of God and to retain it in thy heart.

Beg continually in thy prayer, for pardon, and the remission of thy sins. Love thine honour. Take care not to suffer any one to dare utter words in thy presence that may excite to sin, nor say calumny of another, whether he be present or absent; nor anything disrespectful of God, his holy mother, or of the saints.

"Offer thanks frequently to God, for the prosperity and other good things He gives thee. Be upright, and do justice strictly to all, to the poor and to the rich. Be liberal and good to thy servants, but firm in thy orders, that they may fear and love thee as their master. If any controversy or dispute arise, inquire into it until thou comest to the truth, whether it be in thy favour or against thee. If thou possess anything that does not belong to thee, or that may have come to thee from thy predecessors, and thou be informed for a truth that it is not thine, cause it instantly to be restored to its proper owner. Be particularly attentive that thy subjects live in peace and security, as well in the towns as in the country. Maintain such liberties and franchises as thy ancestors have done, and preserve them inviolate; for by the riches and power of thy principal towns, thy enemies will be afraid of affronting, or attacking thee; more especially thy equals, thy barons, and such like.

"Love and honour all churchmen, and be careful not to deprive them of any gifts, revenues, or alms, which thy ancestors or predecessors may have granted to them. It is reported of my grandfather, Philip, that when one of his counsellors told him that the churchmen were making him lose his revenues, royalties, and even his rights of justice, and that he was surprised how he suffered it, the King replied that he believed it was so, but that God had shown him so much favour, and granted him such prosperity, that he had rather lose all he had, than have any

dispute or contention with the servants of His holy Church.

"Be to thy father and mother dutiful and respectful, and avoid angering them by thy disobedience to their just commands. Give such benefices as may become vacant to discreet persons, of a pure conversation, and give them with the advice of well-advised, prudent persons. Avoid going to war with any Christian power, without mature deliberation, and if it can in anywise be prevented. If thou goest to war, respect churchmen and all who have done thee no wrong. Should contentions arise between thy vassals, put an end to them as speedily as possible.

"Attend frequently to the conduct of thy bailiffs, provosts, and others thy officers: inquire into their behaviour, in order that if there be any amendment to be made in their manner of distributing justice, thou mayest make it. Should any disgraceful sin—such as blasphemy, or heresy—be prevalent in thy kingdom, have it instantly destroyed and driven thence. Be careful that thou keep a liberal establishment, but with economy.

"I beseech thee, my child, that thou hold me and my poor soul in thy remembrance when I am no more, and that thou succour me by masses, prayers, intercessions, alms, and benefactions, throughout thy kingdom, and that thou allot for me a part of all the good acts thou shalt perform.

"I give thee every blessing that father ever bestowed on son, beseeching the Holy Trinity of Paradise, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to preserve and guard thee from all evils, more particularly that thou die not under any deadly sin, and that we may, after this life, appear together before God, to render Him praise and thanksgiving, without ceasing, in His kingdom of Paradise. Amen."

*Oct.* 28*th.* Whilst walking through the Hara with Mr. Davis, we observed a poor Jewish boy most cruelly beaten by a young Moslem. The former had nearly his teeth knocked out. We at once took the part of the oppressed, and made both of them proceed to the Kaid of the district, in order that the young zealot be punished, and be an example to others. When the Jewish boy perceived that there were some who took his part, he took courage, and clasped the wrist of his oppressor in his grasp, and began to drag him before the judgment-seat. Numbers of Mohammedans immediately appeared to take the part of their juvenile-savage co-religionist—whilst the poor Jews were afraid to say a word even—and attempted to rescue the offender from the hold of the offended; but we interfered again, dispersed the mob, and brought both parties to the Machkemah, and there we left them. On our return homewards, we met the poor maltreated boy coming back; we asked him of the Judge's decision, he told us that the Kaid asked him to forgive his adversary, which he did. I was pleased with the non-vindictive spirit of the young Hebrew.

The above small extract from my already voluminous "Evening Notes," will furnish you, I trust, with a tolerably good idea of the present state, aspect, and prospect of Tunis. However, I contemplate sending you another long letter at the beginning of next month, which will treat on Tunis and Ahmed Bey, being a theme I proposed to myself to write upon. I would most respectfully desire to be remembered to the Bishop of Chester, a man whose praise is not unknown even here.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours &c., &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

### TO THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, G.C.B.

Tunis, Nov. 1847.

My Lord,

Allow me to express my sense of gratitude to your Lordship for your kindly furnishing me with the letters of introduction for my present travels, for which the Earl of Clarendon kindly applied in my behalf. Owing to a mistake in the address, I did not receive them till the latter end of last week.

I purpose staying here for some time, as I am anxious to make myself thoroughly well acquainted with the present state of this wretched regency, as regards its civil, political, literary, and religious condition. I was very much pleased to find here an organized, though small, Protestant congregation, under the auspices of the Established Church of Scotland. The Rev. Nathan Davis, an ordained missionary of that Church, is the officiating minister. Divine service is at present performed in a room belonging to the mission; but I understand that the Assembly of the Church of Scotland are about to erect here an edifice to be set apart as a Christian place of worship; a step which will reflect a great degree of credit on the zeal of that Church. Though the Protestants are but few in number in this city —between forty and fifty—they still felt the great want of a Sunday service; and, up to the arrival of Mr. Davis, they were totally destitute of any Christian instruction, a circumstance which proved a triumphant taunt in the mouths of the French Roman Catholics against British

Protestants. It is gratifying, therefore, that the former can no longer reproach the latter with neglect of their religious duties.

The temporary chapel is well filled; all the Protestants, with the exception of the British Consul-General—who is at present residing in his country-house, twelve miles distant from the city—regularly attend the service.

The Scotch Church have here also two important schools for boys and girls, which are open to all contending parties, where the rising generation are taught to live harmoniously and peaceably with each other, and there is every reason for believing that the only way for raising Barbary from its barbarous condition, is to diffuse general knowledge amongst its inhabitants. Let native schoolmasters be trained, and the European philanthropist will have reason to anticipate a glorious regeneration of this long degraded region.*

I have obtained a good deal of information about the real state of the interior of Africa, and contemplate, ere long, to make a tour as far as Gereed. I purpose to communicate to your Lordship the information I may collect during that part of my pilgrimage.

I am, my Lord,

Yours &c., &c.

* From a subsequent letter it will appear that in consequence of unbecoming jealousy, and want of protection, on the part of the authorities, the mission, the chapel and the schools were abandoned, and the Protestants and Jews of Tunis are once more as destitute as ever of any religious instruction.

## LETTER XXV.

### TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. TOMLINSON, THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.

Tunis, Nov. 1847.

My dear Lord,

I take the liberty of writing to you a few lines respecting the present state of Tunis, with reference to Protestantism. It gives me much pleasure to inform you, that things are very different from the statement Mr. Reade made in reference to Mr. Davis's work. I believe from my heart that Mr. D. is a most consistent man, and is the means of doing a vast amount of good; and I heard Sir Thomas Reade expressing himself in the kindest terms respecting Mr. D.'s labours here.

I cannot conceive how Sir Thomas could say, that, because Mr. D. was a Jew, he would be therefore disliked. I know of no European here who is more respected and honoured than Mr. D., and I cannot help thinking that there is a little jealousy at the bottom of all this. I accompanied Mr. D. to the Bardo the other day, and we were welcomed in the kindest manner. Mr. D. was asked by the Bey's brothers and cousins to state the difference there existed between Protestantism and Romanism, which Mr. D. did in a very happy way, and was listened to with intense attention.

I am also happy to be able to inform you, that Mr. D. consents to my having full service of the Church of England, in his temporary chapel, once a fortnight; and it is a cause of great gratification to see the chapel well filled with devout Christian worshippers.

Mr. D. has been the means of rescuing several Romanists from the thraldom of the papacy, who are now regular attendants on his ministry. I have introduced a Hebrew service—according to the ritual of the Church of England—for the Jews, which is solemnized at three o'clock every Sunday afternoon.* We also intend introducing an Italian service, in accordance with England's Church. We are greatly in want of a few Common Prayer Books, both in English and Italian, as the majority of the Protestants here are Presbyterians, and are not in possession of the English Liturgy. Perhaps you could kindly furnish us with fifty copies of each, as well as a large one for the reading-desk.

Mr. D. does not, for one single moment, pretend to pass off as a clergyman of the Church of England; I have every reason, nevertheless, to anticipate great things from his work, both amongst Jews and Mohammedans; and I humbly trust that you will strengthen his hands, both by your counsel and advice, as well as by your support and encouragement; and if you are disposed to make the trial, you will find him worthy of your esteem and respect, for his piety, zeal, and learning.

I am, my Lord, yours, &c. &c.

* Experience in missionary work amongst the Jews convinces me that no Church, who does not possess so beautiful and scriptural a Liturgy as ours, should attempt to make converts amongst the Jews. The Bible, accompanied by our Liturgy, are the most efficient instruments for breaking down the ramparts of Jewish prejudices. It is the mission of the Church of England to promote Christianity amongst the Jews.

## LETTER XXVI.

### TO W. C. TOWNSEND, ESQ., Q. C.

Tunis, Nov. 1847.

My dear Sir,

The kindness you have shown me, when I had the honour of being introduced to you in London, engraved your memory very deeply on my mind, and, I may safely add, on my heart. Your kind request that I "would favour you with an epistle from afar off," was never absent from my thoughts; but the difficulty I experienced hitherto in doing myself the pleasure of complying with your wish, was a suitable subject for a letter to you. Indeed this difficulty operated materially against my more frequent correspondence with all my friends in England: being anxious to communicate such intelligence as would be most interesting to them in their respective avocations. I am sometimes retarded for many days in replying to a letter from England. I think I have now fixed upon a subject which may perhaps interest you, as it is connected with Barbary, or, more particularly, Tunisian jurisprudence. And as I have got possession of a copy of two letters addressed by the American Consul to his government on an extraordinary trial, which took place in the Judicial Court of Tunis about three years ago, which I never saw published *in extenso* anywhere, I will transcribe therefore the document *verbatim;* which will form, if not a very interesting, a very long letter.

The simple facts of the case are these:—A Maltese was once in the employ of Sir Thomas Reade, and was subsequently dismissed, for some mysterious reason, unknown to me. This Maltese, by all accounts, was an incorrigible smuggler. One of the Consul's dragomen, a Mussulman,

was once on the alert, and caught the Maltese in the very act of his besetting sin. A struggle took place between the parties, and the inquisitive Mussulman atoned for his curiosity with his life. The Maltese fired at him, which, after a short lingering, terminated the life of Sir Thomas Reade's dragoman. After considerable correspondence between the British Consul and his government, the murderer was delivered up, according to the existing treaty between Great Britain and the Bey of Tunis, to be judged according to the law of Islam. A strong ebullition of feeling was displayed, during the trial, against poor Sir Thomas. However, all the particulars you will learn by the perusal of the following. I give the document in all its integrity; I add neither note nor comment. The notes at the foot of the pages are those of the pen of the then American Consul. I will conclude this letter with a few observations on ordinary Tunisian trials.

*To the Hon. A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Washington City.*

United States' Consulate, Tunis,
April 3, 1844.

Sir,

After it was known that the trial of the Maltese was fixed for the 27th of March, as I had the honour to communicate at the close of my No. 19, Tunis was daily filled with new and extravagant reports. The one which proved to merit the greatest confidence, stated that the Bey had resolved to shift the responsibility of pronouncing upon the case, from his own shoulders to those of his chief officer, a State Cadi, of the Mussulman law, which, the venerable need not be told, is founded on the injunctions of the Koran, as that of the Jews was on those of the Pentateuch. But the various interpretations of these

injunctions by the Mohammedan civilians have given birth to numerous sects; some of which are considered as orthodox, and some heretical. The orthodox are classed under the general title of Sunnites or Traditionists; in consequence of their admitting the authority of a sort of supplement to the Koran, answering in name and purpose to the Mishna of the Jews, and containing a collection of moral traditions of the sayings and doings of Mohammed. In radicals, or matters of faith, essential to their hopes of salvation, all these orthodox sects agree, and hence are all equally allowed their several stations, or oratories, in the Temple of Mecca. But in their legal conclusions concerning the right interpretation of the Koran, and in points of practice, they differ, and have ranged themselves under the banner of jurists and devotees pre-eminently celebrated among the Mussulmen, as equally profound in what belongs to man's fate hereafter and to his right conduct here; four of whom have been the founders of the four chief Sunnite sects, only the two principal of which require mention at present; viz., the first, that of the Hanefites, thus named after Abu Hanêfa al Nomân Ebn Thâbet; and the second that of the Maleckites, deriving their title from Mâlec Ebn Ans. The Hanefites are called by an Arabian writer, the followers of reason; their decisions being mostly guided by their own judgment. Their doctrines, prevail generally among the Turks and Tartars. The Maleckites adhere more tenaciously to the traditions of Mohammed. Their doctrines are chiefly followed in Barbary and other parts of Africa.*

Under the Hanefites, the regulations in charges of murder are extremely indulgent. They only convict upon

* Sale's Koran, in the one volume, London edition of 1838, at pages 95, 108, 110, and 111, mentions several of these particulars, besides many others upon the subject.

the evidence of unexceptionable Mussulmen, who can swear to having seen the deed perpetrated, in addition to the deceased's dying declaration and his slayer's confession; the whole being followed up and completed by a simple oath from the prosecutor before the Cadi; these and other peculiarities of the Hanefite system allow so much latitude to the accused, that cases brought under it for murder are represented as seldom coming to an end, and almost never to a conviction. But to convict by the Maleckite law, the properly attested depositions of the deceased when dying is sufficient; and after a public opportunity being offered to show cause against it, should it not be overthrown, an oath fifty times reiterated by the prosecutor in the most sacred mosques, seals the criminal's fate, and is succeeded by his execution.

A rumour was spread abroad that, upon the present occasion, the Hanefite system would be adopted, because through it great lenity and opportunity would be offered for the criminal to escape punishment by the Bey, thus satisfying several of the Consuls, while at the same time his Highness would have duly judged the slayer of a Mussulman, thus satisfying the treaties. It was even hinted that there was some secret understanding to that effect between the French Consul and the Bey.

At length on Wednesday, the 27th of March, the day of trial arrived. In one corner of an apartment of the Goletta Seraglio, or palace, close to the wall, was a large divan, upon which sat his Highness the Bey, and on his left, at a little distance, Sir Thomas Reade, the Consul of Great Britain; on a line with Sir Thomas was a row of chairs, occupied by the officers of the British frigate and of the British steamer, then in the harbour; and by the British Vice-Consul and the Chancellor of the British Consulate. At the right of the Bey, the Sheik Cadi (or Supreme Judge of the Sharah

Sacred Equity) of the Mussulman law, sat in a chair; a little in front of which stood the principal writer, or recorder, of his Highness. Next after the Cadi was Signor Raffo, standing, and by his side the three defenders, or attorneys, Signor Trason, J. B. Bottini, and Monsieur Payan. Near them stood Monsieur Eugène Lombard, their interpreter; the rest of the apartment was crowded with officers of his Highness, and several of the most respectable Maltese, who had entered in the suite of the Consul, and among whom were Signors Bonanno and Azzopardi. The proceedings were opened by his Highness, the Bey, who said, with great dignity: "Where is the person named Salah el Kasantini, the attorney of the accusers of the deceased Yousseff? Let him be brought in." Salah el Kasantini is brought in, and remains standing. The Bey continues: "Let the accused appear."

Paolo Xuereb enters. He is preceded by one of the Bey's military officers. At each side of Paolo is a Moorish soldier, his right hand on the hilt of his sword, his left on the prisoner's shoulder. Four Moorish soldiers are behind with guns and fixed bayonets. The prisoner's hands and neck are free, but a heavy chain goes from a ring around each ancle, to a larger ring circling his waist, whence hangs another chain behind, and at the end of it an immensely large and weighty iron ball. This ball was borne by a Moorish soldier as the prisoner approached. He looks extremely pale and withered. When he has taken his stand, says the Cadi, turning to the attorney for the complainant:

CADI. Salah el Kasantini, what brings you here?

SALAH EL KASANTINI. I am here to make my charge against the murderer of my father. Here is my deposition for substantiating that charge. I demand that the murderer of my father be punished.

CADI (*after having received and read the deposition to himself*). This is a deposition taken by two notaries in whom entire confidence can be placed, and whose names are Abi Abdalla, Mohammed Kawagy, and Abi Amr Othoman Ftata. It sets forth that Baba Yousseff was shot by Paolo Longar,* and is dead. (*Turning to the accused*). Is your name Paolo Longar?

PAOLO. Yes.

CADI. Do you know these notaries?

PAOLO. No.

CADI. Have you anything in any way to allege against them?

PAOLO. Nothing. I do not know them.

CADI. Paolo Longar, you are accused of having slain Baba Yousseff Ben Abdallah. Did the deceased die by your hand, as declared in this deposition?

PAOLO. I am innocent.

CADI. Have a care. You know that the law is about to decide upon your case. You are aware of its severity. You know that Baba Yousseff was wounded—was ill in consequence of his wounds, and remained ill till he died?

PAOLO. I do.

CADI. Was it of the wounds thus received that Baba Yousseff died?

PAOLO. Certainly not; the doctors caused his death by thrusting their hands into him.

* The Moorish proceedings throughout call the accused Paolo Longar, while the English ones call him Paolo Xuereb. On inquiry, I learnt that Longar was a sort of familiar title, approaching to what we understand by the word nickname, but not given like nicknames in ridicule, and by which Paolo was and is universally called among his associates. It is also the only one by which he has ever been known to the Moors, though his real name is Xuereb. It will be seen that he answered and answers equally to both.

CADI. Baba Yousseff declared that the wounds which have been spoken of were inflicted by you — were they?

PAOLO. I repeat that I am entirely innocent.

CADI. Well then, if you are innocent, make your defence by exhibiting your proofs.

PAOLO. I have my lawyer for my defender, who will speak in my name.

[SIGNOR JOSEPH TRASON then came forward].

CADI. Do you in truth appear as the defender of the accused?

TRASON. I do.

CADI (*to* PAOLO). And as such do you acknowledge him?

PAOLO (*low bowing his head*). I do.

CADI (*to* TRASON). Then, as the defender of the accused, speak freely.

TRASON. First let me observe to the Cadi, that I know not by what means I am brought before him. I know not by whom it is that I am accused. True, I have received a paper in these words:—

"PAOLO XUEREB,

"You are charged with having premeditately, and by means of a fire-arm, wounded, and caused the death of Yousseff Ben Abdallah, dragoman of this British Consulate-General, and subject of his Highness the Bey of Tunis, on the 11th of December, 1843, at about the hour of ten, A.M. And you are summoned to appear before the Criminal Court of his Highness the Bey, to make your defence, and to receive your trial for the beforementioned murder of Yousseff Ben Abdallah, on Tuesday, the 12th instant, when I, as your Consul, will be present

to see that you be fairly and duly tried, according to the treaties stipulated with this regency, and you are also allowed the assistance of whomsoever you may choose as your defender.

(Signed) "T. READE.

"British Consulate-General, Tunis,
"March 4th, 1844."*

But to a mere writing of this sort, even had it been rendered official by the Consular seal, which it does not bear, what can I reply? What is there in it upon which any defence is to be founded? And how is it that such a paper can bring me here?

BEY. Paolo Longar is accused upon the declaration of Baba Yousseff Ben Abdallah, who averred, when dying, that his murderer was Paolo Longar, and thereupon the family of Yousseff bring their complaint.

CADI. Paolo Longar is accused upon the declaration of Baba Yousseff Ben Abdallah, who averred, when dying, that his murderer was Paolo Longar; and thereupon the family of Yousseff bring their complaint. The Arabian law declares that any one who is charged with murder must be brought to trial, and, if found guilty, condemned.

TRASON. I am aware that there are two sects, each of which takes its own view of the Arabian law; the one called the Maleckite, the other the Hanefite sect. I therefore demand to be heard under the latter of the two.

BEY. No laws can be admitted but such as are in actual use. The Hanefite has, from time immemorial, given up its rights to the Maleckite. Ever since Tunis was Tunis,

* The original is in Italian.

the Maleckite has been the law, and therefore the Hanefite can in no wise be admitted.

CADI. Such, Sir, is our law. It is under this we shall judge. Besides, how can there be a doubt upon the law, when the sovereign is present, who is the head of the law?

TRASON. The citation of the British Consul says, that the killing of Baba Yousseff was premeditated—will you have the goodness to prove the premeditation?

CADI. This is a course which the Mussulman law does not permit. The case being simply that Yousseff Ben Abdallah declared at the moment just before his death, in the hearing of witnesses, that is to say, in the hearing of two notaries, that Paolo Longar had assailed him, and was the person by whom he was murdered; and our law requiring that he who has slain must die, it is impossible to go into any other question.

TRASON. Nevertheless, I trust I may be permitted to ask upon what it is that the accusation is founded. Is it upon the simple citation of Sir Thomas Reade? That citation sets forth no particulars to sustain the charge it makes, and, therefore, what evidence is there for us to disprove? Once more, I ask, wherein is it that there appears a proof of premeditation?

CADI. This is all inadmissible.

TRASON. But if premeditation is charged?

CADI. This course is inadmissible.

TRASON. Still, I may ask who the witness is that can show there was premeditation.

CADI. All this is departing from the truth.

TRASON (*turning to* SIR THOMAS READE). It seems, then, that it is only you, Sir, Consul of England, whom I can regard as the calumniator of Paolo Xuereb; and until

you produce to me the real witness, and until the accusation shall appear in some other shape, it is you that I must consider as my denouncer.

SIR THOMAS READE (*rising, said in Italian*). I have only followed the orders of my government.

BEY. The British Consul, Sir Thomas Reade, ought not in any way to be named in this affair. He has nothing whatever to do with it now. It is given up to the cherished (Mohammedan) law. The family of Baba Yousseff complained to me that their father had been murdered by Paolo Longar, a Maltese and a British subject. I informed Sir Thomas that I must have justice. He replied, that he could take no step without first communicating with his government. Meanwhile, I desired of this Consul that the accused should be kept in safe custody. Sir Thomas afterwards received orders to give up the prisoner into my hands, to be tried according to the laws of this country. Such are the treaty arrangements between Great Britain and me. Sir Thomas, therefore, ought not to be spoken about. The prisoner now present must be judged by the Mussulman law. Speak freely, my son, and speak as much as you like, but endeavour always to speak straightforward.

These words were uttered with a very calm, dignified, and bland air, and the latter part of them with especial gentleness and affability. There was considerable excitement among the defenders. Meanwhile, Monsieur Payan, who stood nearest the accused, said to him repeatedly: "Bear up—have courage!"

TRASON. But where, I again ask, where is the evidence of premeditation?

CADI. You must keep in the straight path.

TRASON. Well, then, I will say Paolo is innocent. What! Paolo murder Baba Yousseff Ben Abdallah?

Never! So far from being his murderer, it is Paolo who would have been the first to fly to Baba Yousseff's rescue, had he seen him attacked. No: Baba Yousseff's wound having been received from some other hand, it could only have been by a mistake of the person, if Baba Yousseff has imagined that he fell by the hand of Paolo. Further, who are the doctors that attended Baba Yousseff? Can it be proved that they were not his sworn enemies? Can it be proved that, far from desiring his recovery, they did not rather, from some unknown motive, seek to bring about his death? How, then, without a shadow of evidence, are you to condemn Paolo! What! doom the innocent to the scaffold? Am I to be first whose head is to fall here under an unjust accusation? It cannot be! I am too thoroughly convinced of the justice of his Highnesss, and the venerated Cadi, to believe in its being possible that an innocent man, against whom there is no proof—no witness—can be allowed to suffer an ignominious death!

CADI. This is perfectly just; and if you have proofs to overthrow the declaration of Baba Yousseff, they will all be heard with attention.

TRASON. I have already stated, that, never having been furnished with any particulars of the accusation, it was impossible for me to know what it would be necessary to refute, and therefore I could not come provided with witnesses; but since now I am obtaining some light upon the sort of testimony required, the difficulty will disappear, provided I can be allowed sufficient time.

CADI. If you can bring forward two witnesses, both Mohammedans, who can each make oaths before others, that is to say, before two well known and respected notaries, both of which notaries will in my presence depose

to having received such testimony—that Baba Yousseff owned upon his death-bed as follows, viz., that he had made a mistake, and that Paolo Longar was not the person by whom he was murdered; then, when you have done this, your client will be cleared. If you cannot do this, he will be condemned. To obtain such evidence, the law grants three days. At the expiration of that time it must be here.

TRASON. The time is insufficient. I cannot bring forward my witnesses in three days, because they are not all in Tunis—some are on the coast. In less than fifteen days it will be impossible for me to bring them forward. They are in far distant places.

CADI. It cannot be, that is, the law grants no more than three days, deeming that enough in all ordinary cases; nor can it accord a longer time, unless you can distinctly show in what far distant places you have to seek for your witnesses. That being done, if necessary, the time may be extended.

TRASON. I tell you that I do not know where the witnesses are to be found. Some may be at Sousa, some may be all along the coast, some may be at Malta, some at Tripoli, some at Alexandria; for since the day when the event occurred, many of them may have departed from Tunis. As for those who still remain in Tunis, I do not know at this moment in what part of the city they are to be sought for. Hence, time is necessary for me to hunt them out—and a much longer time than you have offered—in order to prove that it was not by Paolo that Baba Yousseff was assailed?

CHEVALIER RAFFO. You admit, then, that Baba Yousseff was assailed?

TRASON. Even supposing it to be so, it was not by Paolo, and I can prove it, but not without sufficient time.

CADI. Well, then, I will allow you the double.—Take six days.

TRASON. Six days are very few, I shall need at least fifteen.

CADI. Take nine days, then, the law can grant no more.

TRASON. Since you, Sir Cadi, grant me nine days under the law, no doubt (*turning to the* BEY) his Highness will allow me six days more beyond the law.

BEY (*uplifting his hands*). Oh! Beyond the law? No, no. Impossible! Beyond the law? Sir! Look there! Behold the Cadi! Behold—

TRASON. Then to you, Sir Cadi, I look for the fifteen days which I have requested. Your goodness will not refuse them.

SALAH EL KASANTINI (*low to the* CADI). Sir Cadi, demand from them the names of their witnesses.

CADI (*low to* SALAH EL KASANTINI). That is not necessary. Besides, he will not be able to find witnesses.

TRASON. When more than a hundred days have been taken by my accuser to prepare his charge, will only fifteen be denied to me for producing witnesses in my defence?

CADI (*after a little hesitation*). Take the fifteen days. But remember, when they are over, I cannot grant you more. Defender, have you anything further to offer on behalf of your client? Bear well in mind, that at the coming audience nothing will be listened to excepting the declarations of your two witnesses, both Mohammedans. If they do not appear, or if their testimony is not conclusive, your client will be pronounced guilty.

TRASON. I do not call to mind that I have anything further to offer at present.

CADI. Paolo Longar, you acknowledge Joseph Trason as your defender, and you declare that whatever he may do in your name is done with your entire approval, and to be considered as your own act?

PAOLO. Yes, Signor.

CADI (*to* TRASON). You acknowledge yourself to be the defender and attorney of Paolo Longar?

TRASON. Certainly I do.

CADI (*to* SIR THOMAS READE). You know this person to be the one bearing the name of Joseph Trason?

SIR THOMAS READE. I do.

CADI. You know this person to be the one bearing the name of Paolo Longar?

SIR THOMAS READE. I do.

CADI (*calling Notaries*). Notaries, let a Notarial Act be prepared, to verify what has now passed: with the acknowledgment of this person that he is Paolo Longar, that he has chosen Joseph Trason for his attorney, that he will abide by whatever is done by Joseph Trason in his name, and that an adjournment of fifteen days is granted to him, for the production of proofs that the wounds mentioned in the deposition of two Mussulmen were not inflicted by his hand. And to you, defender, let me observe, that by admitting the statement set forth by the deposition in question to have been really made, you have owned that the two Mussulmen (Notaries) who have signed the deposition are to be believed, and therefore you cannot hereafter contradict what they have declared.

SIGNOR BOTTINI (*advancing*). Your Highness, and you, Sir Cadi, you are too noble—you have too much conscience—you are too just—too upright, to consider fifteen

days as a more extended term than is absolutely necessary for the procurement of what you require, considering the refusal of Sir Thomas Reade to furnish us with any information whatever. Where human life is at stake, no time and no research should be spared, which can draw forth the truth, (*with much emphasis*)—for it is better that ten who are guilty should escape, than that one who is not guilty should be put to death.

CADI (*after a pause*). True, true. But, as well on account of the innocent as the guilty, we must be always guided by the law.

BOTTINI. If the Consul of Great Britain—

BEY. Any observations upon the British Consul are, as I have already said, entirely out of place here: the British Consul having nothing whatever to do with this affair. You must abstain from remarks upon the British Consul.

TRASON. We have no desire whatever to accuse the British Consul.

BOTTINI. Nothing could be farther from our intention.

PAYAN. Nothing.

The Bey now ordered the accused to be taken away, but to a different prison, his health having been apparently injured by the one whence he came. The respective parties, after the customary salutations to his Highness, then withdrew. I understand that a memorandum of all which had occured was formed during the progress of the trial, by the Chancellor of the British Consulate. The moment it was over, the paper was read to a couple of the most respectable and responsible Maltese present, viz., Signors Bonanno and Azzopardi, who annexed a certificate of its accuracy, and it was then sealed up. My reason for mentioning the latter circumstance will appear presently.

On the evening of the day when these proceedings took place, appeared the following placard at a coffee-house frequented by Europeans:

" VIVA! VIVA! VIVA!
" HAMET BASCIA
" BEY!
" 27 March, 1844."

And soon, subsequently, a placard was put at another place, in Italian, and with handwriting badly attempting to imitate print, Its tenour will explain why mention was just made of the authenticated account of the trial, drawn up by the Chancellor of the Consulate, and it was said, by the Consul's order. It seems also to show an attempt to proscribe and to intimidate all who did not think fit to side with the party adverse to Sir Thomas Reade.

" To the Public,

" That man, who until now, was at Tunis considered (by many idiots) as a great genius; that man, abhorred elsewhere, and at present in this city, Reade, requests and supplicates at this moment for certificates in his favour. Withering disgrace to him, dishonour to the persons who furnish them! Ye Jews, unite with your brother, the Chancellor, to attest falsehood. Bonanno! Azzopardi! do you also compete with the others, as having had the sublime honour of being the ocular witnesses that your brethren were dragged before the Bey. Rival them in hunting affidavits of the morality, and of the public and private conduct of the ruling representative of Great Britain at Tunis, that you too may advance your own interests! Long live the population of Tunis, that has had power to intimidate this monster! Glory to those who have

written against the jailor of the Great Man of the Age.* Oh! astonishing effect of these placards! Grant, O, Heaven! yes, grant that this too may accomplish prodigies!"

Everything since the first part of the trial has been perfectly tranquil, notwithstanding the eager and untiring efforts which have been made to create excitement. From this I should infer that there has never, at any time, existed a disposition to violence, excepting among the placard writers, who are not the sort of persons to execute those intentions unless through others.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Most respectfully,
Your very faithful and obedient servant,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

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*To the Hon. A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Washington City.*

United States' Consulate, Tunis,
April, 1844.

Sir,

Presently after the Bey's first audience upon the Maltese affair, French and Italian papers arrived at Tunis, containing paragraphs which were immediately turned to account by those who wished to keep up the clamour against Sir Thomas Reade. There had been an instance or instances in Turkey, of the punishment by death of a person or persons, who having abjured Christianity for Mohammedanism,

* Alluding, of course, to Sir Thomas Reade having been appointed one of the watchers for England over Napoleon at St. Helena.

afterwards abjured Mohammedanism for Christianity. The Sultan had consequently received notice from the English and French Ambassadors that, unless condemnations for religion were abolished in his empire, he must no longer expect aid from their respective governments in preserving it unbroken; and they had demanded a written engagement that the barbarous practice should be entirely abandoned. The delay of a reply from the Sultan was said to have produced a suspension of intercourse between him and the Ambassadors. Punishing by death, in Turkey, for embracing Christianity, was at once confounded with the infliction of death in Barbary upon rogues, calling themselves Christians, for murder. Of course, every possible use was made of the report, and there were all sorts of invidious comparisons between the Ambassadors at Constantinople and the Consul at Tunis. One of the first of this new source of attack, was a French placard. In the manuscript, whenever the name Reade occurred, in the front line of the letter R, the representation of a large butcher's knife was interwoven. The following is a translation of the placard:

"At the very moment when the representatives of the great European powers are employing all their influence and making all their efforts with the Mohammedan princes to prevent the shedding of a Christian's blood, do we behold at Tunis a Consul-General of England, who, to glut the most vile and the most cowardly revenge, compels the Bey to immolate a British subject, and causes his Christian blood to be shed by the hands, and in the presence of a people, our bitterest and most fanatical enemy. O, monster with a human countenance! being abhorred by all Europe! Reade! execrable name, and eternally accursed by all Christianity; for thy ferocious

nature was it reserved to make us see Christians loaded with chains, and flung by thy orders into Mussulman prisons, thence to be dragged ignominiously before their tribunal of death! A mission rendered by all thy colleagues an honourable mission of peace and conciliation, by thee alone is made a mission of iniquity and injustice. Already celestial vengeance is in thy pursuit and darkening over thee. Thou knowest that thou art guilty, hence thou surroundest thyself with janissaries! but they cannot shield thee from the poniards that are sharpening for thy bosom, from the poison that is preparing for thy final repast. That Christian blood, which thou wouldst not permit to be redeemed from the family of thy janissary; that Christian blood with which thou dost long to gorge thyself; upon thy head, and on those of thy two Jews will it fall back again, more terrible and more avenging. Heaven grant that it overwhelm thee with all these maledictions! May the earth open its bowels to swallow thee up within them! Scum of jailors! butcher of Christians! cannibal! Reade! bitter consummation of cruelty! shame and horror of the human race!!!!!!"

The spirit which appears in the foregoing specimens of scurrility, was attempted to be infused through the European society of Tunis during the entire interval between the first audience, which I have described in No. 20, and that which was to come. Reports of all sorts were likewise circulated, and among them it was said that the Bey had given up the accused to the French Consul. At length, however, the second hearing was appointed. It was not precisely for the fifteenth day, but for a little later, being Saturday, April 13. The extension was attributed to the Bey's desire to do away with the imputation of over haste. From the facility with which testimony is said to be ob-

tainable in a country like this, it was supposed that there would not be much difficulty in procuring witnesses to clear the prisoner, especially when such high influences had declared themselves in his favour. Yet the defender was slower in finding two persons than was anticipated; and even when he did, both were not Mussulmen, as had been required. Many suppose it not impossible that the failure to comply with that condition was intentional, and that a Catholic was offered purposely that a clamour might be raised at his inevitable rejection. Be this as it may, when, according to the practice of the region, on the day previous to the one appointed for the hearing of the cause, the two witnesses were taken before the Cadi, that he might find whether they were competent, he declined questioning the Catholic at all; and on examining the Moor, discovered that he was not only a low person, of bad character, but that the circumstances to which he was ready to swear, besides being utterly improbable, could not have taken place on the day he mentioned, which was the only day on which it was practicable for him to have witnessed anything of the kind. He was of course rejected.

On this same day, mention was made of a long interview of M. de Lagau, attended by his Vice-Consul and M. Julius Lesseps, with the Bey; but whether it had, or had not, any reference to the impending trial, no one has known.

On the morning of the 13th of April, the arrangements at the Goletta Palace were similar to those of the 27th of March; nearly the same persons were present, with the difference that a Moorish lawyer, from Algiers, of the name of Hadj Abderahman, said to have been sent by the French Consul, appeared for the first time on this occasion, and that there were fewer English naval officers, one of the

vessels which was at Tunis on the former audience having departed. The proceedings were opened by the question of the Bey.

BEY. Where is the accused? Let him be brought in.

[Paolo Xuereb, *alias* Longar, was conducted to the hall by guards, as before.]

CADI. Let the attorney for the deceased appear. Salah el Kasantini came forward.

The CADI then turned to Signor Trason, and said: Where are your witnesses?

TRASON. Already have I brought before you two witnesses; you refused to receive them. You even disconcerted them by the manner in which you made your interrogations. You intimidated my witnesses; and even to me you exclaimed: "Barrah, barrah," (*i. e.* "Hence, hence.")

CADI. I saw but one Mussulman witness. Him I refused to hear at any length, because he could not produce the qualifications which the law requires, to show that a witness is to be believed. He was a cart-driver. His testimony was rendered inadmissable, firstly, by his being one of those who shave off their beard, who frequent bad places, who get drunk; and, secondly, by its being entirely false, inasmuch as he declared that, in passing before the British Consul's mansion, on the day when the murder was committed, he there saw two men stretched on the ground, one of them being Baba Yousseff, who said to him that he had committed a mistake in his deposition, and that it was not the hand of Paolo which had inflicted the death-wound. Now, as the murder took place at the mill of Saverio Galea, at Marsa, whence the two persons that had been shot were forthwith conveyed to the consular mansion of Sir Thomas, they never have been stretched on the ground in front of

it; and as Baba Yousseff, on that day did not make any deposition whatever, he could not have spoken of a mistake, when none could have been committed. For these causes, your witness was not received. Consequently, if you have no testimony but this to offer, your evidence must be rejected; I cannot listen to it. I am not permitted to listen to it by the law.

TRASON. Before answering, I must say that you have formally refused me a copy of the deposition, with which I know his Highness has given you an order that I should be furnished.

CADI. True, I have such an order communicated to me by his Highness; but the Arabian law forbids my giving you a copy of the deposition, the charge it makes being a clear and direct one, and consisting simply of the son's declaration. Our law will not permit compliance with a request for the copy of a deposition in any case thus explicit. Even had you made the request in the beginning, it must have been refused; but surely you must have much less need of it now. You already know all that it contains, for you have argued upon that knowledge, and upon your argument an adjournment has been granted to you. Even if the copy were given to you, you could not impeach its statement in relation to the deceased, because you have already acknowledged that the notaries who made them are persons fully entitled to belief.

TRASON (*turning to* SIR THOMAS READE). To you then, Consul of Great Britain; to you, as my Consul and protector, and equally the Consul and protector of my client; to you am I compelled to address myself, and from you to beg that you will have the goodness to inter-

pose, and ask from his Highness a copy of the deposition.

SIR THOMAS READE. Mr. Advocate, I have already told you—I have told you, at the former hearing of this cause—that the accused was given up to his Highness, and that he must be tried according to the Mussulman law. I have nothing to do here excepting to take care that none of the privileges and forms of that law are kept back from the accused. The request which you made to me for a copy of the deposition was transmitted to his Highness the moment you made it.

TRASON (*turning to the* BEY). Therefore, it is only of your Highness, as chief of the law and head of the Church, that I can ask to be favoured with a copy of the deposition, which is indispensable for enabling me to frame my defence.

BEY. Upon the demand made to me by Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul, I ordered the Cadi to furnish you with a copy of the deposition; but he replied that it could not be done, because utterly forbidden by our religion and our law. True, I am, as you say, the chief of the law and the head of the Church; but you must be aware that our ancestors, in long by-gone times, delegated all the powers of the law to the Cadis, who are its ministers.

TRASON (*turning to the* CADI). Since, then, to obtain a copy of the deposition appears impossible, let me ask the Cadi why he behaved so sternly and abruptly to my witness? Him you have turned away, and yet you have permitted a sinner against the Koran—one who was neither of the Mussulman religion, nor of any other religion—one who was a wine-drinker and a pork-eater—to give testimony which is to destroy the life of a man;

while the testimony of my witness to preserve the life of a man was rejected, although nothing worse has been alleged against him than is known against the other.

[Here the son of Baba Yousseff was making some answer in defence of his deceased father, which could not be distinctly understood, when Signor Trason interrupted him by putting out his hand over the son's mouth, and exclaimed, low: "I can have nothing to do with an ignorant brute like this."]

CADI. God only can tell whether Baba Yousseff was what you represent; and such remarks cannot have any weight, unless thoroughly proved to be true. As it is, we only know that he lived, and died, and was buried as a Mussulman. But, even were he the sinner as you say, his death-bed deposition against his murderer would be admitted by our law, which, knowing it to be impossible for any one just going into the presence of his God to utter a deliberate and unnecessary lie, listens to him, although his previous life may have been irregular.

[Here the two other defenders associated with Signor Trason make signs to him to drop that subject. The Cadi continues, turning to the attorney for the complainant, "Salah el Kasantini, give me your papers." The Cadi's secretary goes across to the attorney of the complainant, receives a paper from him, and hands it to the Cadi, who proceeds, addressing Signor Trason.]

CADI. Here is the deposition, and in it Baba Yousseff said that it was by Paolo Longar he was killed. This is the only part of it which I can communicate. Of one of the two witnesses that you brought to disprove this, I have already spoken; of the other, I can merely say that he was a Christian, and, being so, inadmissible, and not according to my requisition; for you cannot but remember

that the witnesses I demanded were two Mussulmen, and you know that such you did not bring.

TRASON. I will tell the Cadi that I could have produced four witnesses, instead of two; nay, more; but that your bearing towards the one who was actually interrogated alarmed the others, and they did not dare to present themselves.

CADI. Once more I repeat that the testimony of your witness was inadmissible; and if you cannot produce better witnesses, and clearer proofs, the law must take its course.

TRASON. Then I demand further time to procure other witnesses.

CADI. Further time cannot be granted by the law. It is only by an effort that it has already given fifteen days' adjournment. Besides, when you obtained that extension, it was accorded under the impression—not that you had to seek about for witnesses then unknown—but that you were actually aware of witnesses, whom you only wanted time to summon. Had the real state of the affair been known, the fifteen days would have been denied. Consequently, if you have no further proofs at hand, you must at once submit to the law.

TRASON. As this is a point to which I cannot at the moment reply, I must beg, Sir Cadi, to ask you whether, in addressing me, you have spoken as a judge in this cause, or as the complainant's counsel?

CADI. Up to the present moment, you have done nothing but attack me for the manner in which I treated your witness. What I have addressed to you, therefore, has been necessary, in answer to your attacks.

TRASON. I have only sought information: certainly, nothing could be farther from my desire than to give offence. I was desirous of knowing to what extent the

Cadi was interested in the affair, and I certainly cannot but take exception that a person employed by him as an assistant should appear in this cause as attorney for the complainant.

CADI. The individual of whom you speak is an attorney by profession, and only employed by me in such commissions as it is customary for all attorneys to execute for judges. The merits of the present case cannot in the least be affected by this individual's appearance as the complainant's attorney; and, even were it possible to consider that as a cause of objection, the complainant is here in person, as well as by attorney, and, if necessary, can answer for himself.

TRASON. I will pray you to be so good as to point out for my instruction the particular parts of the law which you say prevent your furnishing me with a copy of the deposition. I demand of you to make those passages known to me.

CADI. Every passage of the law, touching everything yet brought forward, has already been quoted to you. Therefore, nothing can remain to be shown in relation to the deposition, or to prove that it ought to be followed by the punishment of the accused. But, as to showing you the passage which you require, or any other, our religion interdicts it, and I cannot violate the law.

TRASON. Then this is a murder. We are prevented from making our defence. We are denied time to prove our innocence. Of course, where two are struggling, the one having only his voice, but the other a loaded gun, he that is backed by arms must gain the victory.

CADI. To observations of this sort, I can make no answer. I have said what is the law.

TRASON. Such law as you manufacture for your own

purposes. Give me the Koran,—I will show you the passage which speaks in my favour. (Turning to the BEY.) Highness, it will do you immortal honour to have this cause removed hence before an European tribunal, because it is absolutely impossible for you to try it properly. Even the British Consul does not know the law which he is bound to see fulfilled. Hence, he cannot do his duty here. If his government demanded of him whether the accused has been judged correctly, how can he answer? Either you will show me the law, or you will not. If you will not show it to me, you are a despot. If you will show it to me, you are a bad Mussulman, because you place the book of your law in the hand of an infidel.

BEY (*excited*). This is too much. You attack our entire religion. (Turning to the Chevalier Raffo.) Chevalier, tell this man that he must refrain from this course. He must not attack our religion. In attacking our religion, it is me that he attacks.

TRASON. Highness, I attack no one. I only request to be informed concerning the Mussulman law. The information I ask is refused. To whom can I address myself, unless it be to you, who are the chief and president of the law.

CHEVALIER RAFFO (*to the* BEY). It was not his intention to offend. He only asked for information.

TRASON (*to the* CADI). The deposition, I say to you, is false. As a sight of it is denied to me, I do not even know that such a document exists. Where are the witnesses that were present at the declaration professed to be set forth in the deposition? I say to you that they were only persons in the employ of Sir Thomas Reade, who were present at that declaration.

CADI. The law forbids me to permit your continuing in

this strain. It also forbids my entering into any argument with you upon these details. It stops at the main question. Baba Yousseff was killed by Paolo Longar. This has been declared before witnesses. Have you other witnesses who can prove Paolo Longar did not kill Baba Yousseff?

TRASON. Here I certainly have none, but there can be no doubt of my proving the mistake, if you will give me sufficient time.

CADI. Well, then, to complete all the formalities which our sacred law enjoins, for the termination of the affair, it only remains that the son of the deceased, accompanied by the two witnesses to his dying declaration, shall go to the Olive Mosque (Djemaah Zeitouna), and there make the customary oath fifty times. Let the two notaries and the son of the deceased approach. [The son of Baba Yousseff comes forward, accompanied by the two notaries. The Cadi addresses them.] You must go this very day to the Olive Mosque, where the son of Baba Yousseff must make oath fifty times consecutively, in presence of the defenders of the accused, that Paolo Longar is the murderer of Baba Yousseff Ben Abdallah. This oath being made, then is the accused condemned to die. [To Signor Trason.] Advocate, do you understand? It is necessary that you should be present with these persons at the oath.

TRASON (*much excited*). Impossible! At any rate, impossible before Monday. This day is too far gone already. To-morrow will be our Sabbath; therefore, once more I say to you, before Monday it will be impossible.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF. No, I claim that the affair be closed this day: the murder of my father demands justice.

CADI. Advocate, there now remains but one thing more for me to tell you. The son of the deceased can consent, if he is so inclined, to your client's pardon, on condition

that his father's blood is atoned for with money. [Turning to the son of Baba Yousseff.] My son, hearken to me. Your late father is dead. He can never more be numbered with the living. If you will receive payment for your father's blood in lieu of Paolo's life, you are permitted to do so by the law, and then [turning to Signor Trason] will Paolo be free.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF (*with irritation*). No, no, Sir Cadi! My father's blood cries aloud for vengeance. Blood must have blood. Were Paolo to give me the kingdom of your Highness, never would I consent to his pardon, never would I barter with him for my father's blood. Pronounce, then, Sir Cadi, deign to pronounce finally, and give us justice.

SALAH EL KASANTINI. Hear, Sir Cadi, hear. Cause that we have justice.

CADI. You have heard, Sir Advocate. The compromise has been refused. Lo! the son of the deceased stands before you. If even yet he can be persuaded, and you can make terms with him, do so. The law does not close the affair against an arrangement, until after the sentence shall have been put in writing. [To the son of Baba Yousseff.] Son of Baba Yousseff! If you can agree to accept money as an atonement for your father's death, Paolo will be set free.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF. Never!

BEY. My son, the deed by which your father fell cannot be undone. He is dead; and neither lamentation, nor the death of another, can restore him to life. If, therefore, you are disposed to arrange the matter with the accused, you are at full liberty to do so.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF. No, Highness, no! Justice! My father's blood has been shed. I claim his murderer's blood. What imports to me their money? I am yours,

and in your service, and none that are yours will be abandoned to want. What have I to do with their money, when they have taken from me my father? [Here Signor Bottini worked his way through the crowd towards the front, and spoke.]

BOTTINI. Sir Cadi, permit me to observe that the heirs of Baba Yousseff are at this very moment in the midst of a negociation with our client for the settlement of this affair with money. I know this to be the case, and I affirm it positively.

CADI. The only heir of Baba Yousseff is his son now present.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF. Yes, I am the only heir.

BOTTINI. It is not so. I distinctly affirm that a negociation is now on foot with the heirs. Perhaps the one among those heirs who is now present dares not make such a statement while in presence of this tribunal, and for other cogent reasons (with a sharp look at Sir Thomas). But were he elsewhere he would not hesitate.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF. Here or elsewhere I would refuse to compromise.

TRASON, BOTTINI, and PAYAN (*together*). Let us go. Is it not clear that our client's life is sold? (Eyeing Sir Thomas Reade fiercely.) A mass of falsehood! A barefaced imposition! This is a murder!

CADI. Sirs, more talk is useless. I will furnish you with a copy of all the proceedings and of the sentence. You may show it from east to west, and ascertain if any part is incorrect. Perhaps you do not know that if a flaw can be detected, or any variations from the form required by the law, by the same law my own life is forfeited.

TRASON (*abruptly*). After you have pronounced my doom, where will be the use to me of all the copies you

can make of all the articles of your law, and of all your sentences? [Here the Algerine lawyer, Hadj Abderahman, who it was said had been sent by the French Consul, came forward, and observed, with an air somewhat reluctant and abashed.]

HADJ ABDERAHMAN. Highness, and you Cadi, though I am, as you are, subject to the cherished (Mohammedan) law, I trust you will not consider me as intruding if I propose to you that the proceedings be submitted to a convention (Mezlep) of all the learned in the law, for the purpose of obtaining their opinion whether all the necessary forms have been complied with.

BEY. This cannot be; the law has spoken.

CADI (*to the* BEY). Highness, may I ask from your goodness this one favour? May I ask that in place of such a convention, the Christian lawyers, accompanied by one of your Highness's officers and by the son of the deceased, will call upon all our learned in the law, and will submit to them respectively the copy of our proceedings? If there be one among them that shall say there is any part incorrect, then let the sentence be declared null.

TRASON. How many of the learned in the law have you? Five—ten—a hundred? [Here the Bey laughed, and looked at the British Consul, who answered with a smile.) To go to all of them will of course take time. How many of them are to be called on?

CADI. All those who possess a licence from his Highness the Bey for pronouncing upon the matters of the law.

BEY. Chief of the Guards! (The Chief comes forward.) You are to accompany these three advocates. Take them to each and all the head men of the law. Let each and all examine the account of the present proceedings, and declare whether the judgment of the Cadi has

been formed according to the requirements of the law, and whether it obtains their unqualified approval.

TRASON, BOTTINI and PAYAN. We cannot go with him. We demand time. We demand five or six days at the least. To-day it is too late.

SON OF BABA YOUSSEFF. This day, let the affair be completed. This day, this day, this day, let the affair be completed.

TRASON, BOTTINI and PAYAN (*between themselves*). Well, then, we will protest.

TRASON (*taking a paper out of his pocket*). Since this is the way, I give our protest.

TRASON, BOTTINI and PAYAN. It is plain that they will have nothing to do with us. Trason reads from the paper, in the French language, to the following effect:

" Protest of the three Defenders of the three arraigned, Paolo Xuereb, Michel Vella and Claude Attaid:

" Whereas, the Cadi, contrary to the orders given to him by the Bey, as Chief of the Sharah, and President of the Tribunal, has refused to communicate to us the document setting forth the accusation;

" Whereas, among the witnesses whose signatures are appended to the deposition, there appears one whose previous conduct has given him a bad character in the public opinion, and who is therefore disentitled to be received as a witness;

" Whereas, certain Catholics whom we have presented to bear testimony in favour of the accused have been rejected as witnesses by the Cadi, he alleging that such evidence is inadmissible by the Mussulman law;

" Whereas, also testimony in favour of the accused, offered by two Mussulmen, has been rejected in direct

violation of the order given in relation to it by his Highness the Bey;

"Whereas, the Cadi has refused to make known to us the laws whereby this tribunal is bound to be governed;

"Whereas, the defence has not been free and unrestrained, inasmuch as the accused have been secreted in dungeons, to where their defenders have been denied access for the purpose of communicating with them;

"Whereas, the person who has appeared as the authorized attorney for the family of Yousseff Ben Abdallah, is in the employ of the Cadi, and the Cadi is thereby rendered in this affair not only a judge, but a party;

"Whereas, finally, the Cadi has acted with partiality, against us, in repelling all our demands, and in rejecting all our depositions.

"Now, therefore, for the reasons abovementioned, we, the defenders, solemnly do protest before all Europe against the denials of justice herein before detailed, we formally oppose the continuance of this illegal procedure, and we risk the responsibility of all the consequences which may result from it, where it ought to fall, reserving to ourselves the right of seeking any and every remedy against whatever ulterior decisions may be taken to the prejudice of the three accused.

"A copy of this protest will be handed to the Bey, as well as to the representatives of all the European nations at Tunis, with an entreaty that they will make it known to their respective governments,

(Signed) "GUISEPPE TRASON,
"E. PAYAN,
"G. B. BOTTINI.

"Goletta, April 13th, 1844."

SIGNOR TRASON (having concluded the reading of the paper, hands it to Chevalier Raffo and observes) : The sentence is pronounced then.

CADI (*to* CHEVALIER RAFFO). It is.

CHEVALIER RAFFO. It is.

TRASON, BOTTINI and PAYAN. Let us be off, gentlemen, there is no use in our remaining here.

CADI (*turning to the accused*). Accused, the Mussulman law condemns you to death.

PAOLO (*with an air of stupefaction calls in an eager whisper to* TRASON). Say that my name is not Paolo. [Signor Trason makes a rapid sign that there is no need, that the affair is not yet over, that the accused has no occasion to be alarmed. The Cadi directs a statement of the proceedings to be forthwith drawn up. Meanwhile the three defenders go up to the Bey, each in turn, and give the customary parting salutation of kissing his hand.]

TRASON. (*after kissing the* BEY'S *hand*). If I have been too earnest, and if I have said anything to displease, I beg pardon of your Highness. You will be indulgent, and forgive me, Highness, for I have only desired to save my client, and you need not be told what a defender is.

BEY (*addressing the three with a very benignant air*). All is pardonable.

SIR THOMAS READE (*to* CHEVALIER RAFFO). Is it over?

CHEVALIER RAFFO. It is over.

SIR THOMAS READE. (*to* SIGNORS TRASON, BOTTINI, *and* MONSIEUR PAYAN). Sirs, I am sorry for you rclient; but the Arabian law has been in every particular fulfilled.

TRASON, BOTTINI, and PAYAN. We hope you will excuse us if we have sometimes employed strong terms in naming you.

SIR THOMAS READE. I must beg leave to observe, Sirs, that in a hall of justice it might have been easy to have adopted a course more decent and (eyeing Signor Trason severely) less impertinent.

BOTTINI. We have done nothing but defend our client.

SIR THOMAS READE. With you, Signor Bottini, I have no concern; you are not my subject. And as for you, Monsieur Payan, I know well that you are less culpable than the rest.

TRASON, BOTTINI, and PAYAN. Let us go; let us go.

[During the preceding conversation, Paolo is taken away by his guards, and is observed to give a marked smile as he looks at an acquaintance in passing out. The three defenders left the Hall; hence they went to the office of Chevalier Gaspary. An *attaché* of the French Consulate, with one of its dragomans in attendance, had been waiting there from the beginning of the trial, with orders not to stir till its conclusion, when he was to mount his horse and ride back as rapidly as possible with the news of what had taken place. Presently after the arrival of the three defenders at the Chevalier Gaspary's, the Chief of the Bey's Guards entered with a paper in his hand.]

CHIEF OF GUARDS. His Highness says that he can have nothing to do with this protest; that you must take it back.

TRASON. Take it back?

CHIEF OF GUARDS (*handing it towards him*). Yes. Take it; take it.

[As the paper was advanced by the Chief of the Guards near the hand of Signor Trason, he withdrew his hand and folded his arms. The Chief of the Guards placed it on them. Signor Trason, opening his arms, the paper dropped to the ground. The officer

saw it fall, as he withdrew, and then Signor Trason exclaimed:]

TRASON. Well, since you won't take it, there!

[Whereupon Signor Trason kicked the paper after the Chief of the Guards, and promenaded backwards and forwards from the door of Chevalier Gaspary to that of the next house, which is the office of the Governor of the Port, before which he was standing; when about ten minutes afterwards the Chief of the Guards returned, and said:]

CHIEF OF THE GUARDS. His Highness sends me to learn at what hour you can be ready to accompany the nearest relative of the deceased Baba Yousseff to the different head men of the law, and thence to be present at the oath?

TRASON. Tell his Highness it is impossible.

BOTTINI. It cannot be done to-day.

PAYAN. We have not time.

[Thereupon the three returned to the Chevalier Gaspary's; when in about five minutes the Chief of the Guards re-appeared.]

CHIEF OF THE GUARDS. His Highness sends me to learn at what hour you can be ready to accompany the nearest relative of the deceased to all the different head men of the law, and thence to be present at the oath?

TRASON. It can't be done this day.

BOTTINI. Say that it is impossible.

PAYAN. To-day there is not time.

[The three defenders then went to dine at a little French tavern, and while at table a messenger entered from the office of Signor Stellini, the British agent at the Goletta.]

MESSENGER. Signor Stellini wishes to see Signor Trason at his office.

TRASON. I am at dinner. Tell Signor Stellini, if he wants to speak with me he must come here.

[The messenger departed, and about three minutes afterwards, Signor Stellini appeared, accompanied by another Maltese by the name of Schemhi.]

STELLINI. Signor Trason, if you please, one word.

[Signor Trason rises. He and Stellini converse in whispers for a couple of minutes, after which, Trason, aloud, addresses the others.]

TRASON. Gentlemen. Signor Stellini is commissioned by Chevalier Raffo to make known to his Highness, at what hour you will be ready to call upon the various head men of the law.

BOTTINI and TRASON (*then replied together*). To-day we can't: we must have time.

PAYAN (*rising and coming forward*). Gentlemen, you have said you must have time, and that you cannot do this thing to-day, I, for my part, say that the whole affair is an infamy, and that the time to do what is now asked will never come—never, never!

BOTTINI and TRASON (*together echo*). Never! never!

STELLINI. Signors, I am only the bearer of a message. I have executed my instructions. I am sorry to have disturbed you.

BOTTINI, TRASON and PAYAN (*together*). Very well, very well.

[And then Signor Stellini departed.]

On the afternoon of the same day, the record of the proceedings which had been forthwith drawn up as directed, was taken round to the various heads of the Mussulman law, unaccompanied by either of the three defenders, all of whom, as has just been shown, had refused the repeated requests made to them for that purpose. This being accomplished, as the defenders had also refused to be present, and to represent their client in the

Mosque, another substitute for him was named by the Sheik Cadi: the Cadi also granted permission that the heir presumptive after Baba Yousseff's son, should be associated with the latter in the oath. The parties appeared at the Olive Mosque, before the proper dignitaries. Each swore twenty-five times in succession, making the fifty in all, with one hand on the Koran and the other, it is said, on the shoulder of the personator of the accused, in the words—according to the most reliable information I can gather—which follow:

"Upon this holy and cherished book I swear that he it was who wounded Baba Yousseff, and Baba Yousseff is dead from the wounds; and if my oath be false, upon me, with their utmost force, strike every malediction which the book contains."

Thus were all the forms required by the law completed.

After sundry efforts on the part of almost all the Consuls here, and especially on the part of the French one—for that functionary obtained a delay of forty days before the verdict was put into execution—Paolo Longar was beheaded.

As regards the ordinary trials, either for capital or moral offences, the process is very simple. The plaintiffs and defendants—be they high or low, rich or poor—plead their cases, without the least restraint, before the Bey at his Bardo, who officiates daily himself as judge, and passes judgment according to his sense of justice; and his Highness's decision is fulfilled there and then without any further appeal. Whilst the prisoners or witnesses are being examined by the Bey, each is held by two officers of the court by his shoulders.

Capital executions do but seldom occur. It is not inflicted any more so freely as it used to be. Murder and

treason are now the only offences which have the judgment of death passed on the culprits. The common and daily punishments are imprisonment, hard labour at the galleys, and the bastinado. There are minor judgment-halls in the city itself, held at the gates, as well as in the other towns in the regency, in which the respective Kaids act as judges. But they are not at liberty to pronounce capital punishment. If a Mohammedan, be he even a slave, murders a Christian or a Jew, the offender is not considered guilty of death.

The Jews dare not, according to their law, appeal to a non-Israelitish court of justice. The chief Rabbi, in conjunction with a few—generally three—minor Rabbies, which correspond with an English jury, constitute their tribunal. The Jews plead their own cases, sitting cross-legged on the floor. After all the evidences have been heard, a brief consultation takes place between the judge and jury, and the former deals out the decision. Sometimes, but very seldom, a discussion takes place between the latter, and appeals are made to the Hebrew code of jurisprudence, for which purpose the "Choshen Hamishpat,"* and other Jewish law-books, are always on the table, ready to be referred to.

The cases which occur amongst the Jews are all of a monetary nature between lender and borrower, buyer and seller, &c. Criminal cases are nonentities. Murder is a crime almost unknown amongst the sons of Israel. The only person who is really in danger of his life is a native Jewish convert to Christianity. No effort would be relaxed in order to regain him into the bosom of the synagogue;

* Literally, "Breast-plate of Judgment," the title of the principal Hebrew code of laws.

and when all efforts exerted failed, nothing would be left undone to bring about the poor convert's destruction. Yea, it is the time that whosoever killeth us thinketh that he doeth God service.*

Besides the court of the Rabbi, which is of an ecclesiastical nature, there is also a civil court. A rich Jew of the name of Youseff, with a large sum, purchased for himself the Kaidship over the Tunisian Jews, and therefore acts as judge. The Rabbi and the Kaid act in strict concert. Should any Jew demur against the decision of the Rabbi—an event which never occurs—the Kaid would put the verdict into execution *vi et armis*, as he is at liberty to make use of as many officials of the Bardo as he wants. If a money law-suit occurs between a Jew and a Mussulman, then the affair is decided in a Mohammedan court of justice, and I have no reason to say that judgment is given with a partial eye.

I am afraid this epistle will prove too voluminous if I go on much longer. I shall, therefore, for the present conclude, though it must be in an abrupt manner.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c., &c.

* John xvi. 2.

## LETTER XXVII.

### TO LORD LINDSAY.

Tunis, Dec. 1847.

My dear Lord,

I thought of writing to you long ere this—as a small token of gratitude for the great kindness your Lordship was pleased to show me, when I had the honour of calling upon you at St. Germains; but always came to the resolution of waiting till my plans were more maturely arranged. I have a great desire to penetrate into Central Africa, and I have a fair prospect of being able to do so in the course of two or three months, with the camp of the Bey, which goes twice a year as far as Gereed, for the purpose of collecting taxes, consisting of nearly twenty thousand soldiers. I shall thus have an opportunity of going twenty days' journey into the very interior of the Great Sahara of Africa. I understand that a great many traces and reliques of Christianity are to be met with on that route. We know from ecclesiastical history, that Africa was once the cradle and nursery of Christian bishops, presbyters, and deacons. The names of Cyprian, Tertullian, Augustine, and of many other pious disciples of Jesus, grace the early annals of the Christian Church.

I was always accustomed to regard with feelings of the liveliest interest those nations of antiquity to whom the world has been indebted for arts and sciences, but my feelings are always carried away by an uncontrollable interest, whenever I contemplate those nations who furnished this sin-stricken world with instructors of that

wisdom which cometh from above—the only true science and philosophy. Carthage, then, or rather its ruins, exercises now a most powerful influence upon my feelings. If the name Carthage reminds the scholar of the mighty warriors, mentioned in classic lore, who fought bravely for their country's weal, it brings no less vividly to the recollection of the Christian the valiant soldiers of the Cross. The name Carthage stands associated with the conflicts and struggles of the first heroes of the Christian warfare; it can boast of having produced many brave and faithful leaders and commanders of the noble army of martyrs, who fought manfully the good fight of faith.

From the terrace of the house I live in, I command an extensive view of the ruins of that once far-famed and most aspiring city—the mighty Kartha Chadta of yore. I have not failed in taking a daily view, since I came here, of the plain which was once covered by splendid fanes, magnificent palaces, majestic edifices, and lofty towers, surrounded by mighty and almost invincible triple walls. It is an awfully gloomy prospect. It is a ruin to all intents and purposes; and though I am already familiar with every spot, with every hill and dale in this vicinity, my heart still sinks within me, whenever I ascend upon the house-top to gaze upon the few scattered gigantic fragments, with which the plain of Tunis is besprinkled. Yet I could stand motionless for hours, and muse over the dreary and silent scene. There is a sort of bewitching charm in the landscape, which rivets my eyes immovably on the panorama, though the effect it produces upon me is a very melancholy one. The ideas which its history suggests, are indeed most painful ones. The first thing it generally brings to one's mind, is the foundress of that majestic city, which once adorned this neighbourhood. I remember that it was a grand-niece of that Jezebel, who

was the curse of Israel. One cannot help being struck with the remarkable coincidence, that the same awful denunciations which were made against Tyre and Sidon, were literally fulfilled in their offspring, Carthage; and good reason why,—because the daughter walked in all the ungodly ways of her ungodly parents. The same enormous idolatrous practices, which provoked the wrath of God against the Phœnicians, were practised to the same frightful degree in Carthage. Human sacrifices were offered to Saturn and Moloch, in both countries. Children were passed through the fire, in honour to the Queen of Heaven, in Carthage, as well as in Tyre; and, therefore, the judgments proclaimed against the one,* were also fulfilled in the other. Alas! how literally! It is a fearful thing to incur the vengeance of God. But my musings do not end here. I am hurried on in meditation to the annals of my nation. My people have also corrupted themselves with the practices of those nations, and thus merited the just indignation and punishment of the Most High, who is untainted in His holiness, unbending in His justice, and unchanging in His truth, so that our once beautiful city and Temple are now laid in like ruins with Carthage. But I must cease these reveries,—sufficient is to the day the evil thereof. It will be high time for me to indulge in such gloomy cogitations, when I shall actually be on the consecrated—but, for a time, desecrated—spot. The evil thought of the present day is Carthage. I do not intend intruding upon your Lordship a description of the ruins of that renowned city, because, in the first place, there is very little to describe; and in the second place, the little there exists has been already described over and over again.

I have no doubt your Lordship is full well acquainted

* Ezek. xxvii., xxviii.

with Shaw's "Observations relating to several Parts of Barbary," &c., as well as with Sir G. Temple's work, and many books of the kind. There is, however, one particular worth noticing, which no writer up to the present day could possibly have mentioned, as it is but a discovery, I may almost say, of yesterday. The particular I allude to is a magnificent white marble female head, in perfect good preservation, which had been found the other day by some Moors whilst digging. It is a splendid relic, and a fine specimen of sculpture. To give you an idea of that majestic head, I shall just state that it is as big as myself altogether. The British Vice-Consul took a sketch of it and myself, whilst I was standing by its side, supporting my left hand on the top; a copy of which I inclose herewith.* However, you know my size. I flatter myself that, corporally at least, we are both of the same magnitude; so that you will be able to form a correct idea of the dimensions of that head. No conjecture has as yet been ventured upon it, so that I am not able to say what others think of its original; but I will try at a conjecture of my own. I think that it is not at all improbable that the head was intended as a representation of the Empress Theodora, the consort of Justinian. The latter, by his General, Belisarius, A.D. 534, destroyed the empire of the Vandals in North Africa, and established his own. Theodora having been a great favourite with the Emperor, as well as with some of his courtiers, it is not unlikely that a marble head, representing that of the Empress, should have been executed. It appears to me, speaking Lavater-like, that this representation in marble is a correct index of her character, as transmitted to the world by her biographers: talent, ambition, and intrigue can be read,

* See Frontispiece.

I fancy, in this rocky picture. We are also informed, that Theodora's "features were delicate and regular; her eyes expressed the sensations of her mind and body." All this can be traced in this stone female head.

I remember seeing once a medal of Justinian and Theodora, which strikes me to be corroborative of my theory; but not having it before me, I cannot be positive about it. I share, of course, in the common failing of antiquarians, and fancy my theory a most plausible one. However, I never feel annoyed in the least, when people choose to differ from me; nay, when they even scorn my humble opinions, and reject them as not worth entertaining: so that I shall have no objection to hear that your Lordship enjoyed a hearty laugh over this. But should I be right—and things more wonderful do often occur—then this head may be esteemed thirteen hundred years old. In fact, nothing later, in the art of sculpture, can be traced in the history of Carthage. So much for the last discovery amongst the ruins in this neighbourhood. As soon as that head was discovered, the French Vice-Consul hastened to the Bey, and requested it, as a present for the museum of Paris, which he obtained. The pedestal on which the head is placed bears an inscription to the same effect:—"Trouvé dans les mines de Carthage, 10 Août, 1847, et donné par son A. R. le Bey de Tunis à Monsieur de Laporte, Gérant du Consulat-Général de France." Though it represents a most infamous personage, still, as a work of art, it must be considered as an invaluable acquisition, and worth more than the paltry fragments on which so much time and labour have been wasted.

Since your Lordship did not take notice, in your letters from Edom and the Holy Land, of the Mohammedan Eds, or Beyrams, as those feasts are called in the Turkish lan-

guage, I shall venture to trespass a few more moments on your attention, by giving here a brief sketch of the great feast, going among the Arabs by the name of El Ed Alkabeer. I will not presume to tell you of the origin or ceremonies of this institution: I know that your Lordship is conversant with the standard works on Mohammedanism. My object is simply to state what I witnessed here on the 17th and 18th of last month, in connection with the Ed El Korban, or Ed El Kabeer, or Ed Alhada,—in plain English, the feast of the sacrifice, or the great feast—in a word, the second Beyram. It is observed a little differently here from what it is in other Mohammedan places.

On the evening of the 17th instant, a cannon announced that it was the eve of the second great annual festival. I could not sleep a wink the whole of that night, in consequence of the bleating of the poor innocent lambs, which were slaughtered and sacrificed by thousands; as every family must sacrifice a lamb for that feast, as its name imports, and this is a densely populous place. On the morning of the 18th, about seven o'clock, I waited watchfully for the firing of the cannons, which serves as a signal for the different Consuls to proceed to the Bardo, the Bey's palace, to attend his Highness's levee. The American Consul having kindly invited me to accompany him thither, I did not wait long. In a few minutes the different cannons, placed on the different gates of the surrounding walls, began to be discharged, and I hastened into Dr. Heap's carriage. On our way to the Bardo, I observed the different Mohammedan cemeteries literally covered with men, women, and children, all in praying postures. In the course of half an hour we were at his Highness's gate. On our arrival at the palace, we found the lanes and avenues leading to the reception-place filled by multifarious visitors. We tried to make our way through the crowd, and succeeded

at last in attaining to a rather spacious square, where we found the Bey, seated on a throne of bone, and great numbers of all ranks thronging to kiss his hand. We noticed those that were particular favourites were allowed to kiss both palm and back, the οι πολλοι only the palm, and those who were no favourites at all, only the back.

In the middle of the kissing operations, the different Consuls were introduced, who simply bowed and retired. This done, the very inferiors were permitted to come forward to enjoy the luxury of kissing their chief's hand. At last I observed two Jews—stupid blockheads—wend their way to the bony chair, and were on the point of perpetrating the humiliating act of kissing their oppressor's hand, when they were forcibly pushed back, in order to give place to a set of filthy, dirty, rough fellows, who came forward and seized the favoured hand with a devouring avidity, and pressed it ardently to their tasteful lips, after which they scampered back like maddened bulls. Then were the Jews permitted very slightly to touch the hand of their cruel and unprincipled tyrant, who condescended to allow them to kiss the back of his hand, which closed the ceremony in the square. From thence the Bey proceeded into an adjacent large room, into which I followed him, and there I saw the Muftis performing the same task, but with much greater familiarity. They were favoured with coffee, and with a few words of intercourse. I did not much like the physiognomy of those gentlemen. Scorn and contempt for non-Mohammedans seem deeply impressed on their knitted brows, as well as cruel bigotry. There is an art in the kissing business. The enjoyers of that commodity take hold of the hand, and kiss it, then touch the same with the forehead, and kiss again; but it is done in a very quick and dexterous way. The appearance of the Bey gave me a most unfavourable impression of his temper and disposi-

tion. He looked exceedingly impatient and dissatisfied. His furrowed brow indicated that his brain was actively employed in some scheme about the needful, of which he stands continually in need. If any one asked me at the time to guess the Bey's thoughts, I would have ventured to conjecture that he was cogitating of some new resource, for he exhausted almost all, in order to enable him to drag on his miserable government for a couple of years longer. I would, moreover, guess that he was considering as to how often that ludicrous drama would be repeated; for his Highness could not help being conscious that his course was nearly run, and that the whole performance of the 18th of last month was a mere farce. His haughty ambition brought him into many difficulties, which must, ere long, put a period to his government. The whole of this regency is on the brink of ruin, and all through the mal-government of the reigning Bey. I asked several Moors whether they attended the Bardo at the Beyram, to which they sulkily replied: "No, we would not go to see the face of our cruel troubler, and greatest enemy." It is supposed that the French are at the bottom of all this, paving the way for their seizing this regency.

I purpose proceeding to the deserts of Arabia either in the spring or in the autumn. I wish your Lordship would think of paying another visit to that region, so that I might have the honour of your Lordship's company, and profit by your Lordship's experience.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's, &c., &c.

P.S. Not knowing your Lordship's address, I shall forward this to Glasnevin House, as there it will surely be known where to forward it.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### TO CAPTAIN G. H. LINDSAY, GLASNEVIN.

Tunis, Dec. 1847.

My dear Captain Lindsay,

I suppose you have long ere this received mine of the 8th ult. I only received yours, of the 23rd of October last, the day before yesterday. Unless letters to Tunis are directed "*vid* Marseilles, to be forwarded by French steamer to Tunis," they may be for months mouldering in the Post-office at Malta, as there is no direct communication between the latter place and this regency; whilst there is between France and Tunis. The report is, that the French Government is busy scheming some design, so as to enable them to seize this regency also, and are therefore making all sorts of preparations for that purpose. The English Consul, on the other hand, has managed somehow or other to lose all influence here. He is contemned and scorned by the Bey; his communications are disregarded and unheeded. Last week was the fourth letter he addressed to the Bardo, which remained unnoticed. All these, however, are no affairs of mine.

I have written rather a lengthy epistle to your noble relative, Lord Lindsay; but not knowing his Lordship's address—whether St. Germains, Rome, or Haigh Hall—I thought the safest way would be to forward my letter to you, as you are sure to know his Lordship's whereabouts. I send the letter open, that you and yours may be able to read it also.

You will perceive that in my letter to Lord Lindsay, I refrained from saying anything about the origin of the institution of the Beyram, knowing that his Lordship is a great student, and read perhaps more than any English nobleman, and is therefore no doubt acquainted with the general

character of that feast. Many, however, have different avocations from that of Lord Lindsay, and have not the opportunities he has for knowing everything. I am of opinion, therefore, that a brief account of the nature of that institution may not be altogether unacceptable to my Glasnevin-House friends. I tell you at the outset that I am at variance with almost all authors about the origin of that institution.

It will be desirable that I notice also the month of Ramadan, or, as by others called, Ramazan. The ninth month in the Mohammedan year has been set apart by the False Prophet for peculiar abstinence. The days of the whole month are wasted in sleep and indolence, and the nights spent in festivities and revelry. This is the present mode of its observation. I dare say its designer intended this month to be a fast in earnest. The Mohammedans are enjoined to the exercise of good works, more particularly in this month than in any other, and the particularly faithful do act up to the injunction. The very pious Moslems spend the last ten days of this month in some distinguished mosque, in solemn devotions. There is one night in the last ten which is dubbed with the high-sounding appellation, Laylet al Kader—*i. e.*, "the night of power," or "the night of the divine decree." The learned Arabs themselves are not agreed as to which night it is, but it is generally supposed to be the 27th. It is asserted that this night is better than a thousand months. Many are the reasons assigned for this unparalleled superiority. First. The Koran was this night sent down from heaven. Secondly. Angels are said to descend the whole night for the purpose of conveying blessings to the faithful. Thirdly. The gates of heaven are kept open the whole night, so that prayer is sure to be attended to favourably. And Fourthly. All

the events of the ensuing year with respect to life and death, and all other affairs of this world, are this night divinely decreed, and the respective verdicts are handed over to different angels for execution. At the expiration of this month of fasting commences the season of feasting. The first three days of the month Showal is a time of great joy. The whole Moslem population is then characterized by good-will and love towards one another. Enemies become reconciled, injuries are forgotten and forgiven, at least, such is the precept. Tombs of departed friends and relatives are visited and prayed over, alms distributed, and a great many more such religious exercises practised. In the course of a few days after that festival, which goes by the different names of El-ad-es Sagheer, *alias* Ed-al Fitr, or, as the Turks call it, Ramadan Beyram or the first Beyram, those intending to make a pilgrimage to Mecca begin to move on their journey. Every Moslem is bound to undertake a pilgrimage there once in his life, and Mount Arafa.* On the tenth day of the last month in the year, after all necessary ceremonies have been disposed of, commences the great festival—which goes by the different names of Al Ed al Kabeer, alias Ed al Kurban, or as the Turks denominate it Kurban Beyram, popularly known as the second Beyram, which is celebrated this very day.

To-day, or rather the whole of last night, the pilgrims

* *Arafa*, from the Arabic root *Araf*, to know. This mountain is said to have assumed that name, because that on it Adam—after a search of two hundred years—met and recognised his wife Eve, Gabriel having conducted him thither. For, say the Mohammedan sages, that when our parents were expelled from Paradise, they were separated from each other by a great distance. Adam was thrown on the Island of Ceylon, whilst Eve was left on Mount Arafa. Other Moslems give another reason for the name of the mountain, viz., that Abraham, who was instructed by the angel Gabriel in all the ceremonies, showed, on that mountain, that he *knew* his lesson well.

at Mecca were offering various sacrifices; and while those devotees were engaged in that work at Mecca, all Moslems joined them, in the same, at home. The sacrifice bears the name of Al-fida, *i.e.*, the ransom. The reason I notice all this is the following. No writer, I am acquainted with, ever took the view I am inclined to do of the cunningly-devised Ramadan and Beyrams. The particular ceremonies connected with them lead me to conclude that Mohammed intended by those fasts and feasts to allure the Jews into his way of perdition. For at his first appearance on the stage of his imposture, he spread his snares exclusively for the unwary Jews. He pretended for some time to have been the promised Messiah, and for a time numbers of the bewildered Israelites flocked to him. In order, therefore, to give a Jewish face to his body of theology, he must needs have imitated a good many distinguishing features of Judaism; and this he did with consummate artifice by the appointment of the Ramadan and Beyrams. The former corresponds in every particular to the month of Ellul, which is set apart by the Jews for especial prayer and mortification; and all the absurd notions, connected with the Laylet al Kader, are entertained by the Jewish Church respecting their ראש השנה (*Rosh Hashanah*), the first day of the year, which immediately follows the month of Ellul. The Beyrams correspond with the different festivals observed by the children of Israel during the following month, viz., Tishry. The Jews sacrifice, on the eve of the Day of Atonement, a cock for each male and a hen for each female, which the Jewish doctors term פדיון (*Pidyon*), ransom, or כפרה (*Capparah*), atonement. The meat of the fowls is distributed amongst the poor. The same is done with the lamb, the Moslem-Beyram-sacrifice. I beg to differ from the Mohammedan commentators who assign as a reason for the name Al-fida, "because it is in commemoration of

the ransom of Ishmael by the sacrifice of the ram, when he was himself about to be offered up by his father." Let Lane, the learned author of "The Manners and Customs of Modern Egyptians," subscribe to it, if he likes; I will do no such thing. My opinion is that this, in common with many other rites and ceremonies, is an imitation of the Jewish penitential season. The Israelite on the eve of the Day of Atonement visits the tombs of his friends and relatives, and prays to them for intercession; so do the Islamites. The Hebrew is enjoined to make peace with his adversary on that day; and so is the Arab on his Beyram. And a variety of other coincidents combine to convince me that Mohammed was anxious, and planned—as he did with the institution under consideration, as he did with the style of the Koran—to entrap the poor Jews into the abyss of his soul-destroying doctrines.* There is one striking difference, however, between the followers of the Talmud and those of the Koran. The former are consistent in their observance of the season as a penitential

* "The Jews, of which there were rich and powerful families at Medina and its vicinity, showed a less favourable disposition. With some of them Mohammed made covenants of peace, and trusted to gain them in time to accept him as their promised Messiah or Prophet. Biassed, perhaps unconsciously, by such views, he had modelled many of his doctrines on the dogmas of their religion, and observed certain of their fasts and ordinances. He allowed such as embraced Islamism to continue in the observance of their Sabbath, and of several of the Mosaic laws and ceremonies. It was the custom of the different religions of the East to have each a Kebla, or sacred point, towards which they turned their faces, in the act of adoration; the Sabæans, towards the north star; the Persian, the fire-worshipper, towards the East, the place of the rising sun; the Jews, towards their holy city, Jerusalem. Hitherto, Mohammed had prescribed nothing of the kind; but now, out of deference to the Jews, he made Jerusalem the Kebla, towards which all Moslems were to turn their faces, when engaged in prayer."—*Washington Irving's Life of Mohammed.*

period. Everything that has a sinful tendency is abandoned and shunned during the whole of that time. Nothing but serious and devotional converse is held between each other amongst the Jews. Whilst the latter, as soon as the sun sets, and as soon as the fast is broken, resort to hear some romances of a very objectionable nature; and the more indecent the story, the greater is the relish for it. Some either begin with, or finish with, the Meareg, or Mohammed's night-journey to the seventh heaven, of which no Moslem is ever weary of listening to. To spare you the trouble of reference, I transcribe here the whole story:

As the Prophet lay one night in his bed, he heard a knocking at his door, which he went to open, when to his great surprise he found that it was the angel Gabriel who interrupted his sound sleep. The angel, the Prophet describes to have seventy pair of wings expanded from his sides, whiter than snow and clearer than crystal. With the angel was the beast called Albark,* on which the prophets used to ride when they were carried from one place to another for the execution of the divine will. The beast was of a mixed nature, between an ass and a mule, and of a size between both. Gabriel, as may easily be supposed, saluted the Prophet, and most politely told him that he was sent to accompany him to heaven, where he should see wonderful sights, not lawful for any other mortal to behold. Gabriel then bade him to mount Albark; but the beast would not suffer him to approach till Mohammed had prayed for him, and promised him a place in heaven. Albark, thus satisfied, knelt down to receive his holy burden, and in the twinkling of an eye, the angel holding him by the bridle, the party arrived at Jerusalem. At the

* Lightning, indicative of great velocity.

gate of the temple* of the Holy City all the prophets and the departed saints were ready to receive the visitor, and conduct him into the chief oratory, where they begged him to pray for them, after which they departed, leaving the Prophet with the angel alone. On quitting the temple, after prayer, they saw a ladder of light, ready fixed for them, which reached up to heaven. This ladder they ascended, leaving Albark tied to a rock till their return.

When they reached the first heaven, Gabriel knocked at the door, and having informed the porter who he was, and that he brought Mohammed the friend of God; the doors, which were of a prodigious size, were instantly opened, and the visitor was received with the profoundest respect. This heaven was full of pure silver, and stars were hanging from it by gold chains. The stars were of the size of Mount Nox, near Arabia. The guards of this heaven were angels, to keep all the devils out, who are constantly trying to hear what was going on among the ministers of God. In this heaven the Prophet met a decrepid old man who was Adam, by whom he was embraced, giving God thanks for so great a son. After Adam had recommended himself to the Prophet's prayers, he showed him the way to the next heaven.

On his way thither, he saw a great number of angels, of all shapes and sizes: some like men, some like birds, and some like beasts of all sorts. Among the birds he saw a great cock as white as snow, having his wings covered with pearls and carbuncles; he was so high of stature that while his feet stood upon the first heaven, his head reached up to the second: a distance of several hundred years' journey, according to the usual way of travelling on earth. This cock is the chief angel of the cocks; he joins every

* Such anachronisms are common-place things amongst Mohammedan theologians.

morning with God in singing a holy hymn, when his voice is so loud that all hear him in heaven and on earth, except men and fairies, and then all other cocks that are in heaven and earth crow. When the Day of Judgment approaches, God will command him to draw in his wings, and crow no more, which shall be a sign that the day is at hand. The Mohammedans look upon this cock to be in such great favour with God, that it is a common saying among them that there are three voices which God always hears. The first is the voice of him who reads constantly the Koran; the second is the voice of him who prays early every morning for the pardon of his sins; and the third the voice of this cock when he crows, which they say is ever most acceptable to God.

From this heaven the Prophet ascended to the second, a distance of five hundred years' journey, which is the distance of every one of the seven heavens each above the other. Here, like in the first, Gabriel having knocked, and the gates being opened, he met Noah at the entrance, who, after having expressed his joy to see him, recommended himself to his prayers. The second heaven Mohammed describes to be of pure gold. It contained twice as many angels as the former, one of which was of a prodigious size: his feet being placed on the second heaven, his head reached to the third. After exchanging a few words with some of the angels, he left them, and ascended the third heaven.

This heaven was made of precious stones, and the number of angels was also much greater. Abraham was the only one with whom he spoke, who likewise recommended himself to his prayers. Here he saw one angel, who was of such a height, that the distance between both his eyes was no less than seventy thousand days' journey! This angel had a table before him, on which lay a book,

wherein he was continually writing and blotting out. Gabriel informed Mohammed that this was the angel of death, who continually writes the names of those that are to be born, and computes the days of their lives; and when he finds they have completed the number assigned them, he blots their names out, which is no sooner done than the persons die.

Quitting this heaven, he entered the fourth, which was made of emeralds; at the entrance he met Joseph, the son of Jacob, who, after recommending himself to Mohammed's prayers, showed him the vast number of angels there, and greater by far than in any of the former heavens. Here also he found an angel who reached to the fifth heaven, who was continually weeping, making great lamentations, and mourning for the sins of men, and the ruin which thereby they brought upon themselves.

After another short and pleasant trip, our traveller reached the fifth heaven, which was all of adamant. Here he had the satisfaction to meet Moses, who made the same request as the others had done. Mohammed availed himself of this meeting to ask Moses' advice respecting the time and number of prayers he was to enjoin upon his followers. This Moses readily gave, and it is to him the Mohammedans are indebted for the number of prayers they have to offer up. Here again the number of angels was greater than in any previous heaven.

Ascending up into the sixth heaven, which was all of carbuncle, he found John the Baptist, who, after saluting the Prophet, recommended himself to his prayers. The number of angels here was also much increased. Our traveller, with his thousand-leagued boots, finally reached the seventh heaven, which was all made of divine light, where Jesus Christ is. The number of angels was here

greater than in all the other heavens put together, and among them there was one of a most extraordinary kind. He describes him with seventy thousand heads, and in every head seventy thousand tongues, and every tongue uttering seventy thousand distinct voices at the same time, with which he continues day and night incessantly praising God. The angel Gabriel, having conducted him thus far, told Mohammed he was not allowed to go any further, and therefore directed him to ascend the rest of the way to the throne of God by himself. This, the Prophet tells us, he performed with great difficulty, passing through waters, snow, and many other such difficult passages, till he came to a place where he heard a voice saying unto him, "O, Mohammed, salute thy Creator!" This he did. From this place, ascending higher, he saw a vast extension of light of exceeding brightness, so that his eyes could not bear it; and this was the habitation of the Almighty, where His throne was placed, on the right side of which the sacred name of God was written in fiery letters, and also these words, "La Ela illa Allah Mohammed rasool Allah," *i. e.*, There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His apostle.

These words, which form the Mohammedan creed, he found written on all the gates of the seven heavens through which he passed. On approaching the throne, he saw God sitting on it, with a covering of seventy thousand veils before his face. God, the Prophet tells us, stretched forth His hand, and laid it upon him, which was so excessively cold that it pierced him to the very marrow of his back, and he could not bear it. God, after this, entered into a very long and familiar conversation with him, revealed unto him a great many hidden mysteries, made him understand His law and gave him many things in charge concerning his instructing men in the knowledge of it; and finally bestowed on him several privileges above

the rest of mankind: as that he should be the most perfect of all creatures; that at the Day of Judgment he should be honoured and advanced above all the rest of mankind; that he should be the redeemer of all that believe in him; that he should have the knowledge of all languages; and that the spoils of all he should conquer in war should belong to him alone. After this celestial audience, the Prophet returned and found the angel Gabriel still waiting for him in the same place where he left him. The angel then conducting him back through all the seven heavens, and down the ladder of light, brought him to Jerusalem, where they found Albark as they had left him. Albark was very glad to receive his treasure upon his back; and the angel taking the bridle, they left Jerusalem for Mecca in the same manner as they came, Mohammed gazing with astonished eyes at meadows, hills, and sandy deserts, which passed before them in rapid succession, till he found himself again in his native town, in the arms of his dear and well-beloved Aisha, the most favourite of all his wives.*

The same absurd story, which is related by Mr. Lane, in the third volume of his "Modern Egyptians," is, with slight variations, frequently told in Tunis, and generally follows the above fabrication. Caliph El Hakim is said to have ridiculed openly the famous story of the "Meareg," asserting it to have been impossible that Mohammed could have got out of his bed by night, have been carried from Mecca to Jerusalem by the beast Albark, have ascended thence with the angel to the seventh heaven, and have

* I have, for convenience sake, availed myself of Mr. Davis' account of Mohammed's night-journey, as given in his "Voice from North Africa." The descriptions of the same feat, by the different Arabian commentators, are extremely extravagant and wild. Washington Irving's account is a little more elaborate than Mr. Davis'.

returned to Jerusalem and Mecca, and have found his bed still warm. The Caliph happened one day to play chess with his Wezeer, when the saint Et-Tashtooshee came in to him, and asked to be allowed to play with him; making this condition, that the Caliph, if overcome, should do what the saint would order. The proposal was accepted. The Caliph lost the game; and was ordered by the saint to plunge into a tank of water. He did so; and found himself in a magnificent palace, and metamorphosed into a woman of great beauty, with long hair, and every female attraction. He, or now she, was married to the son of a King; became a mother of three children, and then returned to the tank, and, emerging from it, informed the Wezeer of what had befallen him. Et-Tashtooshee reminded him of his infidelity in Mohammed's night-journey to the seventh heaven, the Caliph confessed the wickedness of disbelieving the miracle, and led the remainder of his life a faithful believer in the Meareg.

The listening crowd receive every word as strict truth, and impelled by one simultaneous impulse, exclaim at the conclusions of the respective tales, "La illa illa Alla, Mahmood rasool illa,"—There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.

I am afraid, I have prolonged this epistle beyond your patience to wade through information of this kind, but it may interest some one of your dear family. I confess that when I began, I intended that this letter should only be a sort of supplement to Lord Lindsay's, but somehow or other my pen, labouring under *cacoethes scribendi*, outran my intentions.

A most romantic circumstance came to my knowledge, through my intercourse with some of the natives, which shall be the subject of my next to Lady Mary.

Yours faithfully &c., &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

### TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Tunis, Dec. 1847.

My dear Madam,

The kindness which your Grace as well as the Duke of Manchester showed me, when at Paris, was by no means forgotten, though I have been apparently tardy in acknowledging it. I purposely deferred doing so until my plans were finally arranged; and as they are so now, I lose no time in writing to your Grace.

I must first mention that I changed my mind of visiting Spain on my way to this part of the world. I intend doing so, when I am permitted, D.V., to return to England. The kind note of introduction, which you furnished me with, to Mr. Brackenbury, H.B.M. Consul for Cadiz, is still in my possession; and I look forward to a time when it may prove very useful to me. The letter to the Bishop of Gibraltar I delivered. His Lordship returned to Malta just a week after my arrival there. The Bishop was very kind to me. I dined several times with him, and on the very day I left for Tunis, he had an early dinner on purpose that I might spend my last few hours with him. For all which I feel much obliged to your Grace, as well as to his Lordship. Miss Tomlinson, the Bishop's sister, is a most zealous upholder of our beloved Church, but I fear her zeal outruns her discretion. She indulges in the most implacable antipathy towards all Christians who do not

belong to the Church of England, which spirit brings our Church in disrepute in the diocese of Gibraltar. It is well attested by painful experience that the Church of England suffers most from her too warm, but mistaken friends.

It is my intention to explore, as far as lay in my power, the whole of North Africa. I need not inform your Grace that it is a region comparatively little known in Europe. I shall soon have an opportunity of penetrating into the interior of the great Sahara. The Bey of Tunis send a large camp twice a-year to collect tribute; and it is expected to leave Tunis for Blaadel Gereed—twenty days' journey into the interior—during next month. With this camp I purpose going. I expect to find some vestiges of Christianity in this now benighted region. It is on record that this part of the world was once brilliantly illuminated with the light of the Sun of Righteousness; but, alas! the candlestick has been removed, and darkness—gross darkness—now steeps the whole of this vast territory. North Africa once produced pious bishops, presbyters and deacons, and a noble army of martyrs; but now few, very few, are they who venture to call themselves Christians. North Africa was once the cradle and nursery of the servants of the Most High; but is now the habitation of wickedness and impiety. The Christian cannot help—when he comes to a place once renowned in the annals of his holy faith—to look for traces of the light which once shone in it. The more the Christian sees of the world that now is, the more convinced is he that it lieth in the wicked one; and the more earnest should he be in fervent prayer for that glorious and auspicious day when the prince of darkness, who causes all this havoc, shall be cast into the bottomless pit and the lake of fire; and when the kingdom of Jesus shall be established throughout the length and breadth of this habitable world. Oh! for the powerful spirit

of the Psalmist, who sang in the most fervid strain: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered."

It is very difficult to fix upon a subject, from this part of the world, for a letter which may prove interesting to the recipient of the epistle. To me, everything which comes under my notice, whilst here, is absorbingly interesting. But I am aware that people's tastes are as diversified as their faces and minds. So, after choosing and discarding several themes, I have at last fixed upon two or tree items, which I am in hopes may please you. The first is a description of a Jewish wedding, which I witnessed the other day. Having paid a visit to the chief Rabbi of the Portuguese synagogue, after conversing with his Rabbiship for some time, he said to me that he was very sorry that he was constrained to part with me abruptly, as he was obliged to attend a wedding; but added, if I had no objection to accompany him to the wedding-house, it would give him much pleasure in the enjoyment of my society. I thanked him for his kind offer, and accepted it. The Rabbi soon dressed himself in his very best, and we set out together for the auspicious spot, where so many hearts were leaping for joy. The streets through which we passed seemed to heave with Jews. As we pushed our way through the thronged lanes and avenues, the women shouted "lu, lu, lu, lu, lu,"* in a peculiarly shrill tone of voice, indicative that they participated in the joy which the Rabbi was going to consummate. Many poor Jews crowded round my venerable companion, and kissed his sleeve. Some supposed,

* I consider the expression to be an abbreviation of the Hebrew word הַלְלוּ (*Halelu*), "laud ye," or "praise ye." Perhaps an abbreviation of the whole of the last Psalm, where this word occurs so often in connexion with joyful noise. The Moslem women make use of the same to express their joy.

that because I walked in such close communion with their leader, and because we often came in close contact, that my sleeves became sanctified also, and they therefore honoured unwittingly my apostate coat with ardent kisses.

As we drew nearer and nearer to the house of the bridegroom the "lu, lu, lus" became louder and more numerous; the Rabbi's garb proclaimed what he was about. As every Jewish congregation is like one large family, every Jew and Jewess seemed really interested in the Rabbi's mission. We at last arrived at our destination; we passed through a low and dirty doorway, and had to walk for about ten yards through a filthy lane. We then reached another door, where the swelling and incessant "lu, lus" announced to us that we were at the very joyful place towards which we were wending our steps. The Rabbi opened the door, and the swelling chorus of the joyful "lu, lu" almost deafened me. We found ourselves in a spacious square, beautifully clean, paved with white marble, but it was so thronged with guests, that we could scarcely turn to the right or to the left. I was particularly glad, therefore, to follow the Rabbi into an upper room, which was filled with Jews, and a band of singers, who were celebrating in verse and song the praises of the bridegroom. Whilst we were there they sang the following, being an address to the happy youth, whose name was Daniel:

קוּם חָתָן בְּשִׁיר יְדִידוֹת
קוּם דָּנִיֵּאל אִישׁ חֲמוּדוֹת
קוּם דָּנִיֵּאל אִישׁ חֲמוּדוֹת:

יְדִיד מְמְקוֹמְךָ קוּמָה
לִקְרוֹא תוֹרַת שׁוֹכֵן רוּמָה
וּבָרֵךְ שֵׁם אֵל רַב עָצְמָה
וְאֵלָיו תְּשַׁלֵּם תּוֹדוֹת:*
וברך: קום:

שְׂמַח בָּחוּר בֶּן נְדִיבִים
עִם בַּת אֲיֶלֶת אֲהָבִים
אֵל חַי יַרְבֶּה כְּבוֹכָבִים
לְךָ יְלָדִים וְיַלְדוֹת:
אל: קום:

רָטוֹב תִּהְיֶה וְגַם רַעֲנָן
כְּלוּ שָׁלֵיו וְשַׁלְוָתָנָן
רַב דֵּעָה אֵל לְךָ יְחַנֵּן
עַל כָּל גֶּבֶר עָשָׂר יָדוֹת:
רב: קום:

אֵל חַי נָעֳלָם מִכָּל אִישׁוֹן
מְשֻׁחֲךָ שֶׁמֶן שָׁשׂוֹן
לוֹ תִּשְׁאַל מַעֲנֶה לָשׁוֹן
כִּי שֵׁם קָדְשׁוֹ מוֹב לְהוֹדוֹת:
לו: קים:

* The last lines of each verse were repeated; the opening three lines were also repeated, at the end of each verse, by the whole assembled multitude, which gave the performance considerable effect. I thought, at first, that the above song was composed for the occasion; but I found, after my return home, that it had been indited, about three hundred years ago, by a Rabbi, Israel Najarah, of Damascus.

I trust your Grace will kindly excuse me for accompanying a translation to the above. I am well aware that your Hebrew knowledge renders you almost independent of such an accompaniment; yet there are a few expressions which would require you to have recourse to your Gesenius; I thought, therefore, of saving you the trouble. My translation is a literal and verbatim one. I am no adept in English verse-making.

Rise, Bridegroom! with a song of love;
Rise, O Daniel! a man greatly beloved;
Rise, O Daniel! a man greatly beloved!

Beloved one, rise from thy place,
To read the law of Him who dwelleth on high,
And bless the name of God, mighty in strength,
And to Him offer thanks.
And bless, &c. Rise, &c. *

Rejoice, thou youth, scion of nobility,
With the daughter, who is "as a loving hind."†
The living God will multiply, like stars,
Thy sons and thy daughters.
The living, &c. Rise, &c.

Thou shalt be strong and vigorous,
Altogether at peace and at ease;
God shall vouchsafe thee much wisdom,
Ten times as much as to any one else.
God shall, &c. Rise, &c.

The living God, concealed from every eye,
Anointed thee with the oil of gladness;
Of Him ask for an answer of the tongue,
For it is a good thing to give thanks to His holy name.
Of Him, &c. Rise, &c.

* See note on p. 348.
† The figure is borrowed from Proverbs v. 19.

I asked to see the bridegroom, and a delicate youth, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, was pointed out to me, whilst in the act of standing up to deliver a lecture—a sort of thesis—a common practice amongst the higher classes of Jewish society, with reference to the occasion. The only recommendation the lecture was entitled to was its brevity. This done, מִנְחָה (*Minchal*), afternoon prayers, commenced—Jewish weddings always take place at or after sunset—which lasted about half an hour. After which a collecting-box was handed round, for contributions for the poor, which was soon filled with Tunisian piastres, French five-franc pieces, and Spanish dollars. Two sovereigns and one Napoleon were also glittering among the above coins. The Rabbi was very kind in his attentions to me, he introduced me to the most respectable parties in the room; to the bridegroom's father—one of the principal Portuguese Jews of Tunis, and to the famishing bridegroom himself.* The former lavished many compliments, &c., upon me, and promised me a treat in the introduction of his intended daughter-in-law; "the most beautiful of Tunisian Hebrew daughters, and the most accomplished to be found amongst Judah's maids in the whole of Barbary. She could sing many a Hebrew song off by heart, could read and write Italian, and very expert in divers designs of needle-work." The education of females is very much neglected in this country. One, therefore, who knows something is considered a prodigy; and as such did Imri Oriel consider his son's bride. He also acquainted me with the sterling worth of his son, what a treasure the daughter of Youseph Otlingi was

* The wedding-day is considered a strict fast-day. An orthodox Jewish bride or bridegroom will taste nothing on the day of their nuptials, until the marriage is actually solemnized, which generally takes place about six o'clock, P.M.

likely to obtain by the union. I was glad Imri Oriel was interrupted in his self-praise and adulation, by being reminded that it was time to consummate the auspicious ceremony. The assembled crowd began to move therefore towards the mansion of Youseph Otlingi, the bride's father, The shrill "lu, lu" rang in our ears all the way, which was about half a mile. The Rabbi, his coadjutor—Rabbi Yehudah Halaywee—Imri Oriel, and myself, walked together, and conversed very amicably on the typical character of the marriage rite. They were not a little surprised to find that the New Testament doctrines on the same subject bore a close analogy to those of the Zohar. They seemed pleased with the parable of the ten virgins, which I quoted in the Hebrew tongue, as well as with 2 Cor. xi. 2; Eph. v. 31, 32; Revelation xix. 7, &c. The distance seemed very short. A peal of "lu, lus" announced that we were drawing near the bride's abode. Louder and louder grew the joyful sound, till we came into the magnificent court of Youseph Otlingi, where I was almost deprived of hearing. To get rid of the distracting noise, I begged to be shown to the bride's sitting-room. I found the apartment crowded to suffocation, though it was very spacious. "Show me the bride, show me the bride!" was my impatient request. "You cannot see her unless you succeed in forcing your way to the eastern wall of the room, where you will see a divan, upon which is a throne, and upon it sits the bride," was the reply. To force a way was quite out of the question. My politeness would not allow me to push any female. I made up my mind therefore to stand still, and watch for an opportunity of advancing. Imri Oriel observed my awkward predicament, he therefore summoned his spouse by the uttering of the sweet name

Hadassah.* A passage was immediately effected, and a lady in glittering and gorgeous apparel, with dignified mien, made her way towards the door, where a brief interlocution took place between her Imri and herself. After which she began to return. On her way back she touched the hem of my cloak, and said, "Follow me." I disobeyed not. I was brought close to the spot, where I beheld that enviable divan, literally bespangled with all sorts of jewellery.

The bride, who sat in the centre of the divan, on an elevated seat, by courtesy, called a throne, was certainly exceedingly beautiful. But she sat like a statue, the oppressive heat of the sun was certainly enough to exhaust liveliness, if not life itself, from an older and stronger person than Otlingi's daughter was. Besides the poor creature was nearly famished with fasting. I began therefore to scan the features of "the virgins, her companions," which were ten in number; and I almost believe that they concentrated in themselves all the female beauty Tunis possesses. They were extremely well chosen, so as to baffle even a general amorist which to choose. They were rather frolicsome in their conduct. For when I asked one of them on purpose whether she was the bride, they all pointed to the almost sleeping beauty on the throne, crying, "She is the queen! She is the queen!" The bride and bridegroom are invested with regal dignity on the day of their nuptials. I said to them, "You do not behave yourselves with becoming gravity and seriousness in the presence of your sober quiet queen," They all simultaneously observed, "We are all queens elect, and within a few days we shall

* One of Esther's names, and signifies a myrtle, joy, a box of spices.

respectively occupy a similar position as this now occupied by Deborah.* We shall be then sober and morose, for, alas! we shall get nothing to eat the whole day." This was said with such wicked looks, and in so arch a manner, and with such mischievous smiles, whilst rosy blushes mantled all their tiny cheeks, for they were all very young, that I could not refrain from smiling, which produced a peal of merriment from the divan: "Look at his eyes, look at his eyes!" And one and all began to move their little plump hands before their sunny faces,† in so quick a manner, that I felt a sudden determination of blood into my head, and I blushed, oh, how I blushed! For the whole congregation of women turned their astonished eyes upon me.

I was, however, soon relieved from my painful situation by the approach of the bridegroom, with Rabbies and friends. The former carried a magnificent Damascus shawl, which he threw over his intended spouse; while the women, especially the chosen virgins, threw upon the temporary king, raisins, several sorts of spices and hops, calling down at the same time divers blessings upon the young couple. As soon as the bridegroom finished that part of his duty, he was conducted back into the large open square, and placed under a sort of canopy, which was erected for the occasion; it consisted of a large and beautiful piece of rich silk, worked with various designs, and many Hebrew mottos, referring to the rite of marriage. And in the centre was the following passage, in very large Hebrew characters: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of

* The name of the bride.

† A charm against the evil eye.

my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."* The motto formed a square.

Imri Oriel observing that I looked with admiration upon the masterpiece—it was well done—he whispered into my ear : " It is the handiwork of Deborah, the bride." This piece of embroidery had small gold rings, resembling wedding-rings, fastened to its four corners. Four neat wands, about ten feet in length, upheld the silk, by means of the rings, which formed the bridal canopy, under which the marriage ceremony was consummated, after the following manner. I have already mentioned that the bridegroom was placed under the canopy, as soon as he was stationed there, the choir went for the bride, who brought her blindfolded to the same spot, and she was made to make seven circuits round her beloved, and then placed at his left hand, close to the seat she wished to monopolize—the heart. A goblet of wine was then filled for the officiating Rabbi, who took hold of it, and chanted the following :

" Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, Creator of the fruit of the vine.

* Ps. CXXXVII. 4, 5.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hast sanctified us with thy precepts, and hast prohibited us matrimonial alliances with our near relations, and to refrain from betrothed ones, and hast permitted us marriage by means of the canopy and wedding pledge. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who sanctifiest thy people Israel, by the means of the canopy and wedding pledge."*

The Rabbi then touched the golden goblet with his lips, and then handed the cup to the bridegroom, who broke his fast by tasting of the contents; that done he reached it to the bride, whose face was uncovered for a short time, so that young Yakoub might see whether she was indeed his very bride, Deborah—which is a custom in Israel, to prevent a repetition of Labanic deception.† After the bride tasted the wine, Yakoub put a gold ring on her middle finger, and repeated the following formula: "Behold, thou art henceforth set apart to me, by this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel." A beautiful crystal glass was then filled with wine, and Rabbi D. B.'s colleague pronounced the following seven blessings:

"I. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, the Creator of the fruit of the vine.

"II. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hath created all things for His own glory.

"III. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hast formed man.

"IV. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who formed man in His own image—in the

* This is a most difficult passage for translation, inasmuch as the Jewish doctors themselves are very much at issue about the proper meaning of that blessing.

† Gen. xxix. 23—25.

image of the likeness of Himself, and had erected to Himself, of him [of man], an everlasting structure: blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast formed man.

"V. Let the barren rejoice and be glad, by the speedy joyful in-gathering of her children within her. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who makest Zion joyful with her children.

"VI. Make these beloved companions glad, as thou hast caused thy creation to rejoice in the garden of Eden, in the days of yore. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who makest glad the bridegroom and bride.

"VII. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hast created joy and gladness, bridegroom and bride, love, brotherhood, rejoicing, delight, peace, and friendship. May speedily, O Lord, our God, be heard in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of gladness, and the voice of joy, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the joyful voice of the bridegroom-chamber, on account of the feast, and the joyful voice of young men, on account of their melodies. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who makest the bridegroom and bride to rejoice, and to be prosperous.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.

"May joy and gladness increase in Israel, and sorrow and sighing flee away from amongst them."

The officiating Rabbi then tasted of the contents of the cup, and offered it to the bridegroom and bride. The rest of the wine was thrown on the ground, and after it, the beautiful crystal glass which contained it, and the bridegroom, with an effort of strength, stamped it with his foot, and broke it into a thousand fragments, to intimate that as yet, joy is not complete, and must not be enjoyed, unmixed with mourning, for Jerusalem; for as

yet is Israel swallowed up, and is yet among the Gentiles as a vessel in which there is no pleasure.*

A collection was then made for the poor Israelites in the four holy cities of Palestine, and the contributions were liberal, as the deputy collector was daily expected from the Holy Land. Imri and Youseph contributed five hundred piastres each.

The marriage contract was then read and signed. All sorts of sweetmeats, cordial liquors, preserves, &c., followed. I was not only overwhelmed with civilities, but literally overloaded with the good things of this world; I was not only invited, but forced to partake of everything I saw before me. The bride and bridegroom retired into a chamber for a short time, many of the chance visitors returned to their homes; the poor, having received their pleasant portions, went to their homes rejoicing, bearing with them, besides their respective portions of hard cash, agreeable viands for their families; many of the guests, also, knowing that the marriage supper was not to commence till late, left for a short time, so that the principal reception chambers remained airy and pleasant. The monotonous and unintelligible buzz, gave place to slow and polite conversation. I observed small detachments discussing various topics; my presence afforded them with many themes. Whether I was of Jewish parentage? if not, my acquaintance with Hebrew unaccountable; then my coming from England—a country, which, by her inventions, laughs to scorn the fiercest elements, whose ships defy the winds, and whose chariot-wheels run swifter than a thousand hinds—they attempted to account for all sorts of anomalies and paradoxes. I heard one of a small party gravely assert, that be the skull of an English boy ever so thick, the English tutors would find means to

* Hosea viii. 8.

instil the knowledge they determined into the pate of the pupil committed to their charge. Others discussed the merits of Christianity, dilated on the great and essential difference between English Christianity, and that of the Romish communities, and one and all awarded the palm to the national religion of Great Britain. Others again discussed Freemasonry; described the lodges as most extraordinary haunts, the habitations of most unheard-of things, and Masons guilty of the most outrageous crimes; but accorded that the con-fraternity live in the strongest bond of union, love, and peace. Many of the Europeans, especially English, belonged to them, and they wondered whether I was a Mason.

I overheard all the conversation of those philosophers whilst I was engaged conversing with the young ladies, the bride's companions. I succeeded, by degrees, in enjoying a very long and interesting discussion with the fair ones about the daughters of Zion, when they were in the meridian of their glory, and contrasted their state then with their present condition, and pointed out to them the inconsistency of their carrying about their persons a variety of charms, which argued a distrust in their Almighty God, who alone preserved them in the midst of the most overwhelming calamities and persecutions, which no race but that of Jacob could have survived, and simply because of Jehovah's declaration, who said: "Fear thou not, O Jacob, my servant; for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee. But I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure; yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished."* Then they began to tell me a tissue of effects from the evil eye; how many brides actually died, and how many sickened from the baneful effect of an inauspicious eye, and

* Jer. XLVI. 28.

how many recovered by means of such charms as were dangling about them.

Time does not permit me to copy here the marvellous tales with which their ruby lips and sparkling eyes filled my ears and my thoughts. They protested that though there were no less than thirty-one species of the evil eye, I was free from any, and they were not in the least apprehensive of any evil thing befalling them, if I looked at them ever so long. This was said with such benignant smiles, and with such knowing looks, which showed that they were by no means averse to be looked at. I related to them the beautiful parable of our Lord respecting the ten virgins waiting the appearance of the bridegroom. They seemed so much pleased with it, that they declared it was the most charming story they had ever heard. In the midst of their bewitching conversation, the bride returned, with a Jewess, who carried in her hand a splendid tambourine; the bride resumed her seat amongst her sweet and lovely companions, and the lady with her instrument stood on the divan by the side of the temporary queen. The young ladies immediately surrounded the youthful wife, and related to her and to the tambourine lady the parable, which seemed to please them much; and I had the gratification of being beheld with complacency by the queen of the ceremony all the time I was in her presence. The artiste then beckoned to the frolicking girls to sit quietly, which was no sooner intimated than obeyed. All thus became silent and serene. The artiste then waved her instrument with one hand, displaying both to great advantage, which she followed up by an animated recitative:

"I am about to sing respecting the beloved bride, the queen of this assembly, the blessed and happy, the fair and the pleasant, lovely for delights."

She then made dexterous use of the tambourine, and evidently thrilled into rapture the fair portion of her audience. She went on improvising and accompanying herself, and, to my utter astonishment, handled the parable in a most masterly manner, expressing an assurance that none of the lovely virgins present would so far forget themselves as to fall asleep whilst expecting the king—the bridegroom. The compliments which the impromptu poetess lavished on all present, were given in the high hyperbolic Eastern style, which seemed to delight every one present. The effect was very striking, and, to my taste, grand. All the females present joined in chorus, which consisted of the repetition of the last distich of each verse, and the signal for it was given by the chief musician, by a short voluntary on the tambourine.

All manner of cordials and sweetmeats were served, in the meantime, in great abundance. I was pressed by the parents of the bride and bridegroom, and by each of the young ladies separately, to partake of the proffered good things. It would have been considered a slight, on my part, had I refused to accept from any one, who offered. I looked with considerable regret upon the invading night, which compelled me to return to my quarters. I was obliged, therefore, to begin to wish adieu to the hospitable masters of the marriage feast. There was a general regret. Almost all begged that I would stop a couple of hours longer, as the real festive joys had not yet begun, and I would, therefore, not be able to form any idea of a real Jewish wedding in Tunis. I told my kind hosts that I regretted very much that I was obliged to leave their hospitable society, but assured them that what I had seen that day impressed me with a most favourable idea of themselves, as well as of their feasts, and that they would remain

engraved upon the tablets of my memory, never to be obliterated. We then shook hands. Imri Oriel and Youseph Otlingi accompanied Rabbi D. B. and myself part of the way, giving me, *en chemin*, a description of what was to follow at and after the grand supper, which was to take place in the course of a couple of hours after my departure. Two more females were expected to celebrate the auspicious event, one to play a sort of guitar, and another a sort of dulcimer, and each in their turn extemporize in verse, suitable for the occasion; and I was assured that they were very clever at their profession. I believe it, for the Jews in this country seldom praise the attainments of women, unless they are of a striking nature.

When Imri and Youseph at last took farewell of me, I was left with the Rabbi to conduct me homewards. The venerable man congratulated me on having been permitted to witness a marriage ceremony in one of the richest and most respectable families in Tunis, and to see and hear things which no European, as far as the Rabbi's knowledge extended, ever had an opportunity to do. He added several compliments on the execution of the artiste, who performs only on grand occasions; and those two which were expected were still higher in rank, and their services were only secured for the evening by a vast amount of solicitation, as they were too rich to perform for payment. Had the Rabbi told me all this before I left the house, I should certainly have hazarded everything, and remained in *statu quo*. However, what I saw and heard is sufficient to make me long for another opportunity of the kind. To enjoy, and to derive instruction from such scenes, one must understand everything connected with, not only the language, but also the manner of the people, otherwise the whole ceremony would wear the appearance of a confusion

of discordant noises, and would prove irksome, if not disgusting, to the uninitiated Gentile.*

The idea of seeing a Hebrew woman, with a timbrel in her hand, conducting an orchestra of Zion's daughters, brings a train of thought into my mind, by which my contemplations have seldom before travelled. It appears that no oppression, ever so rigorous, has ever succeeded in suppressing the art of minstrelsy amongst the children of the Hebrew race. After the Egyptian bondage, a bondage enough to paralyze any energy, and prostrate any intellect, the Hebrew nation seemed as musical as ever; for it was not Moses alone who sang, but also "the children of Israel," that great, glorious, immortal, unrivalled song. We have lost the music; but knowing as I do the musical talents of my nation, I may be permitted to question whether Handel's Israel in Egypt surpasses in beauty the music of the original, at the Red Sea. Nor was the art confined to the male part of the nation. We read: "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances," &c.† Indeed, it seems that instrumental music was almost exclusively confined to the Hebrew daughters; for we do not read that their sons made use of timbrels, or any other

* A travelling lady, of the same stamp as Mr. Disraeli's friend, Buggins—of whom the honourable member for Buckinghamshire makes mention in his third volume of Tancred—who visited the Regency of Tunis soon after I left it, and lately published her own notes, affords us an example of the inability of ill-informed Gentiles to appreciate anything Jewish; and no sound-minded Englishman or Englishwoman would undertake the office of describing any Jewish custom, respecting which he or she knows little or nothing; but England is plagued with would-be wise, affected, and conceited women, as well as any other nation. See note to page 379.

† Exod. xv.

instrument. Again, "when David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."* Nor the Babylonian captivity, which proved so disastrous to the children of Judah, extinguished their love and knowledge of music; for amongst the different personages who went up out of the captivity, with Cyrus' permission, we find "two hundred singing men and singing women."† I am inclined to sympathize, in a modified sense, with the following spirited appeal put into Sidonia's mouth by Mr. Disraeli:

"The passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it, that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy, teeming with combinations, the imagination, fervent with picture and emotion, that came from the Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music; that science of the harmonious, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it in the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment, even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a

* Sam. xviii. 6, 7. † Ezra ii. 65.

company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your *muscandis* of Paris, and your *dandies* of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel."*

To return to the Jewish wedding for a moment, it was withal inferior to a Polish or Russian Jewish marriage ceremony, among the higher classes. It appears that the Jews residing in the northern countries retain more of their ancient customs, in certain respects, than the Jews in this part of the world, and for the following reason: The Russian or Polish Jew detests everything practised amongst his Gentile neighbours; his every custom, therefore, is strictly Jewish, while the Jew of Barbary adopts many ceremonies in use amongst his Mohammedan neighbour; a striking illustration of which may be observed in a marriage ceremony amongst the Jews in Poland or in Russia; of course I mean the higher classes. I have attended many weddings in that part of the world. I found the virgins constituting the suite of the bride to be generally ten in

* "Coningsby."

number. The marriage ceremony usually takes place in some nice, small, country village. The bride and her retinue arrive first; the bridegroom is then looked for with the greatest possible longing by the virgins. But he and his attendants study to surprise them, by arriving at an hour, and from a direction, least expected, which is a striking illustration of Matthew xxv. But the Barbary Jews have not this interesting custom.*

I never had an opportunity of witnessing a marriage ceremony in a Mohammedan family; but I have seen something, and heard a good deal about it. As soon as the young woman is betrothed, which takes place when she is between eleven and thirteen, large armlets are put on her wrists, and anklets upon her ankles, either of silver or of gold, according to the condition of the parties. Those ornaments, as I have observed, are large, far too large either for her juvenile wrists or ankles; but the bride elect is begun to be fed in so merciless a manner that, in a short time, those ornaments become too small for her. And when the poor bride is thus swelled out, she is considered perfectly beautiful in the eyes of the Arabs.†

* I have attended some weddings amongst the poorer classes of Jews in this city, but they were divested of a great many of the interesting circumstances which I witnessed at this; I will not, therefore, notice them in this work. I think it uncalled-for on my part to do so, as I know a lady, who resided for four years in Tunis, is preparing her notes, which she took whilst there, for the press; and I have no hesitation in saying, from my personal knowledge of that fair individual, that she is perfectly qualified for the task, and that her work will be replete with the most interesting and entertaining information on all the domestic affairs of the various inhabitants of the largest city in Barbary.

† Mr. Davis, in his little volume, entitled "Voice from North Africa," when speaking on this subject, says: "The young lady is literally crammed, and some actually die under the spoon."

The bride and bridegroom, however, are not permitted to see each other until the nuptial day. The latter is at liberty to send a female friend, or relative, to see and examine the former, whether she is really what she was represented to be by her father. The bridegroom has to pay for his bride, in fact, he must purchase her; and on the wedding-day, he must sign a document to the same effect. When all the preliminaries have been arranged, then it becomes the bridegroom's duty to take his affianced under his own roof and protection. It is, moreover, the custom with the Mohammedan bride to make a display, on that auspicious day, of the articles both of apparel and furniture which she brings with her to the house of her young lord. I have frequently seen horses and mules loaded with such effects, and paraded through the streets. When the animals have accomplished this task, which is about sunset, the bride proceeds, with imposing pomp, to the bath.* Besides her slaves and relatives, a great number of women and children join voluntarily the procession, and drown the discordant minstrelsy with their inharmonious "lu, lu, lu, lus."

It is dark by the time the ablution is finished, when the happy nymph proceeds in state to the mansion of the anxious swain, to an apartment prepared especially for herself, companions, and friends; where the bride assumes at once the air of mistress, and entertains her friends according to circumstances. The young husband does the same in another apartment with his friends. This lasts about two hours, after which the merry company, male and female, begin to return to their homes; and then for the first time are the bride and bridegroom introduced to

* This part of the ceremony takes place amongst the Jews on the previous night.

each other. Should the latter find that he was imposed upon, and that the bride is not what he was led to expect, he has a right to send her back to her father, and is free from all the pecuniary obligations which he imposed upon himself. Should he, however, be satisfied, and see that he has not only found a wife but also a good thing,* which is generally the case, then the entertainments are repeated for seven days. The young couple are visited by their respective friends, who bring with them presents according to their respective abilities.†

I shall now briefly give you an account of a funeral. The transition is rather a severe one; and I have unconsciously reversed the order Solomon put down when he said, "A time to weep, and a time to laugh: a time to mourn, and a time to dance;‡ whilst I put laughing and dancing first. However, it is done; and it would be difficult for me to reverse my order now. A few days ago the mother of the reigning Bey breathed her last; and, as Ahmed is understood to have been affectionately attached to his parent, it was expected that the funeral would be characterized by great ceremony and display. I determined, therefore, to go and see all that was to be seen. Of course I could only see the procession. I stationed myself opposite the city gate—at the outside of the walls —through which the bier would have to pass. Not far from that gate there is a small santo or oratory (erected over the grave of a Mohammedan maniac, and who had, therefore, the reputation of a saint), where he spent some time in prayer. A file of soldiers was stationed

* Proverbs xviii. 22.

† The same custom prevails amongst the Jews throughout their dispersion.

‡ Eccl. iii. 4.

on each side along the road leading to the place of sepulture; and when the Bey had finished his orisons, the procession began to move. I had an opportunity of seeing the choicest soldiers of this regency, as they all went in procession before the coffin. But such soldiers and such a procession I never did see—the filthiest and the dirtiest mean-looking set of ruffians I ever beheld in all my life. Some went in one shoe and one boot; others in one shoe only; and others again bare-footed altogether: their uniforms were *uniformly* ragged. Upon the whole, they looked the most frightful soldiers ever sported by any prince. When those warriors passed, a promiscuous band of singers—consisting of muftis and marabouts, and other officials of the various mosques—with a frenzied and deranged dervish amongst them, began to move, in the greatest possible confusion, chanting most unmelodiously certain prayers. The Bey and his retinue then proceeded, whose gaudy and rich dresses formed a striking contrast to the uncommonly common soldiers who were first in the field. Then followed the coffin, which was carried on a yellow painted wooden bier by several muftis. It was covered with a scarlet cashmere shawl, and strewed over with jessamine flowers. A large number of the most respectable Moors then followed, and the procession closed. I confess that if it were not for the long files of the ill and fierce looking soldiers the procession would have presented a picturesque and imposing aspect. The deceased was originally a Genoese Christian.

It is customary amongst Mohammedan Princes, that if any debtor touches the coffin of a parent of the sovereign during its procession to the grave, the debtor is set free from his obligations, and the royal mourner pays the debt. Accordingly in this case, a poor woman who owed one

thousand piastres—about £30—rushed and seized hold of the coffin, but instead of saying, "God bless the Bey," she, by an unfortunate *lapsus linguæ*, exclaimed, "God do not bless the King," which slip is quite natural in the Arabic expression. She was put into prison for twenty-four hours for the unintentional offence, but her debt was at last liquidated. A great number of the poor congregated together at the tomb, where they expected to obtain some gifts. About fifty sheep were slaughtered for the purpose of distributing amongst them, so that the expectants were not disappointed. This custom is called *al kaffarah*—the expiation, which is supposed to wipe away the minor sins of the deceased. The Bey also ordered that measures be taken to ascertain the amount of the debts his subjects were owing, intending to discharge them, but unfortunately for the creditors, the amount—three hundred thousand piastres—was too large for the impoverished Bey, he therefore thought again, and changed his mind.

I purpose visiting the land which is bound to my heart by a thousand ties, about the end of next year. I may perhaps leave for Alexandria in September next, as earlier would be too hot.

Please to remember me very kindly to the Duke.

I am, dear Madam,

Your Grace's, &c.

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## LETTER XXX.

### TO THE REV. SAMUEL ASHER LEVI HERBERT,

SUNDERLAND.

Tunis, Dec. 1847.

My dear Sam,

I have just returned from a ramble through the dirty streets of this city, exhausted and fatigued. I would in all probability have yielded to their influence, and spent the remainder of the day in lounging idleness, were it not for a packet of letters which I found in my room, which had the effect of putting new life and fresh vigour into me, and I am even in so good a humour, in consequence, as to be able to take up my pen and write you "a long letter." Remember, I do not bargain for "a nice one." I have no time to study nicety here. Now for a subject.

Before the information I have obtained this day flags in interest, I commit it to paper, by means of my Wedgewood, so that you and I may have the benefit in after days, of the freshness of my memory, on the things I have seen and heard this day. In my traversing several of the narrow and filthy streets of this town, I came at last to one called Ash-shu-ka-jeen. I was surprised by the existence, in the midst of it, of a sepulchral hut of a Mohammedan saint. I inquired of my companion, how it came to pass that a tomb should be found in the heart of the city, contrary to Mohammedan customs and laws; and he informed me, that the worthy buried under it, and who lived upwards of three hundred years ago, made an especial request before his death to be buried on that spot; he was a Roman Catholic priest, who became a follower of Islamism, and the following is his autobiography:

"Let it be known unto thee, O, reader! that I am a native of Majorca, and that I am the only son of one of the principal inhabitants of that place. At six years of age I was put to the care of a priest, who instructed me in the rudiments of the Christian religion. When eight years old, I commenced to study Greek and logic, which I pursued till my eighteenth year, when I left my native place and proceeded to ——, which is a place of great renown for literature. In ——, the students are obliged to dress in a peculiar black habit, and to conform to a very strict discipline, from which even princes are not exempted. The students form a separate body from the rest of the people, and are not subject to the same laws. The priest, who was the Principal of the College, was an old man, of long standing, and great reputation. All differences in the Christian religion were brought before him, and he never failed in his decision to satisfy all parties; his word was almost a law to the professors of Christianity. It was under this great man that I resumed my studies, to the satisfaction of my parents. I soon gained favour in his sight, so much so that he made me lodge in his house, and entrusted to me all his property. I remained with him ten years, and my reason for leaving him then is the following:

"It happened just before the end of the ten years, that my master was taken ill, and therefore could not, as his custom was, come to lecture, in which cases I used to take his place. On the present occasion I did the same, and the part of Scripture which I chose for the instruction of my pupils, was where the Lord speaks through his prophet: 'Behold I will send a prophet after thee, whose name will be Faraklete.'* This prophet I tried very hard to

* A perversion of John xiv. 16.

explain, but could not, When I returned home I asked my master to explain this prediction to me; but he said: 'This noble name is only known to those who are deeply learned in the *things of God*, of which kind there are very few.' On hearing this, I was more desirous of hearing the meaning of this mystery than before. I therefore fell on my knees before him, and said: 'O my Lord! thou knowest I have left my friends and my home, and came to thee, and served thee faithfully these ten years, for no other purpose than to obtain knowledge. I thank thee for what thou hast done for me; but do, do, I pray thee, let me know the meaning of this part of Scripture.' When he saw me so very desirous, he said to me: 'My son, the advantage of knowing who this Faraklete is, is very great, and I am perfectly willing to make it known to thee; but mind, thy life will be in great danger if thou dost not keep it in secret till thou art in a country where thou mayest confess openly thy belief in this mysterious name. Were I not already an old man, I should certainly not remain a moment here, but would have gone to such a country; but now I am old, and know not the language of the people, nor their customs. But not so with thee; thou art young, and wilt soon adapt thyself to their manners. I therefore advise thee not to tarry any longer, but at once to be off. Now this Faraklete is no other than Mohammed, the founder of the Mohammedan religion; it is he who is here predicted by Jesus, in whose religion, if the Christians had remained, they would certainly have believed in Mohammed (upon whom may the peace of God rest!) I will give you the necessary expenses for your journey, and advise you, as I have already said, to go to a Mohammedan country.' I at once consented to the advice of this learned man, and accepted fifty gold pieces,

which he gave me for travelling expenses, and returned to my native place, Majorca, to take a final leave of my friends, as I knew the step which I was about to take would for ever separate me from them. I remained at home six months, when an opportunity was afforded me to go to Tunis, which I embraced. I arrived here safely in company of some other Christians, after a passage of a few days. The Christians of Tunis, as soon as they heard of my arrival, came to the Goletta, and carried me with great honours to the capital. I lived with them a few days, during which time I made all necessary inquiries. They informed me that Abo Abas, the then reigning prince, had a physician, called Yousef, who spoke the Italian language, of which I was very glad, as I knew not a word of Arabic. I called on Yousef, and told him my reason for having come to Tunis. He was very glad to be the instrument of bringing me to the truth of the Mohammedan religion, and at once took me with him to Abo Abas, who after hearing my request, received me very kindly, and appointed the following day to initiate me as a member of their community.

"I thanked the King, but begged him, before my intentions were made known publicly, to call all the Christians who knew me, and ask them what opinion they entertained of me. This pleased him very much, and he immediately sent for them, and to all questions he put to them respecting me he received the most satisfactory answers. 'But,' said Abo Abas to them, 'what do you think of this great man embracing our faith?' 'God forbid!' exclaimed they; 'this he never will do.' I was then called from the antechamber, where I had been all this time, and was asked by the King to declare my intentions to the Christians openly, which I did in a long speech. The consternation with

which they were struck was very great indeed. They begged me, offered me sums of money, and made me all sorts of promises to induce me to recant; and finding that they could not succeed, they began to talk all manner of evil of me, which, from the precaution I had taken, could not have the intended effect. The following day I was received into the faith of our Prophet Mohammed (peace be upon him!), and a few days after Abo Abas gave me in marriage the daughter of Hadj Mohammed, with a handsome dowry. By her I had a son, whom I called after the name of our holy Prophet.

"Five months after I had embraced the Mohammedan faith, Abo Abas invested me with the office of captain of the port, and at the same time sent me teachers to instruct me in the Arabic language, as he intended to make me his interpreter. The King had soon need of me in my latter office, owing to several French ships anchoring off Mehediah, to which place troops were immediately dispatched, headed by Abo Abas himself. I, with a few other officers, were sent on board of these vessels, and, after a few satisfactory negotiations, they weighed anchor and sailed. From Mehediah I went with our prince to Kabis; from thence to Kafsah, where he was taken with a severe illness, in which he died in the month of Ghaban, in the year of the Prophet 896.

"Abo Abas was succeeded to the throne of Tunis by his son, our lord Abo Fares. This prince added to the kindness of his noble father towards me, and also left me in command of the port.

"One day, as a Mohammedan vessel was on the point of entering our bay, she was pursued and captured by a Christian vessel of war; the crew, however, had time enough to save themselves. The Christian vessel with the

prize then entered, and anchored in our port. Abo Fares, pitying the misfortune of the poor believers, sent some of his ministers on board the Christian vessel, with full power to treat with them for the vessel and property of the Mohammedans, in which mission, after a long parley, they could not succeed.

"The principal person on board of it was a Sicilian priest, who, when the ministers were about returning on shore, asked them whether they knew Abdallah, the captain of the port, and whether they would take a letter for him; to which they answered in the affirmative. Accordingly he gave them the letter; but they, instead of delivering it to me, had it translated, and brought both the original and translation to Abo Fares, who, after reading it, sent for me, and gave me the priest's letter; and I, after perusing its contents, was obliged in the presence of Abo Fares to laugh, who no sooner perceived it than he asked me the reason. I replied to him, 'My Lord, if thou wilt know why I behaved so rudely in thy presence, then allow me to translate this letter for thee into Arabic, that thou mayest understand its contents.' This he allowed me; and I translated the letter in his presence, of which the following is a copy:—

"'After many salutations from thy brother, Francis the priest, I let you know that I have arrived at this place for the purpose of taking you back with me to Sicily. My reputation in Sicily is very great; by my counsel the whole kingdom is ruled. Now I beg of you, accept my advice, and return to the blessed religion of God. Think nothing of giving up your property; I have an abundance to recompense you for all your losses; and remember that after all, the things of this world are only transient, and will soon pass away, and that the things of God are eternal,

and will remain for ever. Return to God, and to the light of the Christian religion, from the darkness of Mohammedanism, and know that there is a Holy Trinity which rules all, and that man cannot separate what God has united. Hasten to answer this note in the affirmative, that we may make our necessary arrangements. Till then I remain your brother and true friend,

'FRANCIS.'

"Abo Fares was very much rejoiced to find how well my translation coincided with the one he already had, and with me he laughed at the blindness of those infidels. 'But,' said Abo Fares to me, 'what answer will you give this priest?' 'My answer, my Lord,' said I, 'is known to thee from the time I first knew thee, and the same answer will I now give him!' 'No, my son Abdallah,' replied the prince, 'stop; intrigue in this instance is lawful. Write to the priest to get the property of the Mohammedans restored on the proposed conditions, and that, as you are the commander of the port, it will be your duty to bring on board the necessary documents, &c., and that when once you are with them, and have nothing to fear, you will declare yourself again a Christian.' I did as the King advised me, and we got back the property of the believers, whilst the infidels did not even see me, and for shame left immediately for their country."*

I shall conclude this epistle with an extract from my "Evening Notes."

*Dec. 25th.* This is an eventful day. Our two Jewish brethren were admitted into the Christian Church by the sacred ordinance of baptism. After I finished reading the second lesson appointed by our Church, Mr. Davis pro-

* See also a "Voice from North Africa."

ceeded with the baptismal service, according to our Liturgy. As soon as the baptism was over, Signor Lanzilla, a respectable Italian Roman Catholic presented himself before the whole congregation, requesting to be admitted into the Protestant Church. Mr. D. interrogated him as to the reasons why he was about to renounce the creed he hitherto professed. Having answered satisfactorily, Mr. D. admitted him as a member of his Protestant congregation. I then concluded the service and preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, both as commemorative of the birth of our Saviour, the Messiah, and also of the new birth, in Christ, of those who have this day avouched their faith publicly. I addressed myself, in conclusion, especially to our newly initiated brethren into the Christian Church, in the Hebrew language; exhorting them to be watchful in prayer, so that they may daily grow in the knowledge and fear of our Lord Jesus Christ, till they should come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure and stature of the fulness of Christ.

Now a word about those converts. They are the first in this regency since, I may safely say, the seventh century; when Christianity was extinguished in this part of the world. They are both learned men; one is a grey-headed individual, between seventy and eighty years of age, in full possession of mental vigour and strength, though there are marks of decay in his outward man. The second is about twenty-five years of age. He is a remarkably clever fellow in his way. He formerly officiated as under-Rabbi: he is full of genuine zeal. It is a satisfactory circumstance that our brethren will not be able to indulge in any discreditable reflections about the new converts. For our countrymen, in their "zeal," are not very particular in their accusations

against a brother who makes up his mind to avow his belief in Him "of whom Moses and the prophets did write."

One common statement of theirs is that only those who are ignorant of their own religion are the persons who are prevailed upon to embrace Christianity. This charge cannot be made against the persons above-mentioned. They are both remarkably well versed in the doctrines of modern Judaism, and have almost every verse in the Bible "at their fingers' ends," using a familiar expression, and enjoy unblemished characters. The following are a few Hebrew lines from a short poem lately indited by the second of the new Christian disciples:—

אחבק הרגבים אשר דרכו פעמיך
נעימים המה לנפש קשורה בנפשך:
מה יקרו לי רעיך וגם תלמידיך
אשר עזבו מולדתם ורדפו אחרך
צמאים לשתות מימי נחליך
בריתות אשר בם מצותיך:
העם ההולכים בחשך נזהרו משמשך
נפקחו עיניהם מאור זרועך:
אם אמרתי אספרה נפלאים מעשיך
יכלה הזמן ולא יכלו שבחיך:
אתחנן אל צורי שמע קולי כחסדך
האירה עיני בעמקי תורתך:

I suppose it would be an insult to furnish you with a translation of the above.* You will agree with me that a

* As all my readers are not likely to be Jewish Christian clergy men, I subjoin a translation of the above lines:

"I would embrace the clods of earth on which thy feet trod;
This would be sweet to a soul knit to Thee.
How precious are to me Thy friends, even Thy disciples,
Who forsook their kindred in order to follow Thee,
Thirsting to drink the waters of Thy rivers,

man who writes this in the sacred tongue cannot be charged with ignorance.*

There are several other candidates for the sacred ordinance, who will, no doubt, ere long, be admitted publicly into the bosom of the Christian Church. One of the candidates is no less than ninety-three years of age. He is well known to the European Orientalists; his name is Mordechai Nigjar. He instructed M. Volney, as well as the famous Baron Silvester de Sacy, &c., in the Arabic language. His intellectual energies are in full play, and you would enjoy a conversation with him very much. He speaks several European languages.† The other two candidates are young men between twenty-five and thirty years

Even the "Covenants," which contain Thy precepts.
The people which walked in darkness were enlightened from Thy sun;
Their eyes were opened by the light of Thy holy arm.
If I attempted to describe Thy wondrous works,
Time itself would expire, but Thy praises would not be exhausted;
I can only pray to my Rock: Oh, hear my voice, according to Thy loving-kindness;
Enlighten my eyes in the mysteries of Thy law."

* See Letter to Sir Thomas Baring, from Rhodes, Vol. II.

† A sort of Lola Montes, on a small scale—to whom the author has already alluded (p. 362)—was present at the baptism of that venerable old man, speaks thus, in a flimsy work she published, entitled, "Leaves from a Lady's Diary of her Travels in Barbary:" "At the close of the service yesterday, two Jews were baptized, one of whom was ninety years of age. When I asked who was the man, and what induced him to abjure his creed at so advanced an age, answer was made to me, 'Only wait a few days, and you will see he will go back to Judaism, for he turns Christian whenever he is in want of money. This is at least the twentieth time he has been baptized.'" Poor woman! she knows little about creeds, and less does she care for truth; she submitted to the public a most infamous falsehood.

of age. Thorough Hebrew scholars, with minds more than ordinarily cultivated, and bearing characters unimpeachable. Indeed, I begin to think that none but the well educated embrace Christianity now-a-days.

I cannot write any more, and be in time for the post. Farewell.

Yours, &c., &c.

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The following communication, which was addressed to the same individual at a later period, may not be out of place here.

## LETTER XXXI.

### TO THE REV. S. A. L. HERBERT,

Tranmere, March 1849.

My dear Sam,

You are desirous of knowing about our Tunisian visitor, Uzan. He is none other than the young man who was baptized into the Christian Church on the Christmas of 1847, and if I remember rightly, I wrote you a long letter about him, and sent you a few Hebrew lines of his composing. The poor fellow had a narrow escape being beheaded for his faith, and as I knew him in Tunis, of course I take a great interest in him. You know Davis is in England at present, and the mission in Tunis is suspended, and poor Uzan was a prisoner, so that the latter was determined to make his escape from that land of darkness, in order that he might have free exercise of his conscientious religious convictions. I have no time to write much at present, I enclose you therefore an article which appeared in the "Liverpool Standard" soon after Davis returned to England. The writer seems to know a good deal about Tunis.

*Suppose the Jews become "the powers that be," what treatment would Christianity experience at their hands?*

This problem suggested itself more than once to our mind. It exercised our thoughts a few years ago when a Christian gentleman, Mr. Cribbace by name, advocated at a meeting held at Crosby Hall, London, the Utopian scheme for Englishmen to purchase Palestine, for the purpose of reinstating the Jews there, as a nation.

After Mr. C. had eloquently expounded his views to his crowded audience, a Jew, Mr. Mitchell by name, got up and coolly put the question to Mr. C., "If you reinstate us in Palestine, shall we be permitted at once to drive Bishop Alexander and his attendants out of Jerusalem?" The above problem, then, for the first time flashed forcibly upon our minds, and exercised our ingenuity a good deal. We did not like, however, to give the solution we arrived at. The same problem has now again invaded the chambers of our thoughtfulness, and as we are very reluctant to take upon ourselves the responsibility of solving it, we propose it to our readers. Let us see what hand that intelligent body will make of it.

The reason of the above problem occurring to our minds, is the following: The Established Church of Scotland had for some time a very flourishing missionary station among the Jews of Tunis. That church established in Tunis two excellent schools—for boys and girls—which were ably managed under the superintendence of the Rev. N. Davis, and Miss M. E. Brown, and were the means of doing a great deal of good amongst the Jewish rising generation of Tunis, in every point of view. General education began to be diffused in that hitherto most be-

nighted regency. There are, however, in the British Consulate of Tunis two office-bearers, who are of the Jewish nation whose creed is—if creed it may be called—atheistical, father and son; the former is Chancellor and the latter Secretary of that consulate, Messrs. Santiliana by name. These two worthies are the sole managers of British affairs in that important regency.

These individuals, though excommunicated from the Jewish synagogue on account of their gross immorality, and avowedly infidel principles, are nevertheless the most virulent and implacable enemies of Christianity and Christians. They became "moved with envy" when they beheld the success the Gospel obtained amongst the Jews of Tunis; and have, therefore, exerted all their influence to banish once more the preacher of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" from that dark region. They made peace with the chief Rabbi of Tunis—the spiritual head of the Jewish community there—and assured him that he might do anything he liked to the Jewish Christians, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul would do nothing towards protecting "those wretches."

The Rabbi, who hitherto did not venture to lay violent hands on Jewish Christians, hailed this declaration with great complacency, knowing that the Messrs. Santiliana were "the powers that be" in the British Consulate there, and could therefore do all their pleasure. Rabbi Shua Bisi then communicated the same intelligence to his son-in-law, Kaid Youseph—the civil head of the Jews of Tunis. This Youseph, is a very rich man, and for a large some of money purchased for himself the Kaidship over the Jews of Tunis from the impoverished Bey. The Bey is under great obligations to him. The Tunisian Pharisees, the Rabbi, and Kaid finding that the British Sadducees—the Chancellor

and Secretary of the British Consulate—were desirous of yielding them a sacrilegeous hand in persecuting, and if possible, in extirpating Jewish Christians from Tunis, repaired to the Bardo—the Bey's palace—and obtained the most cruel edicts against the Jewish followers of the Lamb. Some Jewish Christians were imprisoned and bastinadoed, and others had narrowly escaped being beheaded. The Rev. N. Davis, though a British subject, was in danger of his life, and the schools were broken up; for the most violent and systematic persecution was set on foot against the parents who would dare to send their children to the Scotch school, and thus the missionary, his wife, and Miss Brown, the worthy foundress of the girl's school, were obliged to leave Tunis on the shortest notice; and all this because Jews are "the powers that be" in the Tunisian British Consulate. We do not at present comment on the conduct of Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul-General; we expect the Church of Scotland will, ere long, lay a succinct account of that functionary's behaviour before the British public. We quote the following passage from an article which appeared in the "Malta Mail," on the 26th of last May. The article refers to a report which was too good to be true, viz., that Sir Thomas Reade had received orders from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to dismiss the Santilianas forthwith from the British Consulate. The article contains the following passage:

"Now the British subjects must sing a Te Deum for having got rid of the Messrs. Santiliana, men the most tyrannical and cruel, who have been the means of all the injustices which Sir Thomas Reade afforded to his British subjects."

We must not omit to notice that the best and most heartfelt thanks of the British Christian public are due to

Mr. Ferriere, the British Vice-Consul of Tunis. If it were not for his prompt, energetic, philanthropic, and Christian conduct, some Christian Jews would most probably have been beheaded. For our own part, we feel heartily grateful to the Almighty that a man possessed of such Christian principles is to be found in the British Consulate of Tunis, though his power is necessarily limited.

We are pleased with the tone of some Jewish preachers and lecturers in this country, and we believe that some of those gentlemen may be the means of removing the bitter hostility which pervades the Jewish breasts towards Christianity. For instance, we heard with no small degree of satisfaction of Dr. Raphall's liberal sentiments enunciated by that preacher last Saturday week in the Jewish synagogue, Seel Street, as also on the same evening, in the Mechanic's Institution; but we know, to our sorrow, that there are many more Mitchells in England than Raphalls. We cannot help, therefore, proposing to our readers the following problem for their solution: Suppose the Jews become "the powers that be," what treatment will Christianity experience at their hands?

If you are opposed to the admission of the Jews into parliament, you will be glad to read the above article. I own that I do not sympathize with the strong opposition, expressed by many, against Jewish members of parliament. But neither my parents nor my tutors ever intended me for a politician, so I will not attempt to discuss the question. As far as the persecution of bigoted Jews is concerned, I lament and deplore it; but it does not behove us to be vindictive. This disposition on the part of our Jewish persecutors serves only, to my mind, as a strong evidence that Jesus was a true prophet, and spoke as never man spoke.

I send you herewith a sketch of one of our Tunisian brethren whilst under the infliction of the bastinado, for professing his faith in Jesus as the Messiah. I know the sufferer; he is a bold and unflinching fellow, and though severe treatment may for a time tie his tongue, his heart, I firmly believe, is won, and his mouth may one day be permitted to speak according to the abundance of his heart.

I find that I have in my possession a copy of an address which the Church of Scotland forwarded to the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. I send you it, which will give you a full view of the vicissitudes of the Tunis mission. Please to return it to me when you have done with it, as at present I do not possess another copy, and I should not like to lose so interesting a document.

## MEMORIAL

*Unto the* RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, *Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, &c., &c. The Memorial of the Committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the Conversion of the Jews,*

SHOWETH:

That the Memorialists feel themselves reluctantly compelled to apply for your Lordship's interference in a matter not only most important as it regards the right performance of the duty imposed on them by the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court in Scotland, but also as it materially affects the cause of religious liberty in general. The Memorialists, as your Lordship is aware, refer to the late events in Tunis, to which your Lordship has alluded in your communication of the 8th instant, and to which the Memorialists had resolved to call your attention, previous to the receipt of that communication. Your Lordship's letter, however, has so far altered the state of matters, as to make it necessary for the Memorialists, before entering upon the subject more immediately connected with the present application, to notice the reflections thrown upon the character of the Rev. Mr. Davis, their missionary at Tunis, in your Lordship's letter, and in the document which it enclosed.

The Memorialists having been appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, for the purpose of promoting the important object of using all proper means for the conversion of the Jews, early fixed upon Tunis as a station suitable for this purpose; and, accordingly, in the year 1844, they appointed the Rev. Mr. Davis

as their missionary at that place. Ever since his appointment, the Memorialists have had the gratification to find that their choice of a missionary has been a most fortunate one; as while, by his zeal and talents, Mr. Davis has shown himself in every way qualified for the work he had undertaken, he has, at the same time, by his consistency of conduct, his prudence and kindly manner, secured the esteem and affection of those among whom he was placed, and even of many who were opposed to the doctrines he was called to inculcate. While Mr. Davis, during the week, instructs in his school the young in reading, writing, grammar, and other branches of secular knowledge, he every Sunday preaches, in English and Hebrew, to adult Jews and all who choose to attend his church; and he at all times receives and converses with the adult inquiring Jews, giving them such instruction and information as their circumstances seem to require. In the performance of all these duties, Mr. Davis has been encouraged and supported by the Protestant population in Tunis; and we may especially notice Dr. S. D. Heap, Consul-General of the United States; Chevalier A. Tulin, Consul-General for Sweden, and agent for Prussia; and Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, Mr. Ferriere; all of whom are members of his congregation, and have invariably shown him the greatest attention and regard. To these public functionaries the Memorialists beg to refer your Lordship as to Mr. Davis's missionary labours; and in reference to his general character and conduct, they refer not only to the same parties, but, in addition, to the Sardinian, Danish and Dutch Consuls, who are Roman Catholics; and also to Colonel Esterhazy, who is in the employment of the Bey. And as the Memorialists feel confident that all these parties will fully corroborate what has been stated,

the Memorialists conceive that nothing more is necessary to vindicate the character of their missionary from the insinuations made as to his want of discretion, or showing no disposition to conciliate the authorities with whom he has to do.

Your Memorialists are satisfied, from the information which they have received, that their missionary has not been guilty of conduct in any intercourse which he may have had with any of the Jewish Rabbies, which can be fairly construed as insulting to that body, or spoken of them disrespectfully; but the Memorialists hold, that when he found the converts assailed by tyrannical persecution at the instance of the Rabbies, he would have been wanting in his duty if he not given honest expression to his indignant feelings at this flagrant violation of the fundamental principles of religious liberty and the most sacred rights of conscience.

In regard to the particular case mentioned in the letter from the Bey, the Memorialists are able to prove that it must have been grossly misrepresented to the Bey, as the person brought to Mr. Davis's house was not a recanter, but a believer; and was taken there not for punishment, but for protection.

During the period of Mr. Davis's residence in Tunis, he has prosecuted his work entirely to the satisfaction of the Memorialists; and he has had the satisfaction of leading to much inquiry among the adult and intelligent Jews, many of whom came to him from time to time for information, and several have been convinced and converted by his arguments.

In following out the work for which he was sent, Mr. Davis has always acted upon the confident belief that his converts would be fully protected against the opposition

which might naturally be expected from their former associates, as your Lordship is well aware that, through the exertions of Lord Cowley and Sir Stratford Canning, liberty of conscience in religious matters is fully allowed to adult Jews throughout the whole Turkish dominion, of which the regency of Tunis forms a part, and that the Turkish authorities were brought to declare that adult Jews are perfectly free to choose for themselves in matters of religion.

The affairs of the Mission continued thus to prosper till within a very short time; when suddenly there has arisen a most violent opposition to the Mission, and persecution against the converts, which has for a time put a stop to Mr. Davis's labours, and placed the lives of the converts in danger. To these proceedings the Memorialists beg now respectfully to call your Lordship's attention; and in doing so, they shall state the occurrences as they took place, not doubting that these will be found sufficient to justify the application now made for protection to those who are already, and who may still be, converted.

On the 2nd October, Mr. Davis, having been informed accidentally of an excommunication being published by the Rabbies against Mr. Hai Wozan, a convert of the greatest respectability and talents; and considering it his duty to interfere for his protection, transmitted the following note to Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul-General, which explains the nature of the document referred to:

"Tunis, Oct. 2, 1848.

"Sir,

"I had occasion to write to you before respecting the cruel proceedings of the Rabbies against those Jews who, from conviction, have left the Hebrew communion, and

joined themselves to the Protestant congregation of this city. I have now to perform the same painful duty again. The bearer of this, Mr. Hai Wozan, has been baptized by me; and this day two men are going about the street proclaiming the following excommunication respecting him: 'By order of the Diamin (Jewish judges), we publish that Hai Wozan having apostatized, we forbid every one of the Jews speaking to him; neither is any one to enter his house, nor walk in the path he walks in. He who transgresses this is excommunicated in this world and in the world to come.'

"I need not tell you, Sir, that such a proclamation is greatly injurious to him; nor need I inform you that such cruel persecution is against the spirit of the sentence of the Sultan, whose decisions and laws are applicable here. You know that liberty of conscience has been proclaimed throughout the Turkish dominions, and that it is a blessing which has been procured through the exertions of our ministers, Lord Cowley and Sir Stratford Canning.

"In submitting the case to your serious consideration, I feel assured that you will use all your influence with the government of this country to suppress the cruelty of the Rabbies, and obtain the emancipation of the Jewish mind from the awful slavery in which it is now held by them.

"I would, however, suggest that the two agents of the Rabbies, who are now on their mission of publishing the above anathema, be apprehended, in order that the whole case might be thoroughly examined.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) "N. DAVIS."

The assertion in that letter, that excommunications were against the spirit which now prevails in Constantinople,

was made in consequence of a recent order, dated 2nd June, 1846, from the Sublime Porte to the Pasha of Erzeroom, through the Grand Vizier, of which the following is a translation :

"An Armenian of Erzeroom—a subject of the Sublime Porte—having left his former belief, and gone over to the Protestant faith, and there being some persons in that quarter suffering various forms of persecution and oppression, he has come to Constantinople, and presented a petition, praying that a stop may be put to the occurrence of persecution.

"Now, as is well known to your Excellency, for some time past the Protestant faith has spread in some degree among the Armenians. In Constantinople, also, a number of the Armenian community having embraced the Protestant faith, and having been anathematized by their Patriarch, the Armenians, in consequence, refused to have social or commercial intercourse with them, or to become their sureties. And as the persons they presented as sureties from other communities were not accepted, a complete stagnation in their trades and business was the result, and their shops were closed.

"Now, although nothing be said if, in consequence of the spiritual penalties of the Patriarch, the Armenians cannot trade with them, or become their sureties, there has, however, emanated an expression of the royal will of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan on this subject, ordering that the Patriarch should be forbidden to interfere in their religious or personal affairs; and that all the authorities concerned, when sureties are offered by them from among other communities, should accept them; and that thus

there should be no hindrance to their pursuing their occupations and gaining their bread.

"As this order has been put in execution here, their troubles have, therefore, in some measure ceased. In case, then, there are similar persons under your Excellency's jurisdiction, your Excellency will follow the same rule," &c.

To the communication thus made to the Consul no answer was received from Sir Thomas Reade; and the Jews having proceeded to still further persecutions, Mr. Davis felt himself called upon again to address Sir Thomas Reade in the following terms:

"Tunis, Oct. 3, 1848.

"Sir,

"In addition to the awful excommunication published by the Jewish Rabbies respecting the Hebrew Christian, Mr. Hai Wozan, the particulars of which I gave you yesterday, I beg now to acquaint you with another act of cruel persecution from the same source. An inquirer, of the name of Elijah Nattaf, has been seized by a set of the Rabbies' agents, dragged to the residence of Rabbi Sherabsis, and there most unmercifully bastinadoed. I have just seen him, and I can assure you it was shocking to behold his lacerated and bleeding limbs. All this is done for the crime of either believing or inquiring into the truths of Christianity. Besides these two cases, it is my duty to let you know that there are several other converts in a state of great agitation, and who are anxiously looking to the result of your mediation.

"Sincerely hoping that you will exert yourself, and do

your utmost to stop the malice and fury of the Rabbies, and so put an end to this terrible persecution,

"I am your humble servant,

(Signed) "N. DAVIS."

Of this second note no notice was taken, and, as no steps were apparently taken to check the persecution against the converts, Mr. Davis felt it his duty once more to address Sir Thomas Reade as follows:

"Tunis, Oct. 4, 1848.

"Sir,

"I forwarded to you two letters, informing you how cruelly the Rabbies are persecuting the Hebrew Christians, and those Jews who are inquiring after the truths of Christianity, to neither of which have I as yet received a reply.

"I have now to acquaint you with a case of the most atrocious nature. Mr. Wozan's wife is at this moment on the point of being confined, and every Jewish midwife (a profession entirely in the hands of the Jews) who has been applied to in order to assist her, refuses doing so, on account of the excommunication published by the Rabbies against him, and against those who would dare having any dealings with him.

"Surely this shows you the great necessity there exists for adopting peremptory measures, in order to teach those tyrants the injustice and unlawfulness of their proceedings.

"In the hope that you will take up this case,

"I remain, &c.,

(Signed) "N. DAVIS."

Upon receipt of this third note, Sir Thomas Reade sent notice, verbally, through Mr. Ferriere, Vice-Consul, that he would bring the subject of the persecutions before the notice of his Highness the Bey; upon receiving which information Mr. Davis acknowledged the verbal reply, and expressed at the same time the hope that the attempt to obtain liberty of conscience in religious affairs would be crowned with success. Mr. Davis is not aware of the nature of the communication made to the Bey, nor what other steps, if any, were taken to check the persecutions; but they seemed to have no effect, as matters became worse daily.

The Jews became bolder, and, through their Kaid (the Governor), succeeded in getting the local authorities in their favour, so that the persecution now appeared to have the sanction of the government, which rendered it necessary for Mr. Davis again to interfere, and lay the matter before Sir Thomas Reade, which he did in the following letter:

"Tunis, Oct. 6, 1848.

"Sir,

"I have now again to inform you that I have just heard that the young man has been apprehended and imprisoned by his Highness the Bey's orders. I am likewise informed that the Hambas (police) are in search of Mr. Wozan. Owing to this, he is obliged to stay in the Mission-house.

"Should this reach the ears of his wife, the consequences, under present circumstances, may be of a most serious nature.

"Excuse me, Sir, for troubling you so often, but the nature of the case is such, that I should be neglecting a most sacred duty were I to act otherwise. I am, &c."

Mr. Wozan, from the proceedings, became naturally much alarmed for his personal safety, and Mr. Davis, being fully aware that Sir Thomas Reade was affording British protection to various individuals, Jews, Mohammedans, and Roman Catholics, who had no legal right to claim it from him, did not doubt that he would extend the same to a convert, under a British Mission, suffering for his religious opinions. He therefore sanctioned Mr. Wozan making a direct application for this purpose to Sir Thomas Reade, which he did in the following terms:

"Sir,

"I, the undersigned, having embraced the Protestant faith, and being now persecuted for the same by the Jewish Rabbies, on account of which I am constrained to remain under the roof of the Rev. Mr. Davis, fearing to leave the same, even for the purpose of seeing my family, I humbly beg you to extend to me your protection, that I may be sheltered from the fury of my former co-religionists.

"Hoping that you will favourably receive this my petition,

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

(Signed) "HAI WOZAN."

Mr. Davis was again disappointed in his expectations that Sir Thomas Reade would grant the request made by Mr. Wozan, and extend his protection to him; but still anxious for the safety of those who seemed thus, by Providence, thrown under his care, and thinking it probable, from the experience he had had, that Sir Thomas Reade, being ignorant of the Arabic language, might have had (through those around him being Jews) his messages mis-

apprehended, Mr. Davis resolved, as a last resource in favour of his converts, to address the Bey himself on the subject, which he accordingly did in the following note:

"*To His Serene Highness the Powerful the Mosheer Ahmed Basha Bey. May God save him. Amen.*

"Hence, I beg to inform your Highness that I am encouraged laying before you the subject of the persecution, consisting of excommunications and bastinadoing of those Jews who are desirous of embracing the Christian religion, from the knowledge I possess of your Highness' noble deeds in the administration of the affairs of the country, in the abolition of slavery, and other acts of a like nature. From all this, I am assured that the welfare of your Highness' subjects is your chief desire.

"These unlawful means are employed in order to prevent people coming to me, although I have only endeavoured to open the eyes of the Jews (and that by means of their own books) for the salvation of their souls.

"Your Highness knows that in affairs of religion human power and might are unavailing. We must have reference to the evidences derived from the sacred books, and from those books alone the truth must appear. God has created man free, not only to protect himself from outward evils, but that he should likewise exercise his mind, and look to the salvation of his soul.

"Your Highness is surely not ignorant of the fact that it was circumstances of a persecuting nature which induced the Sultan, Abd Elmajeed (may God protect him!) to declare, that 'Henceforward, neither shall Christianity be insulted in my dominions, nor shall Christians be in any

way persecuted for their religion.' And it is utterly impossible that I should expect another sentence than this from a just and wise prince like your Highness.

"I have not taught the Jews to become idolators, for we abhor this practice as much as it is done among you. The children of the poor I have taught grammar, reading, writing, geography, &c.; and in the minds of the adults who called on me, I endeavoured to instil a due regard for the Lord Jesus, who is also respected by the Mohammedans, but who is still hated and despised without a cause by the Jews.

"But it is easy for the Jews to bring false testimony, in order to establish charges against Mohammedans, or Christians, inasmuch as their judges loose them from false oaths, or absolve them from false evidence, where a mental reservation existed. In one of their expositions, entitled 'Yore Deah,' No. 228, § 1, they are taught, 'If a man has taken a vow, and repents of the same, it can be obviated, although the vow has been taken by the God of Israel.' How is this to be done? He goes to a reputed learned man, who will absolve him from the same; and if there be no learned man, then three of the common people can absolve him.

"I now beg to submit the whole case into the hands of your Highness, to decide it according to the rules of justice, &c."

This note, along with a translation of it, Mr. Davis sent in a letter to Sir Thomas Reade, requesting that, according to the custom of the country, he might transmit it to his Highness the Bey; but although Mr. Davis remained in Tunis for eight days after its date, he was never made aware whether it had been forwarded accord-

ing to its address; and he only learnt that it had been so, from your Lordship's late communication to the Memorialists. There was, however, no cessation from the persecution, which, on the contrary, continued to increase; and the most absurd and slanderous reports were circulated regarding Mr. Davis himself, who thus found that he had no alternative but to make another attempt to have his converts protected; and he accordingly wrote to Sir Thomas Reade in the following terms:

"Tunis, Oct. 13, 1848.

"Sir,

"When I applied to you on behalf of the persecuted converts, I had certainly some hopes that the example of Sir Stratford Canning, the Christian zeal of Lord Aberdeen, late Minister for Foreign Affairs, the humane and noble spirit of our government, the charitable, philanthropic, and pious feelings of the British nation, and the approbation of our most gracious Majesty, of the manner in which his Excellency our Minister at Constantinople brought to a successful termination the subject of religious freedom throughout the Turkish dominions, would be a sufficient inducement for you to interest yourself in behalf of the oppressed, and so do your utmost to prevent either Jew or Mohammedan from insulting Christianity, 'By treating' (to use Lord Aberdeen's words) 'as a criminal any person who embraces it.' Indeed, I think I had sufficient cause for believing, from the reasons assigned by our government last year, for not receiving his Highness the Bey upon the same footing as the ex-King of the French received him, that the decision of the Sublime Porte, 'that Christianity is not to be insulted in the Sultan's empire, nor any one professing it to be treated

as a criminal, or persecuted on that account;' and his Highness the Sultan's own declaration to Sir Stratford Canning, that 'Henceforward neither shall Christianity be insulted in my dominions, nor shall Christians be in any way persecuted for their religion,' were in full force and vigour here also.

"Had the Jews, who are now so ill-treated on account of their religion, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, the French Consulate would, undoubtedly, have sheltered them from the fury of the Rabbies. To whom, then, as Protestants, can they apply, but to the British Consul?—and who is to protect them if he does not?

"In my letter to his Highness the Bey, I have shown, from a great rabbinical authority, how easy it is for Jews to bear false testimony. Allow me here to prove to you how the Jews are taught to treat him who, from conscientious motives, dissents from them: Abarbunel, in his book, called 'Rosh Amana,' (fol. 5, col. 1.) says, 'That one is obliged to hate him, to despise him, and to seek his destruction.'

"Now then, Sir, I call upon you, as British Consul, and ask you whether Christian Israelites are to be handed over to the fury and rage of the Jews, without any exertion being made to snatch them from their hands? Are we to listen to the slanderous reports (got up in accordance with the injunction of their teachers), and purposely avoid seeing the true cause why such reports are circulated?

"Let me, moreover, remind you, Sir, of the opinion you expressed to me at your own table at Marsa, with regard to the facility with which false reports are circulated in Tunis, and how easily witnesses can be bribed to attest anything. I allude to the time when we spoke of a report circulated about yourself (which has often since been

repeated)—a report which, if true, would be enough to ruin any man for ever in the sight of an honest and upright government. And if such reports can be circulated about a man holding your situation, how easy is it, either by bribes, or through threats, to bring the most infamous charges, supported by numberless witnesses, against humble individuals, under existing circumstances.

"The reason, Sir, why I enlarge upon this subject is, that I have been informed from various quarters, that certain individuals (whose infamous characters are but too well known to me) have the audacity of canvassing for witnesses, not against the persecuted converts only, but against my mission likewise; and thus, through me, endeavour to heap abuse and calumny on one of the most respectable classes of the British people.

"Hitherto, nothing whatever has been done to stop the persecution. Mr. Wozan is still obliged to remain under my roof. Unlawful means are still adopted to set his family against him, to force him to consent to the circumcision of his child. Nattaf is still imprisoned upon false charges. The Jews are still afraid to come to me. The converts are still terror-struck, on account of the cruel means employed by the Rabbies; and you have not deigned to answer any of my notes!

"Let me now entreat you, Sir, for a final written reply, before I submit this awful state of things to the judgment, not of the British public only, but to the judgment of the whole of enlightened Christendom.

"In the hope that you will not misinterpret my zeal, which my sacred office imposes on me,

"I am, &c.,

(Signed) "N. DAVIS."

On the day following the date of the preceding letter, Sir Thomas Reade sent Mr. Davis a verbal message by Mr. Ferriere, saying, that he had written to the Bey on the subject of the persecution; when Mr. Davis expressed a wish to have a written reply to his various communications, as he was anxious to inform his Committee (the Memorialists) of the state of the mission. He requested, also, to have Mr. Wozan taken under British protection, till affairs were more settled; but these requests were positively refused. Next day, however, Mr. Ferriere informed Mr. Davis, that Sir Thomas Reade had written to him, mentioning that he had, that morning, seen the Bey, and obtained both Mr. Wozan and Mr. Nattaf's liberation.

Upon receiving this information, Mr. Davis naturally conceived that the persecutions were at an end; but in this he was unfortunately mistaken, as two days afterwards (17th October), he found that both Wozan and Nattaf had been caught and dragged to prison by the positive orders of the Bey; the former having been carried to a prison a few miles from Tunis, under the threat and constant alarm of losing his life, which he would most probably have done, but for the timely interference of Mr. Ferriere, the British Vice-Consul. Finding, therefore, that he could afford no protection to his converts, and in the hope that, by his leaving Tunis, and thus giving an apparent victory to his opponents, the persecution would cease, Mr. Davis left Tunis two days after, and returned to this country, to report proceedings to the Memorialists. During his absence, the American and Swedish Consuls have undertaken to look after the safety of the converts who are left in the Mission-house.

The Memorialists having thus given a simple narrative of what has occurred, as stated by their missionary, and

supported, as they conceive, by the most satisfactory documentary evidence, do not consider it necessary to enlarge; as it must be evident that the Jewish converts have been the subjects of a cruel persecution, and that for some reasons, yet unexplained, they have not received that protection from the British Consulate which was so urgently requested, and which the Memorialists respectfully think they were entitled to expect. Nor do the Memorialists consider it necessary to impress on your Lordship the importance and necessity of some decided steps being taken to put a stop to the persecutions against the converts in Tunis, and to grant protection to the proceedings of the mission there; and they trust that the present appeal will no be made in vain.

Having already referred, as to Mr. Davis' character and conduct, to the different functionaries in Tunis, the Memorialists are equally willing, if your Lordship think such a reference necessary, to appeal, as to the accuracy of the statement now given, to the same parties, and especially to Mr. Ferriere, her Majesty's Vice-Consul, who, from his situation, had the most ample opportunity of seeing and knowing everything that occurred.

The Memorialists feel deeply that, while it is of the greatest importance to their own mission to have this matter immediately and satisfactorily adjusted, they cannot but also feel that this is a question of far more general importance than as merely connected with this mission; and that if the appeal now made should be unsuccessful, it must be held throughout the world as a declaration that missionaries and converts are not to have the protection necessary for carrying on their work; and that, in fact, Christian missions must be, to a great extent, abandoned. Such a result, after the noble struggle of Lord Cowley and

Sir Stratford Canning, and such decided expressions of opinion by your Lordship's predecessors, as have been already alluded to, the Memorialists will not for a moment anticipate. Nor can they suppose, that while political liberty is spreading over every civilized country, religious liberty should be checked or depressed with the sanction or countenance of the British Government.

On the contrary, the Memorialists confidently trust that your Lordship will either at once send instructions to her Majesty's representative at Tunis, to remove the false impressions against Mr. Davis, which the Bey seems at present to entertain, and secure protection to our mission, and to the converts made by our missionary; or if your Lordship is not satisfied with the evidence already given as to the facts, forming the groundwork of the present application, the Memorialists trust that your Lordship will make a reference to the parties on the spot, and direct protection to be given till the inquiry is completed.

(Signed) JOHN HUNTER, D.D.,
Convener of the Committee of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland for Conversion of the Jews.

I think this will give you a surfeit of letters from me.

Yours faithfully, &c.

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## LETTER XXXII.

### TO LADY MARY LINDSAY, GLASNEVIN HOUSE.

Tunis, January 1848.

My dear Lady Mary,

I regret to be obliged to inform you that my health suffered considerably within the last month, and I fear that I shall be obliged to leave this regency sooner than I intended. The journey to Biserta, and my subsequent ten sleepless nights at the death-bedside of the American Consul's daughter, completely shattered my constitution, and I feel so enervated that I can scarcely do anything. However, I will not quit Tunis without writing another letter to you; though there are letters in my portfolio already written to you and yours—whilst I was at Biserta—which should have gone long since, were there an opportunity of despatching them. So you will receive them all at once.

I became acquainted with one of the Bey's life guards, who was originally a native of Germany, At the age of twenty he entered the army of his native country; after serving his King faithfully for two years, he was enticed by French agents to enter a foreign legion, and to proceed to Algiers, where he was told great wealth awaited him as his reward. He listened to the delusive promises, believed in them, and entered into the service of the French. Arriving at Algiers, he found out, what many more have done, that no French promise is to be depended upon. The poor fellow deserted the French army from Bugia, and for five years rambled through the deserts of Africa, mixed with the various wandering tribes, was forced to abjure his creed and embrace Islamism, in order to save his life, and experienced many remarkable deliverances from almost

inevitable destruction. He found his way to Gereed whilst the Bey's cousin was there. The Prince took him under his protection, brought him hither, and he ultimately became the Bey's life preserver. Amongst his fellow soldiers in his new service, he met with many fellow apostates, who encountered similar reverses with himself. They began to comfort each other, and to scheme plans for escape, in order to throw off the hypocritical garb, and to profess once more the religion of their fathers. Some succeeded, but others—and he amongst the latter—failed in effecting thir emancipation. He married a Mohammedan girl; and he had thus an opportunity of being wearied of the tedious nuptial ceremony, which he described to me at full length. His wife turned out a shrew; he had thus an opportunity of studying a Mohammedan Xantippe. Not having been able to act Petruchio of Verona, he was obliged to have recourse to the alternative, and divorced her; and described to me the ceremony of the divorce. Not having had at command the needful to pay the necessary expenses, he borrowed the money from a Greek Christian usurer. Being unable to pay, Anastatius threw him into prison. Mr. Davis interfered in his behalf and he was set free. The poor fellow is now extremely uneasy, being bent upon taking advantage of the very first opportunity to quit Barbary and barbarism.

I never read or heard anything to equal in thrilling interest the accounts of that individual. I prevailed upon him to write out for me his whole life during the last twenty years, with every particular that he could remember, which he did, and the following is a literal translation of his own title-page: "The autobiography of John Gottlieb Krüger, *alias* Mohammed ben Abdallah, with a full and particular account of the treatments he experienced in the African desert from the Arabs, Bedouins, Kabyls, &c.,

during his peregrinations since he deserted the French Foreign Legion stationed at Bugia in the year 1834, till he arrived at Tunis in the year 1839; where he now resides, and serves in the life guards of Ahmed Basha, the reigning Bey of Tunis. Tunis, January 8, 1848."

Your Ladyship may look in vain for equally graphic descriptions of Arab desert life. The political, civil, literary, and religious conditions of the wandering tribes are described with a charming simplicity, in which all travellers have hitherto failed. If there ever was a romance in real life which could eclipse the most fascinating novels of the English *savans*, this is one. When I asked Abdallah to write out his adventures for me, I did it with the intent of translating them for you, and calculated upon surprising you with a voluminous letter; but on beholding the two folio volumes of MS., I confess I shrank from the task, and must for the present content myself with the above laconic epitome. I purpose, nevertheless, some day or other, to translate the whole into the English language for the benefit of English readers, and I venture to say that the English public will thank me for the boon."*

It appears that Tunis is particularly favoured in adding members to the Mohammedan creed. In a letter I lately addressed to our friend Mr. Herbert, which you may have seen, I mentioned the case of a Roman Catholic priest, who, about three hundred years ago, renounced Romanism in lieu of Islamism. In the archives of the Sardinian and Austrian Consulate of this city, is found a German letter addressed to Chevalier Truqui, the late Consul. The following is a literal translation of the same:

* Mr. Davis and Mrs. London give a brief sketch of the same individual, but on comparing the German MS. with their accounts, I must confess that they have failed to give an adequate idea of the adventures of that individual, and therefore of Bedouin life.

"I am a member of a respectable German family. My native place is C—— in the duchy of A——. My father was Secretary of Finance, but has now retired in consequence of his declining health. The wish of my family, and my own inclination, destined me for the profession of jurisprudence, for which purpose I have already attended three terms in the Uiversity of Halle, and one term in that of Berlin. Hitherto life exhibited to me its sunny side only; but now I was called upon to look upon its dark side also; and verily I have learned, in the brief space of half a year, all the difficulties and troubles which man is called upon to endure.

"Unforeseen circumstances compelled me to withhold my affection from a young lady, who was the sole mistress of my heart. The blow hit too hard. I was plunged into an abyss of melancholy. My medical advisers ordered me change of air, and my father offered to pay my travelling expenses to the south of Europe. As for myself, I seized this opportunity with joy, and traversed part of the south of France; but found nowhere that rest which I everywhere sought. At Marseilles, whilst musing at the sea-shore, I awoke to many a bygone dream of earlier days. When a child I read 'The Arabian Nights,' a good deal of 'Abulfeda,' and the Koran, and had thus contracted a positive predilection for everything Oriental. A very sick man looks everywhere for relief; it occurred to me that perhaps I might find that rest in Mohammedanism, which Europe would not afford me. My agitated and excited mind suffered me to overlook the concomitant perils of such a step. It moreover appeared to me, that in case of failure, the retracing of such a step was most easy. I forthwith asked, and I must confess without my father's cognizance, for a passport for Tunis; which was immediately, on the

delivering up of my papers, granted unto me, and I reached Tunis by a French tartane, bearing the name of 'Les trois Soeurs,' about three months ago.

"On arriving here I called, with my passport, which contained my name, condition, and fatherland, on several of the European Consuls; but they advised me to apply to my legal Consul. Such an one I did not find, since my native country is not represented by such a functionary in the Tunisian Court. Full of chagrin I kept henceforth the unfortunate papers to myself, until the pocket-book which contained them was purloined from me whilst at the Bardo. After staying a fortnight in the Locanda di Paquinetto, which made my condition worse, I applied to Sheikh Ibrahim Rochet, the Bash Mufti, and communicated to him my resolution to become a Mussulman. This individual sent me with an introduction to the Bardo, the residence of the Bey, where I was presented to Sidi Hamda, the Bey of the camp. He received me with great complacency, and entertained me as his guest for four days. In the meantime I received a friendly caution; when I was therefore required to pronounce the well-known formula,* I wished to be informed whether, after my becoming a Mussulman, I shall have to remain in the Bardo as the Bey's slave, or remain a free man, and be at liberty to choose a situation.? I was informed, that I had no occasion to apprehend anything, but that it was absolutely impossible to grant conditions to a candidate Mussulman. I trembled; but, nevertheless, I submitted to all the formalities and painful rites. After which I received the most unpleasant information, viz., that I must now remain in the Bardo, and had only to choose between a soldier and Mameluke.

* La Ella illa Alla Mahmood rasool Alla.

Compelled by necessity, I chose the lesser of the two evils—I preferred the latter.

"All this passed like phantoms before my spirit. As soon as this cruel freak of misfortune took place, and I found myself placed, spell-bound, as it were, in a new world, I began to feel the reality.

"All this acted most severely upon my spirits, and I felt as if I were violently aroused from a feverish dream. But, alas! the awaking was by no means welcome. I found myself pressed into a position, from which I could see no proximity to an end. I saw myself treated like a slave, and verily was classed in one category with the basest of slaves. I felt assured that in process of time I should sink into the same depth of degradation with my new companions. Such thoughts were intolerable to me; I could not possibly remain in this position, and I determined to devise means to return to Marseilles.

"There were two ways by which to carry into effect such a resolution; either to embark on board a vessel at the Goletta, and state, on my arrival in Europe, that I lost my papers during my travels; or endeavour to reach Bona by land, and obtain a passport there. In consequence of the jealous vigilance, by which I was watched, I could not act on the first suggestion. I therefore took the second mode, and on a beautiful day I verily left the Bardo, on horseback, accompanied by a black man, and unhindered crossed the Majerda. Towards dusk I found myself in a valley, which was thickly grown over with shrubs, and thus seemed secure, and it appeared remarkably well adapted for a night's repose. But scarcely had I dismounted my horse, when I was surrounded by twenty or thirty swarthy visages; I was dragged, in a most violent and abusive manner, to some

Bedouin tents. The following morning I was led to an open place, and was stripped, though no more insulted, to my shirt. My hands and my feet were then bound, and I was thus left to the mercies of all the unpleasantness of the climate. In the burning heat of the sun, my feet and my legs swelled most awfully, and on the third day were covered with suppuration. When this evil was observed, I was at once set free, and was told to proceed. Under this agonizing pain, and almost naked, I crawled to the next village; and found there, to my amazement, kind people, who, during a whole fortnight, sought in every possible way to help me. Nevertheless, my condition became daily worse; and thus constrained by necessity, I resolved to return to Tunis, in the hope of finding there medical aid. After six dreadful days, I succeeded in replacing the very short distance. After many disappointments in this city, I found myself crushed by most painful sickness and disease, and consigned, without a ray of hope, to the most contemptible despair.

"'But what brought me to such a condition?'—This thought drove me almost to madness. Yet in this extremity, and just in time, an angel of mercy put the suggestion into my mind to apply to you.

"Upon you, Herr Consul, depends my present existence. I approach you with the feeling that I have committed errors, which may be difficult, very difficult, to overlook. But I have this confidence in a magnanimous and philanthropic heart, that whilst examining all my adventures, it will not overlook the peculiar concomitant circumstances incident to strong impassioned feelings. I feel emboldened, therefore, in my strange and direful position, to seek your protection and aid. I venture not to ask for anything extra-

ordinary, but for the attention of a physician, of which I stand now in need.

"In the hope that my misfortunes will prove an eloquent advocate, I wait your kind reply.

"Your obedient servant,

"A. H.

"Tunis, August 1840."

This is a strictly literal, though hasty translation of the document in the Sardinian Consulate. I dare say your Ladyship would like to know the remainder of the hero's life, who commenced so romantic a career; so should I; but I have no means of obtaining any more information, with the exception that the late Chevalier Truqui kindly took the unfortunate individual into his house, fostered and succoured him in the friendliest manner; was the means of restoring him to health again, and succeeded in sending poor A. H. to his native country; and it is to be hoped that he is by this time cured of the Quixotic malady which tormented him.

We have had here several singular characters from the Emerald Isle, which caused us a great deal of merriment and annoyance. An Irish lady who was married to an officer who traces his descent, according to the *Irish Lady's* account, to the Scottish kings, arrived here, with her husband, a few days after me. The gentleman left for a few weeks for Alexandria, and the lady was left in Tunis. Good-natured, amiable, and kind Mrs. Davis invited the poor unprotected lady to stay at her house during her royal husband's absence. For the first few days she amused us with narratives of her girlish feats in the hunting and steeple-chasing lines; how she beat all the gentlemen, and jumped over six-bar gates; how intimate she was with

"John of Tuam;" how his Grace used to compliment her for her beauty and wit; how she first accidentally met with her gallant husband on a jaunting car; how he became enamoured of her; and how she disliked him at first, and afterwards ran away with him. Her adventures with bears; her husband's quarrels with his relatives for marrying her; his quarrels with his Colonel; how he remained in the army for nine years, "with no other view than to bully his superior;" how every person who saw her admired her; and how they turned against her as soon as they knew a little more of her; and a multitude of other marvellous tales she indulged in. The first few days we were amused, but she became rather irksome. She began to take great liberties, interfere with the servants, contradict at random, make mischief between old friends, and made poor Mrs. Davis and her inestimable sister Miss Brown extremely uncomfortable by her unaccountable conduct. She would go into hysterics if Mrs. D. did not play what her visitor wished—the Irish lady, though young, forgot all her music—would frown if Miss Brown seemed sceptic about the propriety of some unladylike expression, to which Erin's daughter gave utterance; and stamped her little foot most violently because Mrs. D. and her sister expressed themselves shocked at her stating that as soon as her husband died she would become a Roman Catholic.

As for Mr. Davis and myself, who made it a point to see as little of her as we conveniently could, we managed tolerably well. We of course were obliged to encounter her at dinner; she never got up before ten o'clock, A. M.; she never would go to bed without "hot, sweet, and strong brandy and water," which gave her a violent headache in the morning. But we managed to get on remarkably well. Mr. D., with consummate tact, started some outrageously

marvellous apocryphal conversation, addressing himself to me, as having heard *e. g.* of a species of animal, half unicorn, half elephant, out of whose trunk a horn grew, and some other such prodigies. Mrs. —— immediately related to us that she with her own eyes saw an infinitely more prodigious phenomenon, and she could ride it, and did ride it too. To my shame be it recorded, I tried to imitate Mr. D., and started now and then some wonderful story also, but our friend outdid us completely. In fact we were not able to compete with her in inventive powers. We were obliged to give up. But she led the ladies so woeful a life, that Mr. D. and myself were obliged now and then to remonstrate with her; but we were so roughly handled that we were obliged to relinquish that task also.

When this extraordinary personage came here, she gave herself out as Sir Philip Crampton's daughter. One day I was obliged to threaten that if she did not behave more properly that I should feel called upon to communicate her conduct to some of my friends in Ireland, in order to speak to her father, and beg of him to write her an expostulatory epistle about the impropriety of her procedure. And as Sir Philip is your family physician, I said, I would write to your Ladyship and ask you to convey a message from me to the knighted doctor. This rather alarmed her, and she said, "I made a mistake; Sir Philip is not my father, but my godfather." Another time I threatened to write to her godfather, and she exclaimed, "Sir Philip is not my godfather: but I was ill once, and my mother left me under his care in Dublin, and he said he would be like a father to me." How far the last story is true, I cannot tell.

One day, she was resolved to astonish the natives by riding a very spirited horse belonging to Miss Heap, the American Consul's daughter, the best horsewoman in Bar-

bary. We had cogent reasons to disbelieve her wonderful equestrianship, and as her husband was absent, we were afraid of a serious accident, and advised Dr. Heap not to lend her the horse; she was determined, however, to make trial, and procured the loan of a little fiery pony; she mounted it, and set out. Mr. Davis was greatly apprehensive of the safety of her neck—he mounted, therefore, one of his horses, and put his Arab servant upon another, and accompanied her. The frisky pony knew its rider, and treated her accordingly. Poor Mrs. —— lost her presence of mind, and the wicked little horse, after leading his burden a fantastic dance, and managed to bring her into collision with every donkey in the way, and saluted every wall by pressing it hard, he disburdened himself close to the large qandac, and thus pitched the great Hibernian equestrian woman into the filthiest sewer that filthy Tunis can boast of. Mr. Davis returned, deadly pale, for Dr. Heap; stating that he was afraid Mrs. —— was killed. Ten minutes afterwards, Masoud, the Arab servant, arrived, saying "that a number of Arabs plunged into the qandac, and hoisted the mad woman out of depths of filthy mire; and, behold, they are after me, carrying her on a litter. She is not dead, but in a swoon, which was occasioned by the unsavoury odour of the ingredients of that offensive receptacle."

O, the procession! the procession! The dirtiest Arabs Tunis can exhibit rejoiced in the honour of carrying the Kaffar-woman; and a large mixed multitude of Jews, Bedouins, Maltese, and children of all descriptions, followed in the train. I observed Mrs. —— was not much injured, but rather dirty and mortified, and consequently swooned. The whole affair appeared then to me in so ridiculous a light, that for the life of me I could not keep from laughing;

and, once in that mood, it grew fearfully upon me; a series of ludicrous circumstances, in connection with the heroine, came rushing upon my mind, which disturbed my risible faculties to such a degree, to my great annoyance, that, whilst all our friends appeared running—holding their noses with their pocket-handkerchiefs—to the side of our expert amazon, I was obliged to run into my study, and there laughed till I cried again; and it was not till I was in the latter state that I ventured to draw nigh to the side of Mrs. ——. The poor lady, when she opened her eyes, and beheld the large tears rolling down my cheeks, she saw at once how much I felt for her fortuitous failure; she took courage, and sat up a little,—I confess I wished she lay still, for the disturbance had by no means an odoriferous effect,—and related the reason of the accident. When she set out on the pony, and left the first gate, he saw a donkey, and leaped clear over it; he got thus a little excited, and set off at full speed, when he encountered a monster of a camel, with a large burden on its back, and the pony took aim across the camel's back; Mrs. ——, not being prepared for the experiment, lost her presence of mind, and unfortunately the camel was close to the qandac, and she "was thus pitched into it." This was too much for the gravest of us; we all became excessively hysterical, and exhausted with laughter. Kind Mrs. Davis prepared a bath, and the negro female servants grumbled very much when they were told that they must give the Kaffar-woman a good cleaning; however, they did so. Mrs. —— was sent to bed, and we were thus allowed to give vent to our funny thoughts, without apprehension of being observed by her. The camel was magnified into an elephant; and it ran, through the European quarter, like wild-fire, that the Irish lady jumped over an elephant, an animal not seen at present in this vicinity. The

inquiries about her welfare were multifarious; how it was? where it was? where did the elephant come from? &c. However, a little care enabled our lioness to make her appearance the following day, and was sufficiently restored so as to be able herself to recount her strange and singular adventure. She cried bitterly when she found out that she was only the laughing-stock of the impudent French and Italian clerks. The rest of the acts and wise sayings of Mrs. ——, are they not written in my Diary? What would not Carlton or Lover give for such materials? What a tale they would make of "The Irish Gentlewoman in Barbary!"

We were also favoured with the society, for some time, of two Irish gentlemen, brothers; they were great travellers. They have traversed almost every inch of Europe. Nothing surprises them; nothing they see is to be compared to what they have already seen. No book of travels is worth anything in their estimation. They are independent of any guide-book. In fact, every item of knowledge that the world has been ever favoured with was concentrated in their respective brains. They execrated the Irish National Board of Education; they excommunicated every low Churchman. They played and sang duets together, &c.

One evening, however, I regret to say, their brilliancy was considerably marred. It was the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Davis' wedding-day, which the young couple had determined to celebrate with a little innocent *éclat*. All the English were invited, and several Italian and French friends. The Irish gentlemen, in the course of the evening, were asked to play and sing. The younger brother, who is about thirty-five years of age, was not satisfied with English words and music, he must needs show his efficiency in Italian. He sang a long-winded song in that language, after which an Italian lady, Madame Chapelier,

who spoke English remarkably well, strangely remarked to Mr. ——: "What a curious-sounding language the Irish is! Some words sound something like the Italian!" I turned red, and then pale, and then wiped the perspiration from off my forehead and face, and spoke volumes, in looks, at Madame Chapelier. Messrs. —— would play and sing no more that evening, and ever since took a dislike to "the stupid, thick-headed Italian woman." But the provoking Madame Chapelier having a great taste for learning languages, thought she could learn the Irish language, since there were some words in it something similar in sound to the Italian, and importuned me to induce Mr. —— to give her a few lessons in his native tongue; but she at last desisted, when I told her that I had a particular reason for declining to do so. The brothers, to the credit of their patriotism be it recorded, quitted this regency with the thrilling words upon their lips, "Erin go Bragh!"

A stout, jolly English master of a merchant-vessel was confined to this place for a few weeks, waiting for a settlement with a very unsettled employer. We saw a great deal of him; he was a John Bull "to the back-bone," as the vulgar expression runs, and many a tedious hour did he beguile for us with his guileless simplicity. He entertained us with the process of examination "which a certain Society in London have maliciously invented against mariners." With a charming simplicity, he frankly told us that he would by no means submit to it: "For," said he, "besides paying your money, they give you a quire of paper, and a bundle of quills, and an ink-stand full of ink; and then this is not all,—they ask you questions, and make use of such outlandish words, and if you make a mistake in answering, it all tends to go against you."

With a truly English heart, he disliked "foreigners." Many a time did he come in to us complaining against the poor natives, who had no English tongues in their heads, saying: "I don't like them foreigners; they do not understand a word you say, and the louder you speak to them, the more astonished they seem. I never liked foreigners, and never shall like them. A child in England understands you quicker than all them foreigners put together."

But we liked him; he was truly unaffected. What really and truly annoyed us was the inconsistent conduct of English visitors, who gloried that they were born Christians, and not Mohammedans. The way they spend their Sundays is of a most disgraceful nature; generally boar-hunting, or some sport of the kind. The Mussulman knows full well that the first day of the week is the Christian Sabbath; and the conclusion the unsophisticated Mohammedan arrives at, on seeing a party of Englishmen leave, equipped for a boar-hunt, or return with their gain, on the Sunday, is, that "The English are dogs, infidels, they have no religion." Such things ought not to be. Both Mr. D. and myself were often most sincerely pained by such facts. What is more grievous, is the circumstance, that he who represents the English nation and government should sanction and countenance such Sabbath desecrations, by allowing his sons to command such expeditions.

I am afraid I have extended this my epistle to a greater length than your Ladyship was disposed to read of my pen's production, but as it is probably the last letter that I shall indite for Glasnevin House from this regency, I trust you will excuse its elongation.

I am, my dear Lady Mary,

Yours truly, &c., &c.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### TO THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

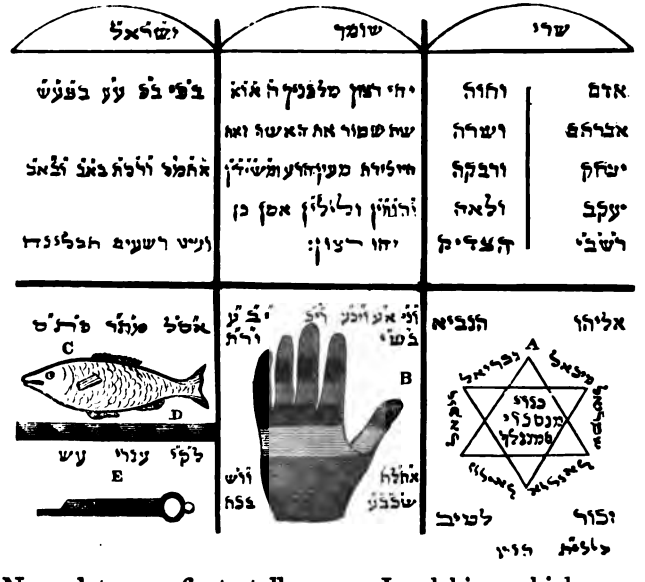
Tunis, January 1848.

My dear Lord,

Before I quit this part of the world, I must fulfil my engagement to your Lordship, and hence this epistle. I think the best theme I can fix upon as a fit subject for a letter to your Lordship, is the one which is still fresh in my memory, namely, a description of an important ceremony I have this day witnessed in the Hara, or Jewish quarter.

Early this morning, about five o'clock, a Hebrew friend called upon me to accompany him to a circumcision feast at the house of a relation of his. I gladly accepted the invitation, as I thought it might tend to give an additional insight into the internal state of the house of Israel in this city. After walking for upwards of half an hour through narrow and dirty lanes, we arrived at last at a small door; my guide knocked at the same, and a voice from within inquired, "Eshcoon?" (who is there?)—for now and then, one of the ruffian soldiers invades a house and commits depredations, amongst the unprotected Israelites, to his heart's content.—My friend replied; his voice was recognised, and the little door opened; we made our way through a narrow passage, and found ourselves in a nice clean and neat little square yard, looking most comfortable. Travellers generally, who get no access to the internal habitations of the Israelites in this regency, imagine, from the external condition of the streets in that quarter, that the interior must needs correspond to the outside. It is a mistake. Such an external appearance is expedient to

elude the rapacity of their spoilers. The square was almost full of visitors, and the house in which the ceremony was to take place was crowded to excess. My companion endeavoured to make way by pushing to his right and left, in order to form a convenient avenue for me to pass through. Whilst he was engaged in cutting a passage, I was employed in reading a placard, which I found posted on the doorpost of the house. I think the contents of the extraordinary production may interest your Lordship. I send you a veritable copy of the same,* and shall take the liberty of explaining it to your Lordship line by line. In order to make the purport clearer, I shall, in addition, copy it here, on a miniature scale.




Now let me first tell your Lordship, which you no doubt anticipate, that this elaborate document is nothing more nor less than an amulet, or charm, which is supposed

* See Appendix.

by the Jews to possess the virtue of keeping away the devil's wife from mother and infant during the first eight days of confinement; during which time, Lilith—that is the name of the dreaded individual—is hovering over that house for an opportunity of running off with poor baby.

The reason for Mrs. D——'s fancy is the following: "When Adam and Eve were thrown out of Eden, the former was cast on the Island of Ceylon, and the latter on Mount Arafa, near Mecca; one hundred and seventy-five years' journey from each other. Poor Adam felt the separation very much, for he was a sociable character after all, he pined therefore on account of his solitude. Lilith knew this, so, with her lord's consent, she offered the bewitched widower her companionship, which he, bewitched as he was, gladly accepted. So Adam and Lilith 'lived and loved together, through many a changing scene.' However, at last Adam met with Eve, the rays of their first love illuminated their eyes to such an extent, that the scales from Adam's eyes fell off, and he beheld Eve once more in all the attractive loveliness, with which he looked upon her, when she was longer asleep than he liked, and therefore again exclaimed:

> 'My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
> Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight.'
> 'Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
> Compare, above all living creatures dear.'*

"Lilith could not brook this insult, especially when Adam informed her that she might now seek another companion, for he would have no time to pay any attention to her. In frenzied rage she flew, and swore by heaven and earth

* Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book IV. I deem these lines as the best translation of my informant's original, which was in Hebrew, and which the narrator spoke with peculiar taste and elegance.

that every child of man that should be born, she would destroy. To prevent the jealous and mortified lady from putting her dire threat into execution, the above amulet is posted on the doors, windows, chimneys, and the bed of confinement, so as to prevent that vixen's ingress in any way whatever." The foregoing is a verbatim translation, my Lord, of the exposition which a Jewish Rabbi, who stood close to me, gave me on the subject.

I shall now be able to give you an explanation of the different parts of this antidote to Lilith's enmity. To explain the three first compartments is simply to translate their contents. Compartment 1 contains the word שדי, "Almighty," on the top; and then follow the names of the four great patriarchs—Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah, and Rabbi Shimoun ben Youchaï, the Just. Compartment 2 contains on the top the word שומר, "preserveth," and contains, in the centre, the following prayer: "May it please thee, O Lord, our God, and the God of our fathers, to preserve this woman, who has been delivered of a child, from the evil eye, from devils, from evil spirits, and from Lilithes. Amen. May it thus please thee." Compartment 3 contains on the top the word ישראל, "Israel," and in the centre the initials of the Hebrew words of the following passages: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough, whose branches run over the wall."* "Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh."† "Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out."‡ "But the eyes of the wicked shall fail."§ Hitherto the explanation was simple, but by no means the following.

* Gen. XLIX. 22.
† Proverbs III. 25.
‡ Deut. XXVIII. 6.
§ Job XI. 20.

I confess that, had I not been a Mason, I should have been at a loss to say anything about it. I shall, however, tell your Lordship first the explanation I received from my interlocutor on the different figures, and afterwards my own. Of course you shall have your own choice, which to adopt, and which to discard.

Compartment 4, your Lordship will observe, contains figure A, the shape of an intersected triangle. This is supposed to have been the form of David's shield, by which he warded off all the hostile attacks against him, and possesses, therefore, the power of doing the same to every one who makes use of it in any shape whatever. According to others, an intersected triangle was the design of Solomon's seal, which kept Ashmedai, the prince of bad spirits, in wholesome subjection; and acts, therefore, ever since, like a talisman, under all circumstances. Over the figure A are the words "Elijah the Prophet," who is supposed always to be ready to do any one a good turn. Under the figure are the words, "May he [the Prophet Elijah] be remembered for good." In the six spaces, between the corners of the respective triangles, are the names of six guardian angels, viz., Michael, Gabriel, Riphael, Nuriel, Oriel, and Shamriel. In the centre of the figure are the names of other three angels—Sanwi, Sansanwi, Samanglaf—whose peculiar office it is to watch over such cases.

Compartment 5 contains a peculiar figure, B, which my informant called a hand, which is supposed to act as a spell for dispersing all sorts of noxious spirits; and by which a certain Rabbi, who was once annoyed by a demon that came to him in the shape of a woman, got rid of his dementor. The Rabbi gave him or her a sound box on the ear, and ever since this cowardly crew dread the shape of a hand, or keep away from it as

far as they can. Over figure B are inscribed the Hebrew initials of the following words: "And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou upon us. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."* "But the eyes of the wicked shall fail." Under the figure are the initials of the following words: "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."† "Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings."‡

We come now to the last compartment, which is the most important in point of emblematic representation. The nine letters at the top are the Hebrew initials of the words, "Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance; Selah!" § Figure C, under the inscription, is the representation of a fish, the emblem of great fruitfulness and fecundity. The cabbalists are very diffuse indeed about the talismanic virtues of the emblem or symbol fish. Figure D represents the sea: we shall not stop to criticise the skill of the artist in painting his fish as long as the sea, and almost twice as broad as his sea is deep. This figure intimates that all their sins will be cast into the sea, as it is written, "He will turn again; he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all our sins into the depths of the sea." ‖ Under figure D are nine Hebrew letters, being the initials of the words, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."¶ "My help cometh from the Lord,

* Ps. xc. 17; xci. 1.
† Prov. iii. 24.
‡ Ps. xvii. 8.
§ Ps. xxxii. 7.
‖ Micah vii. 19.
¶ Gen. xlix. 18.

who made heaven and earth." * Figure E represents a key to lock out Lilith, the diabolical lady, in order to prevent mischief to mother and child.

In the margin, under compartment 4, are the words, לילית חוץ (*Lilith Chootz*), "Out with you, Lilith."

Hitherto, my Lord, I gave a substantial, if not a verbatim version of a learned Hebrew, who was so kind as to explain to me the Jewish notion of the singular amulet. I shall now proceed to give my humble opinion of the different figures; and I must ask your Lordship to attend closely to the original many-coloured amulet I send you herewith.

Before I proceed much further, I shall just state that I consider the science, which now bears the name of Freemasonry, to be the offspring of Christianity; and hence the secrecy, as there is nothing in Freemasonry which might not be profitably learned by every human being. But in the infancy of Christianity, when its professors were searched out with great vigilance and assiduity, it was necessary to keep their meeting-houses as profound secrets, which were only known to the initiated by some apparently insignificant, but very expressive signs. In like manner were brother Christians known to each other.

North Africa, in the early history of the Christian Church, had many more such secret meeting-houses than perhaps any other country. . The early Christians there were of the stock of Israel, and wearing about them the various secret emblems, as signs, to be known to their brethren in the faith. Those emblems were mistaken by the large body of Jews for infallible charms, and were therefore adopted by them for that purpose; but as they did

* Ps. cxxi. 2.

not know their real intent and purport, they endeavoured to invent reasons, of their own, for their figures and shapes; and hence the medley of Masonic emblems, as they are termed, but, more properly, Christian symbols, with cabalistic mystical letters, &c.

We must begin again with compartment 4. The corners of the two intersected triangles are all joined to a sort of shamrock—your Lordship, of course, knows what this figure means in ecclesiastical architecture—if those figures were properly spread out, they would produce a circle, and thus the important symbol. The two intersected triangles, joined together by a circle, produce an emblem pregnant with instruction. One of them represents "Faith, Hope, and Charity;" the other, "the way, the truth, and the life;" the upper apex represents the divinity of the Son of God, and the lower His humanity: the circle joins them, and makes them one. The shield of David, and Solomon's seal, are fables of a comparatively modern date; at least, subsequent to the establishment of Christianity.

Your Lordship, no doubt, knows what the five-pointed star means in ecclesiastical architecture; namely, the five wounds of Christ. It was a necessary emblem with the early Christian, to show to their co-religionists that they were followers of Him, whose hands, feet and side were pierced for man's transgression. In the absence of a manufactured five-pointed star, the uplifted and outspread hand would serve the same purpose; hence the singular-looking figure in the original of compartment 5, a sort of compromise between a hand and a five-pointed star. But the star and the hand are also emblems, and important emblems of Masonry, though some brothers put an unnatural explanation of their intent, which explanation is of comparatively modern date.

Compartment 6 is indeed the most interesting. In it you have the fish, the ΙΧΘΥΣ, the initials of the Greek words, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour." This unpretending symbol was in general use amongst the early Christians, and almost the only sign by which Christian tombs were known. In former days, the Grand Master used to wear a silver fish on his person; but it is to be regretted, that amongst the many innovations which have been of late introduced into the society, to conciliate the prejudices of some who cannot consistently be members of it, this beautiful emblem has disappeared. It still exists in many Christian churches, and amongst Masons in theory.* Figure D, which the Jew called the sea, is frequently seen in the pavement of old Christian churches, and the best explanation of it is to be got in a masonic lodge. Figure E, the key, is the symbol of power, "He shall shut, and no one shall open," &c. In modern Masonry it means "the tongue of good report."

As far as the science of Masonry is concerned, I cannot say much; but I have said enough to show the analogy between Christianity and it, and to account for the existence of their emblems amongst the Jews. Little do my brethren here know that they are sheltering themselves under Christian significant emblems. Let no traveller say hence, that "there are no traces of Christianity in North Africa." There are. The Jews have unwittingly preserved them, and former travellers have left me the honour of discovering them. If your Lordship examines the minutiæ of the many-coloured placard, you will agree with me that vestiges of ancient Christianity are by no means extinct in this part of the world.

* See Appendix.

I apprehend that an objection will occur to your Lordship about my theory respecting the analogy between Christianity and Freemasonry, and their almost contemporaneous rise and progress, which is, "How is it, then, that the science of Masonry is so universal, that into whatever clime you go, where Christianity even is yet unknown, the brotherhood exists?"—a circumstance which militates materially against the soundness of my doctrine on the subject. Should such an objection be propounded to me, I would unhesitatingly reply, that I do not believe in the universality of Freemasonry; that it does not exist in countries where Christianity never had a footing; and that the notion of universality is only a conception of a few zealous, but ill-informed brothers, who first fostered it, and then sent it abroad. I have met with many brother Masons, during my various peregrinations in different parts of the world, who have travelled far and wide, and one and all have put down the idea of universality to the superstition of Freemasonry. As for Jews being Freemasons, this proves nothing to the purpose. They can only date their admission into the confraternity to the middle of last century, when one of them, Stephen Morin by name, contrived to learn a few of the pass-words from a weak brother, and who was also a dealer in Masonic publications, and thus picked up a good deal of information on the subject, by which he was smuggled in into some of the lodges in America; which became a precedent for Jews being admitted as Masons, and ever since, the pristine purity of Masonry began gradually to disappear. How well-informed and zealous Jews could be Masons is a greater mystery to me than is Masonry to the mass of people. Up to the seventeenth century, the Grand Masters were generally ecclesiastics, and though no Bishop of Norwich is to be

found among the English Grand Masters, many other bishops grace the list. I will copy here the names of those officials down to 1603, when James I. was elected Grand Master.

A.D. 597, Austin the Monk; 680, Bennet, Abbot of Wirral; 857, St. Swithin; 872, Alfred the Great; 900, Ethred, King of Mercia; 924, King Athelstane; 957, St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1041, Edward the Confessor; 1066, Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, 1100, Henry I.; 1216, Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester; 1272, Walter Giffard, Archbishop of York; 1307, Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter; 1327, King Edward III.; 1357, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester; 1375, Simon Langham, Abbot of Westminster; 1413, Henry Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1443, William Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester; 1471, Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury; 1483, King Henry VII; 1493, John Islip, Abbot of Westminster; 1515, Cardinal Wolsey; 1549, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset; 1551, John Poynet, Bishop of Winchester.

Thus far about this extraordinary amulet and its real and imaginary signification. I must now proceed to give you a few particulars respecting the performance of the ceremony to which I was this day invited. Having finished reading the placard, I was conducted to the most honourable place in the room, viz., close to the seat prepared for Elijah the Tishbite. Thereby hangs a tale. It is related in the chapters of Rabbi Eleazer, that in the days of Elijah, a decree was issued against circumcision, which excited the jealousy of the prophet to the uttermost, so much so, that he fled and hid himself, and respecting this he gave vent to his grief, saying, "I have been very jealous, &c."*

* 1 Kings xix. 10.

The holy and blessed One said, therefore, to the Tishbite, "I swear by my life that the Israelites will never henceforth perform the precept of circumcision without thy witnessing the same with thy eyes." Acordingly the Jews prepare a nice place for this distinguished but invisible visitor. It is moreover stated in Medrash, that it is necessary to say explicitly, "This throne is for Elijah the Prophet," otherwise he would not come. I know what your Lordship will say to all this. *Credat Judæus* will be uppermost in your thoughts when perusing this; I can only assure you that the same proverb is in my mind whilst penning this. Well, to return to my narrative. I was sitting and enjoying the company of Elijah's seat, surrounded by venerable old Israelites, some of the age of a hundred years, and listening at the same time to some rather elegant hymns—as far as diction was concerned—bearing on the subject of this day's ceremony. I shall translate one of them into English prose, but each line separately.

A PRAYER TO GOD.

Let Thy mercies, O God, be magnified
Towards that people who keep Thy covenant;*
They are the seed of Thy friend,
Even the seed of Abraham.

Accept an atonement in their behalf,
Even the goat which did bear their sins;
For the merits of him whom God had tried,
Even Abraham.

May it be engraved before Thy throne,
May the everlasting covenant never be obliterated,
And this for the virtues of Isaac,
The son of Abraham.

* The word "covenant," in this hymn, refers exclusively to that of circumcision.

Let it appear through the sight of the "ladder,"
The choicest of all the patriarchs,
For whose sake the world was created,
Even the grandson of Abraham.

For the sake of him who burnt his mouth with a live coal.*
His attribute (humility) was a glorious one,
Drawn together and knit
For the people of Abraham.

For the sake of him [Aaron] who put on majesty like Michael,
Even the breastplate of judgment which is before God,
To atone for the children of Israel,
The sons of Abraham.

For the sake of him who rose to praise God in the midst of night,
His psalms he chanted day and night;
The holy things of David who can describe,
Respecting Abraham?

For the sake of Him who will build my temple [the Messiah],
Even the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite,
Whom Thou wilt send to relieve the affliction of my people,
The people of Abraham.

Holy One, Most High, exalted above everything,
Who hangest the earth like a cluster of grapes;
Thou, O Lord, bless, with all that is needful,
The seed of Abraham.

* There is a tradition amongst the Jews, that Pharaoh's magicians declared that Moses would aim at nothing less than the sceptre and throne of Egypt. Pharaoh was, moreover, advised to test the prediction by placing before the future usurper, who was then but an infant, two basins, one filled with live coals, and the other with gold, and he would see at which the child would aim. Moses stretched forth his hand to grasp the gold. The innocent Gentiles, who cannot bear the sight of gold, will say, "Jew-like;" but the angel Gabriel, who watched over the destinies of the infant deliverer, gave his hand a push, and made him seize a live-coal. As a natural consequence, he burned his fingers, and in confusion precipitated the fiery coal into his mouth, and scorched his tongue. This accident made him a stammerer for life; hence Exod. iv. 10. What ingenious nonsense traditionists invent!

Several other hymns were chanted with much taste and fervency of spirit. What surprised me most during the singing, was the circumstance of the Jews still preserving among their collection of hymns one composed by Uzan, a young man who was baptized on Christmas last, and which they also sang this morning, notwithstanding the author's repudiation of the doctrines inculcated therein. The assembly increased every moment more and more, till the square court became also thronged. The different hymns furnished me with ample subject for conversation with the aged Jews that were around me, of which I took advantage. However, I began to feel impatient for the consummation of the ceremony, as the room was too crowded, and I was far from being well. I asked, therefore, one of my venerable neighbours, "Where is the father of the child? Why is the ceremony not proceeded with?" I received for reply, "Listen, this is the last hymn. The father is now returning from the synagogue, and as soon as he arrives, no time will be lost in the performance of the ceremony." The following hymn, a sort of prayer for parents and child, preceded the immediate performance of that Jewish sacrament.

May He that dwelleth in the heavenly mansions, bless you,
And prolong your days and years,
And bless you even in the name of the Lord.
The new-born child shall be ominous of good,
May he grow up, and live like a watered garden;
May he be delivered from every hurtful thing.
Surely the Lord will grant this.

This child was privileged to make his covenant,
May his father and mother behold his canopy (wedding);
May the Angel (the Redeemer) bless him,
That he may be privileged to behold the beauty of the Lord.

As soon as this hymn was concluded, an individual chanted in a loud voice (it was the father of the child), "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee." To which the whole assembly responded: "We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple."* The child was then handed out by the mother to the person who performed the ceremony, who, on receiving the infant, dressed up in a red jacket, called out in a loud voice: "Blessed be they who sit and they who stand, and blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord." The reason for the latter part of that exclamation is, because the Jews daily expect the birth of the Messiah, and thinking that perhaps every new-born male child might be the Messiah, they hail therefore all with the same salutation, in order to be on the safe side. O, my poor brethren! would to God that ye knew Him to whom this salutation belongs; to your Messiah indeed, whom multitudes hailed with that welcome.

The child was handed on to be put for a moment on Elijah's throne, when all the assembly sang out very stoutly: "This is the throne of Elijah the Prophet, remembered for good." After which the infant was rather roughly handled and handed to the Sandac,† for so crowded was the room that the inmates were obliged to receive the poor child with one hand—there was no room for lifting up both hands—over their heads, and handed on further in the same way, till it reached its destination. I was fearful all the time, lest some accident might happen to the child.

* Ps. xv. 4.

† The person who holds the child whilst the circumciser operates.

However, he was handed safely to the desired couch, where he met with the four officers appointed to perform the ceremony, and make him a partaker of the Abrahamic covenant. As soon as the child was on the appointed spot, one of the four cried out, saying, להכניסו (*L'hachniso*), the English idiom would be: "He is ready to be introduced as a member of the Jewish Church." Upon which the father pronounced the following blessing, in a very loud voice: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, who hast sanctified us with Thy precepts, and hast commanded us to initiate him within the pale of the covenant of Abraham. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, who hast kept us alive, strengthened us, and enabled us to reach this period." The Mohel, or circumciser said: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, who hast sanctified us with Thy precepts, and hast enjoined us of circumcision." In a second the ceremony was over, and the whole multitude then sang out: "Just as Thou hast introduced him to the covenant, so mayest Thou introduce him to the law, and under the canopy, and to the performance of good works. And so may it please God; and let us say, Amen." Then was a glass of wine poured out, and another Rabbi pronounced the following blessings: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, Creator of the fruit of the vine. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hast sanctified the beloved one from the womb, and put the decree in his body, and sealed his descendants with the sign of the holy covenant, therefore by virtue of this, the living God, our portion, our rock, commanded us to deliver the beloved sacred seed of our flesh, from corruption; for the sake of the covenant, which He put in our bodies. Blessed art Thou, Lord, the Maker of that covenant." Then the child was named in the follow-

ing form of words: "O, our God, and the God of our fathers, preserve this child to his father and mother, and let his name in Israel be called Solomon. Let the man rejoice with the descendant of his loins, and let the mother be glad with the fruit of her womb, as it is written: Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice. Again, it is said: And when I passed by thee and saw thee trodden under foot in thy blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, live. Once more, it is said: He hath remembered His covenant for ever, the word which He commanded to a thousand generations, which covenant He made with Abraham, and His oath unto Isaac, and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting covenant. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, His mercy endureth for ever. Solomon the little one, may God nurture him; just as he entered into the covenant, may he so enter the law and the commandments, and under the canopy, and into the performance of good works. And may thus be God's pleasure; and let us say, Amen." Then was the one hundred and twenty-eighth Psalm chanted, and the ceremony was over.

A sort of breakfast was then given by the father of the child, to his relatives and particular friends. I was pressed to remain and partake of the auspicious feast. The invitation was given in so pressing a manner that I could not possibly refuse accepting it. We sat down on the floor, about twenty-six, at a sort of low table. But the host observing that I was very uncomfortable, in consequence of being obliged to sit cross-legged on the floor, he insisted upon my sitting on an European chair. I gladly availed myself of the offer, and changed my position. I had thus

a very interesting view of the company before me. A lineal son of Aaron, from whom the child is to be redeemed for five shekels of silver—for it was a first-born—sat at the head of the table, and was considered a personage of great importance. Divers topics were discussed during the feast, amongst which was one to the following effect: "What nation is to be the honoured instrument of leading the children of Israel from the various places of their captivity to their promised land?" After Turkey, Russia, Prussia and Austria were rejected as unworthy of the honour, the merits of the English nation were discussed. My brethren were already in high spirits—in a double sense, but in full possession of their senses—they felt independent, and began to speak out their mind, in a very free manner. They execrated all other nations, in the most unqualified terms, but lavished unbounded adulation upon Britain. When I saw them in that mood, I told them all the good things England has of late done for the house of Israel. They roared out blessings upon England and upon the English Queen. I then gave them a Hebrew translation of our National Anthem, which the whole assembly sang out—though in a most discordant manner, to an original air, yet with heart and soul—

GOD SAVE QUEEN VICTORIA.

After which, the following little Hebrew hymn was sung with a fervour I seldom witnessed before:

מָלָךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
אַדִּיר הָאַדִּירִים הוּא:

מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
בָּרוּךְ הַבְּרוּכִים הוּא:
מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
גָּדוֹל הַגְּדוֹלִים הוּא:
מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
דָּגוּל הַדְּגוּלִים הוּא:
מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
הָדוּר הֲדוּרִים הוּא:
מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
וָתִיק הַוָּתִיקִים הוּא:
מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
זַכַּאי הַזַּכָּאִים הוּא:
מֶלֶךְ מְשִׁיחֵנוּ יָבֹא
חָסִיד הַחֲסִידִים הוּא:*

Of which the following is a literal translation, according to your Lordship's injunctions, never to send you Hebrew without an interpretation thereof:

The King our Messiah shall come,
The mighty of the mighty is He:
The King our Messiah shall come,
The blessed of the blessed is He:
The King our Messiah shall come,
The great one of the great ones is He:
The King our Messiah shall come,
The exalted one of the exalted ones is He:
The King our Messiah shall come,
The potentate of the potent ones is He:

* See note on p. 438.

The King our Messiah shall come,
The purest of the pure is He:
The King our Messiah shall come,
The holiest of the holy is He.*

The hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm was then chanted in a melancholy tone. The after-meal prayer was offered up, and the circumcision feast was thus brought to an end.

A great many poor people came to attend the service in that house, for on such occasions alms are distributed, and they did not return empty; for though the master of the ceremony was but in moderate circumstances, he opened his purse liberally, and gave something to every poor suppliant. Thus closed the scene, and thus must close this epistle to your Lordship. It is the last I shall trouble you with from this regency.

I am, my Lord,
Yours faithfully,
MOSES MARGOLIOUTH.

* The hymn extends all through the Hebrew alphabet, thus describing the attributes of God. The Jews form a variety of hymns from the alphabetical list of Jehovah's character.

END OF VOL. I.

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